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Fix Bayonets!

THE CHARGE AT SOISSONS

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Captain, U. S. Marine Corps

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR, SOME OF WHICH WERE DRAWN ON THE FIELD IN SOISSONS AND CHAMPAGNE ACTIONS

In the town of Villers-Nancy, where the battalion billeted, they published this order to the troops:

No. 862'3
Ordre Général No. 318

Xe Armée
État-Major
3e Bureau

AuQGA 30 July 18

Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers of the Third United States Army Corps:

Shoulder to shoulder with your French comrades you were thrown into the counter-offensive battle which commenced on the 18th of July. You rushed to the attack as to a festival. Your magnificent courage completely routed a surprised enemy and your indomitable tenacity checked the counter-attacks of his fresh divisions. You have shown yourselves worthy sons of your great country, and you were admired by your comrades-in-arms.

Ninety-one guns, 7200 prisoners, immense booty, 10 kilomètres of country liberated; this is your portion of the spoil of this victory. Furthermore, you have demonstrated your superiority over the barbarian enemy of all mankind. To attack him is to vanquish him.

American comrades! I am grateful to you for the blood so generously spilled on the soil of my country. I am proud to have commanded you during such days, and to have fought with you for the deliverance of the world.

(Signed) MANGIN.

THE 1st Battalion lay in Croutte-sur-Marne. It drank deep of the golden July weather, and swam noisily in the Marne, which swung a blue and shining loop below the town. The battalion took but little interest in the war, which could be heard growling and muttering intermittently to the north and east. Indeed, the unpleasant Bois-de-Belleau-Bouresches area was only a few hours' march distant, and Château-Thierry was just up the river. The guns were loud and continuous in that direction.

But the 2d American Division—Marines and troops of the Regular Army—had just finished a hitch of some thirty-eight days attacking and holding and attacking again, from Hill 142, on the left, through that ghastly wood which the French now called the "Bois de la Brigade de Marine," to Vaux, on the right; and in this battalion, as in the other units of the division, such men as had survived were quite willing to think about something else.

Division Headquarters were over Montreuil way, and thither certain distinguished individuals were ordered, to return with crosses on their faded blouses. This furnished pleasant food for gossip and speculation. Then, vin rouge and vin blanc were to be had, as well as fresh milk

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for the less carnally minded, and such supplements to the ration were always matters of interest. Also, there were certain buxom mademoiselles among the few civilian families who lingered here in the teeth of the war, and although every girl was watched by lynx-eyed elders early and late, their very presence was stimulating and they were all inclined to be friendly.

The most delightful diversion of all was discussion of the rumor that rose up and ran through the companies: "Got it hot from a bird that was talkin' to a dog-robber at Brigade H. Q.—the division is gonna be sent back to St. Denis for a month's rest, an' leaves, an' everything!" "Yeh! we gonna parade in Paris, too." It was ascertained that St. Denis was right near Paris. Platoon commanders were respectfully approached: "Beggin' the lootenant's pardon, but does the lootenant think that we—" The lieutenants looked wise and answered vaguely and asked the captains. All ranks hung upon the idea.

July 14 came. "Sort o' Frog Fourth o' July," explained a learned corporal, standing in line for morning chow.

"In Paris, they's parades, an' music, an' fireworks, an' all that kinder thing. Speakin' an' barbecues, like back home. Celebratin' the time the Frogs rose agin 'em an' tore down some noted brig or other they had. Now, if I wuz in Paree now, sittin' in front of the Caffey de Pay——!"

"Don't try to go there, Corp. J'seen the cellar they's got fer a brig here?—If you——"

"Don't see no flag-wavin' or such celebrations here. Seen one little Frog kid with his gas-mask an' a Frog flag down the street—no more. Why back home, even in tank towns like this, on the Fourth——"

As a matter of fact, Croutte took on this day no especial joy in the far-off fall of the Bastille. Croutte was in range of the Boche heavy artillery; one could perceive, at the end of this street where, in effect, the house of M'sieu' le Maire had been! An obus of two hundred and twenty centimètres. And others, regard you, near the bridge. Some descended into the river, the naughty ones, and killed many fish. Also, the avions——

Did it not appear to Messieurs les Officiers that the cannon were louder this day, especially toward Rheims? And as the day went on, it did appear so. In the afternoon a Boche came out of a cloud and shot down in flames the fat observation balloon that lived just up the river from Croutte. The rumor of St. Denis and fourteen-day leaves waned somewhat. Certainly there grew to be a feeling in the air. . . .

About one o'clock the morning of the 15th the Boche dropped nine-inch shells into the town. The battalion was turned out, and stood under arms in the dark while the battalion gas officer sniffed around busily to see if the shells were the gas variety. They were not, but the battalion, after the shelling stopped and the casualties were attended to, observed that in the east a light not of the dawn was putting out the stars. The eastern sky was all aflame with gun flashes, and a growing thunder shook the still air.

The files remarked that they were glad not to be where all that stuff was lightin', and after breakfast projected the usual swimming parties. Aquatic sports were then vetoed by regretful platoon commanders, since it appeared that Battalion H. Q. had directed the companies to hold themselves in readiness for instant movement to an unspecified place. Thereupon the guns eastward took on a more than professional interest. The civilians looked and listened also. Their faces were anxious. They had heard that noise before. The hot July hours passed; the battalion continued to be held in readiness, and got practically no sleep in consequence. There was further shelling, and the guns were undoubtedly louder—and nearer.

Breakfast on the 16th was scant, and the cooks held out little encouragement for lunch. Lunch was an hour early, and consisted of beans. "Boys, we're goin' somewhere. We always gets beans to make a hike on." "Yeh! an' you always gets more than two-men rates—standin' in line for fourths, now!"—"What's that sergeant yellin' about—fill yo' canteens? Gonna get ving blonk in mine!"

At noon, the rolling kitchens packed up and moved off, nobody knew where. The

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battalion regarded their departure soberly. "Wish I hadn't et my reserve rations. . . ." The shadows were lengthening when the bugles blew "assembly" and the companies fell in, taking the broad white road that led down the river. At the next town—towns were thick along the Marne from Château-Thierry to Meaux—they passed through the other battalions of the 5th Marines, jeeringly at ease beside the road. Greetings were tossed about, and the files jibed at each other. "Where you bums goin'?" "Dunno—don' care— But you see the ole 1st Battalion is leadin', as usual!" "Aw— . . . Close up! close up!"

Beyond them was the 6th Regiment of Marines, arms stacked in the fields by the river. Each battalion took the road in turn, and presently the whole Marine Brigade was swinging down the Marne in the slanting sunlight. Very solid and businesslike the brigade was, keen-faced and gaunt and hard from the great fight behind them, and fit and competent for greater battles yet to come. The companies were under strength, but they had the quality of veterans. They had met the Boche and broken him, and they knew they could do it again. The rumble of the guns was behind them, and the rumor of the leave area still ran strong enough to maintain a slow volubility among the squads. They talked and laughed, but they did not sing. Veterans do not sing a great deal.

It was getting dusk when the 1st Battalion of the 5th, leading, rounded a turn in the road and came upon an endless column of camions, drawn up along the river road as far as one could see. The companies became silent.

"Camions! They rode us to Chatto-Terry in them busses—" "Yeh! an' it was a one-way trip for a hell of a lot of us, too!" "Close up! Close up an' keep to the right of the road."

"Camions! That's a sign they want us bad, somewhere on the line," commented the lean first lieutenant who hiked at the head of the 49th Company. "Walter"—to the officer beside him—"I wonder what happened yesterday an' to-day, with all that shooting." "Don't know—but this Château-Thierry salient is mighty deep an' narrow, unless the Boche spread himself yesterday. . . . If we were to break into it, up near one of the corners. . . ." "Yes! Well, we're right on the tip of it here—can jump either way—Lord! there's a lot of these conveyances."

Later the battalion knew what had happened on July 15, when the Boche made his final cast across the Champagne country toward Rheims and Épernay; and his storm divisions surged to the Marne, and stayed, and lapped around the foot of the gray Mountain of Rheims, and stayed. Just now the battalion cared for none of these things. It had no supper; it faced a crowded trip of uncertain duration, and was assured of various discomforts after that.

Well accustomed to the ways of war, the men growled horribly as they crammed into their appointed chariots, while the officers inexorably loaded the best part of a platoon into each camion, the dusk hiding their grins of sympathy. "Get aboard! get aboard! Where'll you put yo' pack? Now what the hell do I know about yo' pack—want a special stateroom an' a coon vallay, do yuh, yuh—!" The sergeants didn't grin. They swore, and the men swore, and they raged altogether. But, in much less time than it took to tell about it afterward, the men were loaded on. The officers were skilled and prompt in such matters.

Wizened Annamites from the colonies of France drove the camions. Presently, with clangor and much dust, they started their engines, and the camion train jolted off down the river road. A red moon shone wanly through the haze. The Marne was a silver thread through the valley of a dream, infinitely aloof from the gasolene-smelling tumult. . . . "Valley of the Marne! . . . the Marne . . . some of us will not see you again. . . ."

A camion, as understood by the French, is a motor vehicle with small wheels and no springs to speak of. It finds every hole in the road, and makes an unholy racket; but it covers ground, the roadbed being of no consequence, as the suffering files bore witness. To the lieutenant of the 49th, nursing his cane on the driver's seat of a lurching camion, beside two Annamitish heathen who smelt like camels and chattered like monkeys, came scraps of conversation from the com-

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pressed platoon behind him. "Sardines is comfortable to what we is! . . ." "Chevawz forty—hommes eight! Lord forgive me, I uster kick about them noble box cars. . . ." ". . . They say it wuz taxicabs an' motor trucks that won the first battle of the Marne—yeh! If they rushed them Frogs up packed like this, you know they felt like fightin' when they got out!" . . . "I feel like fightin' now! —take yo' laigs outer my shortribs, you big embus-kay."

"Night before last they shelled us, an' we stood by last night—when do we sleep? —that's what I wanna know—" But sleeping isn't done in camions. The dust on the road rose thick and white around the train, and rode with it through the night. The face of the moon, very old and wise, peered down through the dust. They left the river, and by the testimony of the stars, it seemed to the lieutenant that they were hurrying north. Always, on the right, the far horizon glowed with the fires of war—flares, signal-lights, gun-flashes from hidden batteries; the route paralleled the line. The lieutenant visualized his map: "Followin' the salient around—to the north—the north—Soissons way, or Montdidier. . . . The Boche took Soissons. . . ."

Quiet French villages along the road, stone houses like gray ghosts under the pale moon, and all lights hooded against Boche planes. Long, empty stretches of road. Shadowy columns of French infantry, overtaken and passed. Horse-drawn batteries of 75s on the move. Swift staff cars that dashed by, hooting. Then, long files of horsemen, cloaked and helmeted, with a ghostly glint of lance-heads over them—French cavalry. Presently, dawn, with low clouds piling up in the rosy sky of dawn. And along the road, wherever there were groves, more cavalry was seen, at ease under the trees. Horses were picketed, lances and sabres stuck into the ground, and cooking fires alight.

The Marines had not met the French horse before. They now looked approvingly upon them. Men and horses were alike big and well conditioned. All morning the camions passed through a country packed with troops and guns, wherever there was cover from the sky. Something big was in the air.

It was mid-forenoon when the train stopped, and the battalion climbed out on cramped legs. "Fall in on the right of the road. . . . Platoon commanders, report. . . . Keep fifty yards' distance between platoons. . . . Squads right. . . . March!" and the companies moved off stiffly, on empty stomachs. The little dark Annamites watched the files pass with incurious eyes. They had taken many men up to battle.

II

COMPANY by company, the 1st Battalion passed on, and behind them the other battalions of the 5th Marines took the road and, after them, the 6th. "None of the wagons, or the galleys—don't see the machine-gun outfits, either," observed the lieutenant of the 49th Company, looking back from the crest of the first low hill. Here the battalion was halted, having marched for half an hour, to tighten slings and settle equipment for the real business of hiking. "They may get up to-night, chow an' all—wonder how far we came, an' where we're goin'. No, sergeant—can't send for water here—my canteen's empty, too. All I know about it is that we seem to be in a hurry."

The dust of the ride had settled thick, like fine gray masks, on the men's faces, and one knew that it was just as thick in their throats! Of course the canteens, filled at Croutte, were finished. The files swore through cracked lips.

The battalion moved off again, and the major up forward set a pace all disproportionate to his short legs. When the first halt came, the usual ten-minute rest out of the hour was cut to five. "Aw hell! forced march!" "An' the lootenant has forgot everything but 'close up! close up!'— Listen at him——"

The camions had set them down in a gently rolling country, unwooded, and fat with ripening wheat. Far across it, to the north, blue with distance, stood a great forest, and toward this forest the battalion marched, talkative, as men are in the first hour of the hike, before the slings of the pack begin to cut into your shoulders. . . . "Look at them poppies in the wheat."—"They ain't as red as the poppies were the mornin' of the 6th of

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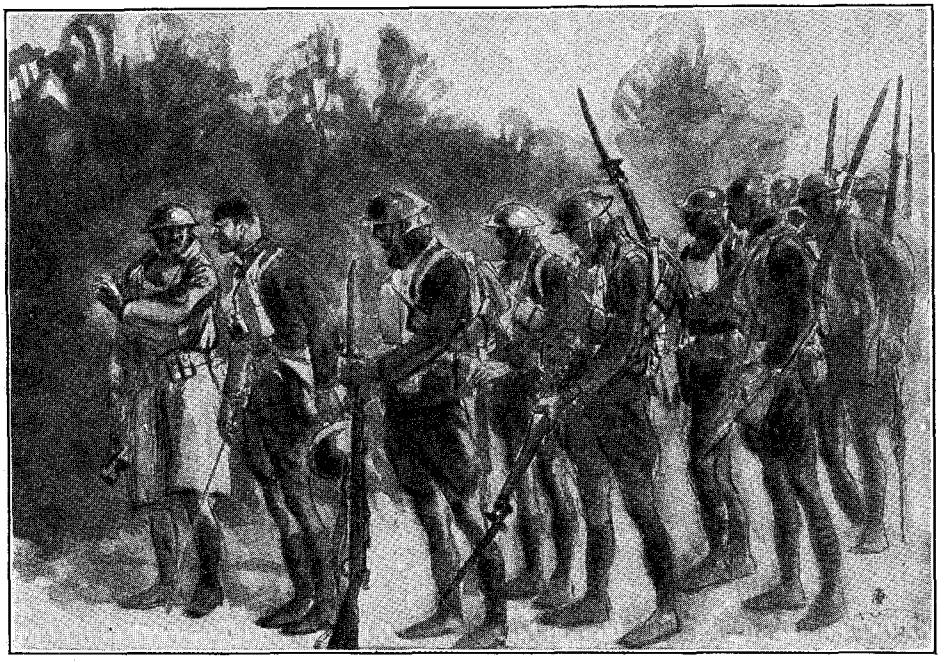
June, when we went up to Hill 142—" "Yep! Beginnin' to fade some. It's gettin' late in the season." "Hi— I'm beginnin' to fade some myself—this guerre is wearin' on a man . . . remember how they looked in the wheat that mornin', just before we hit the Maxim guns?—red as blood—" "Pore old Jerry Finnegan picked one and stuck it in the buckle of his helmet—I seen it in his tin through the thick white dust that masked the faces of the men. Conversation languished; what was said was in profane monosyllables. Clouds came up, and there were showers of rain, with hot sunshine between. Uniforms steamed after each shower, and thirst became a torture. The man who had the vin blanc in his canteen fell out and was quite ill. "Hikin' —in—a dam'—Turkish bath——"



"Keep on to the left until you meet the Moroccans, and go forward. . . ."—4.30 A. M., July 18, 1918.—Page 570.

hat after he was killed, there behin' the Hill. . . . I'll always think about poppies an' blood together, as long as I live—" This last from little Tritt, the lieutenant's orderly.

"Long as you live—that's good!" jibed Corporal Snair, of the Company Headquarters group. "Don't you know by now how expendable you bucks are?"— The lieutenant heard, and remembered it, oddly enough, in a crowded moment the next day, when he lost the two of them to a hard-fought Maxim gun.

No wind moved across the lonely wheatland; the bearded stalks waved not at all, and the sun-drenched air was hot and dead. Sweat made muddy runnels

After interminable hours, the column came to the forest and passed from streaming sunshine into sultry shades. It was a noble wood of great high-branching trees, clean of underbrush as a park. Something was doing in the forest. Small-arms ammunition was stacked beside the road, and there were dumps of shells and bombs under the trees. And French soldiers everywhere. This road presently led into a great paved highway, and along it were more of the properties of war—row upon row of every caliber of shell, orderly stacks of winged aerial bombs, pile after pile of rifle and machine-gun ammunition, and cases of hand-grenades and pyrotechnics. There were picket-lines of cavalry, and park after park of

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artillery, light and heavy. There were infantrymen with stacked rifles.

Gunner and horseman and poilu, they looked amicably upon the sweating Marines, and waved their hands with naïve Gallic friendliness. The battalion came out of its weariness and responded in kind. "Say, where do they get that stuff about little Frenchmen? Look at that long-sparred horse soldier yonder—seven feet if he's an inch!"—"Them gunners is fine men, too. All the runts in the Frog army is in the infantry!"—"Well, if these Frawgs fights accordin' to their size, Gawd pity the old Boche when that cavalry gets after him—lances an' all!" "You said it! Them little five-foot-nothin' infantry, with enough on they backs, in the way o' tents an' pots an' pans, to set up light housekeepin' wit', and that long squirrel gun they carry, an' that knittin'-needle bayonet—! Remember how they charged at Torcy, there on the left——?"

The French were cooking dinner beside the road. For your Frenchman never fights without his kitchens and a full meal under his cartridge pouches. They go into the front line with him, the kitchens and the chow, and there is always the coffee avec rhum, and the good hot soup that smells so divinely to the hungry Americans, passing empty. "When we goes up to hit the old Boche, we always says adoo to the galleys till we comes out again—guess the idea is to starve us so we'll be mad, like the lions in them glad-i-a-tor-ial mills the corp'ril was tellin' about."—"Hell! we don't eat, it seems—them Frawgs might at least have the decency to keep their home cookin' where we can't smell it!"

The highway led straight through the forest. Many roads emptied into it, and from every road debouched a stream of horses, men, and guns. The battalion went into column of twos, then into column of files, to make room. On the left of the road, abreast of the Marines, plodded another column of foot—strange black men, in the blue greatcoats of the French infantry and mustard-yellow uniforms under them. Their helmets were khaki-colored, and bore a crescent instead of the bursting bomb of the French line. But they marched like veterans, and the Marines eyed them approvingly. Between the foot, the road was level-full of guns and transport, moving axle to axle, and all moving in the same direction. In this column were tanks, large and small, all ring-streaked and striped with camouflage, mounting one-pounders and machine-guns; and the big ones, short-barrelled 75s.

The tanks were new to the Marines. They moved with a horrific clanging and jangling, and stunk of petrol. "Boy, what would you do if you seen one of them little things comin' at you? The big ones is males, and the little ones is females, the lootenant says. . . ." "Chillun, we're goin' into somethin' big—Dunno what, but it's big!"

The sultry afternoon passed wearily, and at six o'clock the battalion turned off the road, shambling and footsore, and rested for two hours. They found water and filled canteens. A few of the hardier made shift to wash. "Gonna smear soapsuds an' lather all over me—the Hospital Corps men say it keeps off mustard-gas!" But most of the men dropped where the platoon broke ranks and slept. Battalion H. Q. sent for all company commanders.

Presently the lieutenant of the 49th returned, with papers and a map. He called the company officers around him, and spread the map on the ground. He spoke briefly.

"We're in the Villers-Cotterets woods—the Forêt de Retz. At H hour on D day, which I think is to-morrow morning, although the major didn't say, we attack the Boche here"—pointing—"and go on to here—past the town of Vierzy. Eight or nine kilomètres. Three objectives—marked—so—and so. The 2d Division with one of the infantry regiments leading, and the 5th Marines, attacks with the 1st Moroccan Division on our left. The Frog Foreign Legion is somewhere around too, and the 1st American Division. It's Mangin's Colonial Army—the bird they call the butcher.

"The 49th Company has the division's left, and we're to keep in touch with the French over there. They're Senegalese—the niggers you saw on the road, and said to be bon fighters. The tanks will come behind us through the woods, and take the lead as soon as we hit the open.

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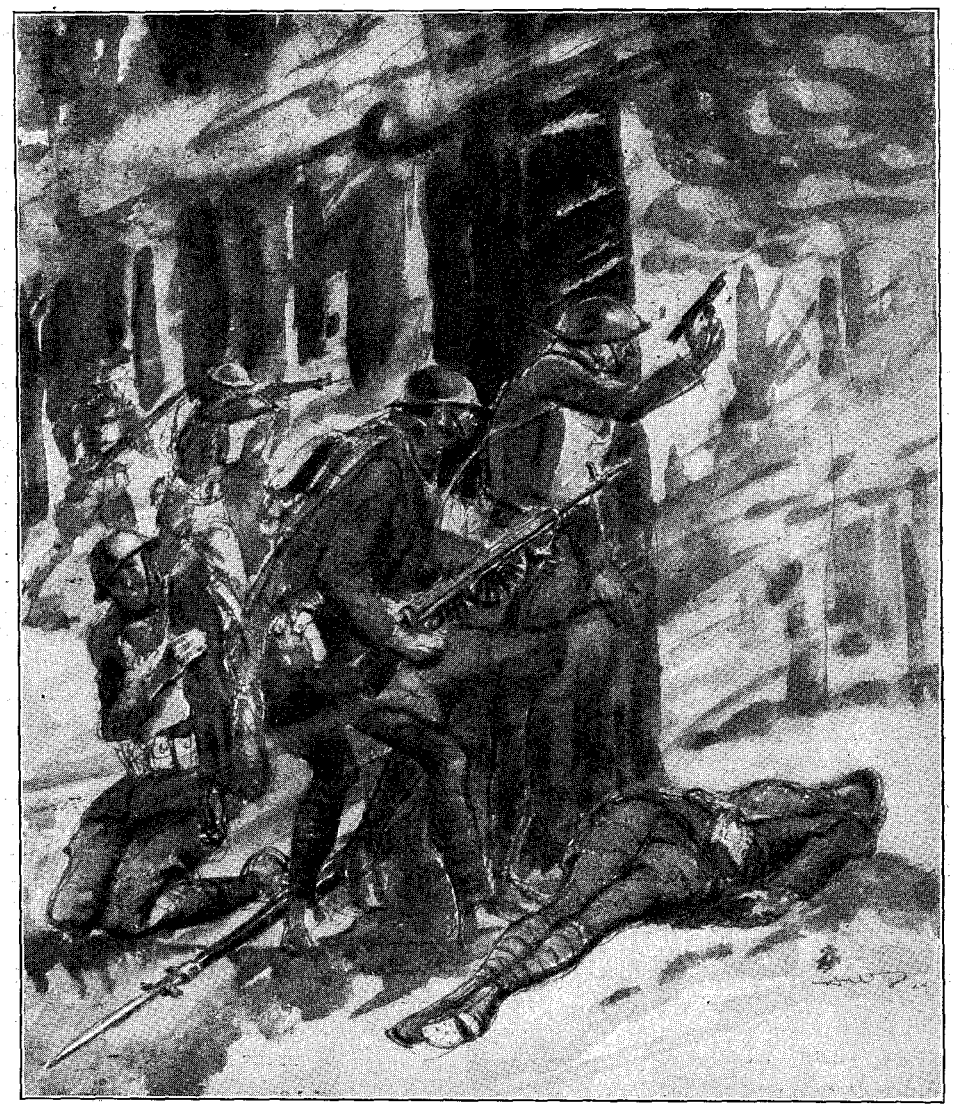

Fighting from tree to tree in the woods south of Soissons.
A chaut-chaut automatic rifle in action.

"No special instructions, except, if we are held up any place, signal a tank by wavin' a rag or something on a bayonet, in the direction of the obstacle, and the tank will do the rest.

"No rations, an' we move soon. See that canteens are filled. Now go and explain it all to your platoons, and—better take a sketch from this map—it's the only one I have. Impress it on everybody that the job is to maintain connection between the Senegalese on the left, and our people. Tritt, I'm goin' to catch a nap—wake me when we move——"

It was dark when the battalion fell in and took the road again. They went into single file on the right, at the very edge of it, for the highway was jammed with three columns of traffic, moving forward. It began to rain, and the night, there under the thick branches, was inconceivably black. The files couldn't see the man ahead, and each man caught hold of

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the pack in front and went feeling for the road with his feet, clawing along with the wheels and the artillery horses and machine-gun mules. On the right was a six-foot ditch, too deep in mud to march in. The rain increased to a sheeted downpour and continued all night, with long rolls of thunder, and white stabs of lightning that intensified the dark. The picked might of France and America toiled on that road through the Villers-Cotterets forest that night, like a great flowing river of martial force. . . .

And after the 5th Marines have forgotten the machine-guns that sowed death in the wheat behind Hill 142, and the shrapnel that showered down at Blanc Mont, before St. Étienne, they will remember the march to the Soissons battle, through the dark and the rain. . . .

As guns and caissons slewed sideways across the files, or irate machine-gun mules plunged across the tangle, the column slowed and jammed and halted on heavy feet; then went on again to plunge blindly against the next obstacle. Men fell into the deep ditch and broke arms and legs. Just to keep moving was a harder test than battle ever imposed. The battalion was too tired to swear. "I'm to where—I have to think about movin' my feet—! Plant—the left foot—an'—advance the right—an'—bring up the—left foot—an'——"

No battle ever tried them half as hard as the night road to Soissons. . . .

The rain ceased, and the sky grew gray with dawn. The traffic thinned, and the battalion turned off on a smaller road, closed up, and hurried on. Five minutes by the side of the road to form combat packs and strip to rifle and bayonet. "Fall in quickly! Forward!"

Overhead, the clouds were gone; a handful of stars paled and went out; day was coming. The battalion, lightened, hastened. They perceived, dimly, through a mist of fatigue, that a cloudless day was promised and that the world was wonderfully new washed and clean—and quiet! Not a gun anywhere, and the mud on the road muffled the sound of hobnailed boots. "Double time! Close up! Close up, there!"

There had been fighting here; there were shell-holes, scarred and splintered trees. The battalion panted to a cross-roads, where stone buildings lay all blasted by some gale of shell-fire. And by the road, what looked like a well! The files swayed toward it, clutching at dry canteens— "Back in ranks! Back in ranks, you——!"

Then, barbed wire across the roadway, and battered shallow trenches to right and left, and a little knot of French and American officers, Major Turrill standing forward. The leading company turned off to the left, along the trenches. The 49th followed in column. "Turn here," ordered the major. "Keep on to the left until you meet the Moroccans, and go forward. . . ." The 49th went beyond the trench, still in column of route, picking its way through the woods. The lieutenant looked back at his men as he went; their faces were gray and drawn and old; they were staggering with weariness—"Fix bayonets—" and the dry click of the steel on the locking-ring ran along the ragged column, loud in the hush of dawn.

III

It was 4.35, the morning of July 18.

Miles of close-laid batteries opened with one stupendous thunder. The air above the tree-tops spoke with unearthly noises, the shriek and rumble of light and heavy shells. Forward through the woods, very near, rose up a continued crashing roar of explosions, and a murk of smoke, and a hell of bright fires continually renewed. It only lasted five minutes, that barrage, with every French and American gun that could be brought to bear firing at top speed. But they were terrible minutes for the unsuspecting Boche. Dazed, beaten down, and swept away, he tumbled out of his holes when it lifted, only to find the long bayonets of the Americans licking like flame across his forward positions, and those black devils, the Senegalese, raging with knives in his rifle-pits. His counter-barrage was slow and weak, and when it came, the shells burst well behind the assaulting waves, which were already deep in his defenses.

The 49th Company, running heavily, sodden with weariness, was plunging through a line of wire entanglements

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when the guns opened. A French rifleman squatted in a hole under the wire, and a sergeant bent over him and shouted: "Combien—how far—damn it, how you say?—combien—kilomètre—à la Boche?" The Frenchman's eyes bulged. He did violent things with his arms. "Kilomèt'? *kilomètre?* Mon Dieu, cent mètre'! Cent mètre'!" Half the company, still in column, was struggling in the wire when, from the tangle right in front, a machine-gun order. To the left were only the smoky woods—no Senegalese in sight—and to the left the lieutenant anxiously extended his line, throwing out the last two platoons, while the leading one shot and stabbed among the first Boche machine-guns. He himself ran in that direction, cursing and stumbling in wire and fallen branches, having no time for certain Boches who fired at him over a bush. . . . Finally, Corbett, the platoon commander, leading to the left, turned and waved his

Prisoners coming back, Soissons.

dinned fiercely and rifle-fire ran to left and right through the woods.

It was well that the woods were a little open in that spot, so that the lieutenant's frantic signals could be seen, for no voice could have been heard. And it was more than well that every man there had been shot over enough not to be gun-shy. They divined his order, they deployed to the left, and they went forward yelling. That always remained, to the lieutenant, the marvel of the Soissons fight—how those men, two days without food, three nights without sleep, after a day and a night of forced marching, flung off their weariness like a discarded piece of equipment, and at the shouting of the shells sprang fresh and eager against the German line.

Liaison—to keep the touch—was his company's mission—the major's last arms. And through the trees he saw the Senegalese—lean, rangy men in mustard-colored uniforms, running with their bayonets all aslant. He turned back toward his company with the sweetest feeling of relief that he had ever known; he had his contact established; his clever and war-wise company would attend to keeping it, no matter what happened to him.

The battle roared into the wood. Three lines of machine-guns, echelonned, held it. Here the Forêt de Retz was like Dante's wood, so shattered and tortured and horrible it was, and the very trees seemed to writhe in agony. Here the fury of the barrage was spent, and the great trunks thick as a man's body were sheared off like weed-stalks; others were uprooted and lay gigantic along the torn earth; big limbs still crashed down or

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Listening-post rushed by Senegalese. "With reason the Boche feared them worse than anything living."—Page 574.

swayed half-severed; splinters and débris choked the ways beneath. A few German shells fell among the men—mustard-gas; and there in the wet woods one could see the devilish stuff spreading slowly, like a snaky mist, around the shell-hole after the smoke had lifted.

Machine-guns raved everywhere; there was a crackling din of rifles, and the coughing roar of hand-grenades. Company and platoon commanders lost control—their men were committed to the fight—and so thick was the going that anything like formation was impossible. It was every man for himself, an irregular, broken line, clawing through the tangles, climbing over fallen trees, plunging heavily into Boche rifle-pits. Here and there a well-fought Maxim gun held its front until somebody—officer, non-com., or private—got a few men together and, crawling to left or right, gained a flank and silenced it. And some guns were silenced by blind, furious rushes that left a trail of writhing khaki figures, but always carried two or three frenzied Marines with bayonets into the emplacement; from whence would come shooting and screaming and other clotted unpleasant sounds, and then silence.

From such a place, with four men, the lieutenant climbed, and stood leaning on his rifle, while he wiped the sweat from his eyes with a shaking hand. Panting, white or red after their nature—for fighting takes men differently, as whiskey does—the four grouped around him. One of them squatted and was very sick. And one of them, quite young and freckled, explored a near-by hole and prodded half a dozen Boches out of it, who were most anxious to make friends. The other three took interest in this, and the Boches saw death in their eyes. They howled like animals, these big hairy men of Saxony, and capered in a very ecstasy of terror. The freckled Marine set his feet deliberately, judging his distance, and poised his bayonet. The lieutenant grasped his arm— "No! No! take 'em back—they've quit. Take 'em to the rear, I tell you!" The freckled one obeyed, very surly, and went off through the tangle to the rear. The lieutenant turned and went on.

To left and right he caught glimpses of his men, running, crawling, firing as they went. In a clearing, Lieutenant Appelgate, of the 17th Company, on the right, came into view. He waved his pistol and shouted something. He was grinning.... All the men were grinning . . . it was a bon fight, after all. . . .

Then little Tritt, his orderly, running

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at his side, went down, clawing at a bright jet of scarlet over his collar. The war became personal again—a keening sibilance of flesh-hunting bullets, ringing under his helmet. He found himself prone behind a great fallen tree, with a handful of his men; bark and splinters were leaping from the round trunk that sheltered them.

"You"—to a panting half-dozen down the log—"crawl back to the stump and shoot into that clump of green bushes over there, where you see the new dirt—it's in there! Everything you've got, and watch for me up ahead. Slover"—to Sergeant Robert Slover, a small fiery man from Tennessee—"come on."

They crawled along the tree. Back toward the stump, the Springfields crackled furiously. Somewhere beyond, the machine-gun raved like a mad thing, and the Boches around it threw hand-grenades that made much smoke and noise. The two of them left the protection of the trunk, and felt remarkably naked behind a screen of leaves. They crawled slowly, stopping to peer across at the bushes. The lieutenant caught the dull gleam of a round gray helmet, moved a little, and saw the head and the hands of the Boche who worked the gun. He pushed the sergeant with his foot and, moving very carefully, got his rifle up and laid his cheek against the stock. Over his sights, the German's face, twenty metres away, was intent and serious. The lieutenant fired, and saw his man half rise and topple forward on the gun.

Then things happened fast. Another German came into view straining to tear the fallen gunner off the firing mechanism. Slover shot him. There was another, and another. Then the bush boiled like an ant-heap, and a feldwebel sprang out with a grenade, which he did not get to throw. It went off, just the same, and the Marines from the other end of the tree came with bayonets. . . . Presently they went on. . . . "There's a squad of them bastards to do orderly duty for the corp'ral an' little Tritt," said the sergeant. "Spread out more, you birds."

Afterward, sweating and panting, the freckled one who had started back with prisoners caught up with the lieutenant. "Lootenant, sir!" he gasped, wiping certain stains from his bayonet with his sleeve. "Them damn Heinies tried to run on me, an' I jest natcherly had to shoot 'em up a few—" and he looked guilelessly into the officer's eyes. "Why you— Hell! . . . fall in behind me, then, an' come along. Need another orderly."

He pondered absently on the matter of frightfulness as he picked his way along. There were, in effect, very few prisoners taken in the woods that morning. It was close-up, savage work. "But speakin' of frightfulness, one of these nineteen-year-olds, with never a hair to his face—" a spitting gust of machine-gun bullets put an end to extraneous musings.

Later, working to the left of his company, he was caught up in a fighting swirl of Senegalese and went with them into an evil place of barbed wire and

Machine-guns, hidden in the wheat, raked the line. Soissons, toward the Vierzy ravine.

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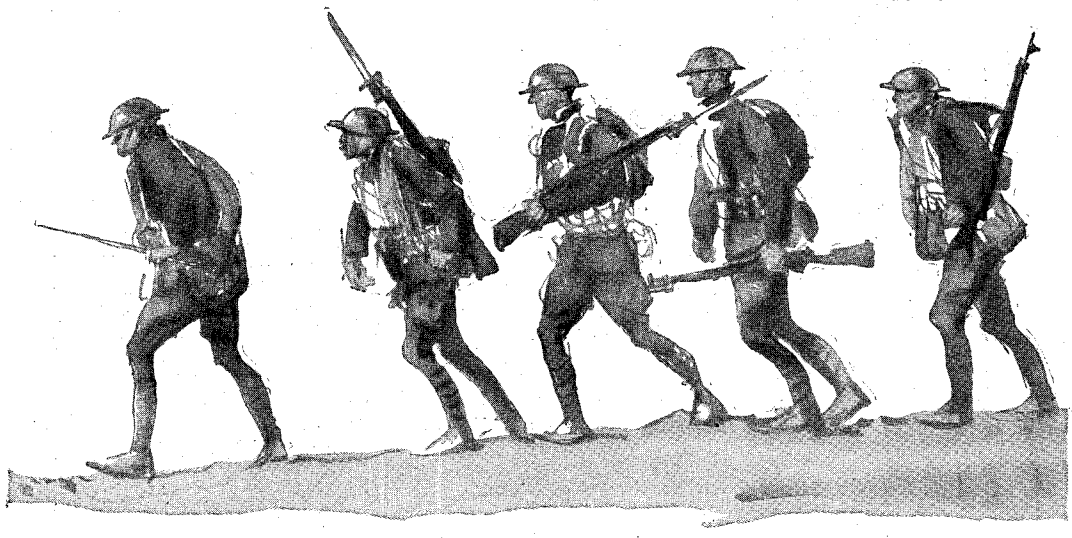

Platoon column in support, Champagne, 1918.
Drawn from notes made in front of Blanc Mont, Champagne.

machine-guns. These wild black Mohammedans from West Africa were enjoying themselves. Killing, which is at best an acquired taste with the civilized races, was only too palpably their mission in life. Their eyes rolled, and their splendid white teeth flashed in their heads, but here all resemblance to a happy Southern darky stopped. They were deadly. Each platoon swept its front like a hunting-pack, moving swiftly and surely together. The lieutenant felt a thrill of professional admiration as he went with them.

The hidden guns that fired on them were located with uncanny skill; they worked their automatic rifles forward on each flank until the doomed emplacement was under a scissors fire; then they took up the matter with the bayonet, and slew with lion-like leaps and lunges and a shrill barbaric yapping. They took no prisoners. It was plain that they did not rely on rifle-fire or understand the powers of that arm—to them a rifle was merely something to stick a bayonet on—but with the bayonet they were terrible, and the skill of their rifle grenadiers and automatic-rifle men always carried them to close quarters without too great loss.

They carried also a broad-bladed knife, razor sharp, which disembowelled a man at a stroke. The slim bayonet of the French breaks off short when the weight of a body pulls down and sidewise on it; and then the knives come out. With reason the Boche feared them worse than anything living, and the lieutenant saw in those woods unwounded fighting Germans who flung down their rifles when the Senegalese rushed, and covered their faces, and stood screaming against the death they could not look upon. And—in a lull, a long, grinning sergeant, with a cruel aquiline face, approached him and offered a brace of human ears, nicely fresh, strung upon a thong. "B'jour, Americain! Voilà! Beaucoup souvenir ici—bon! Désirez-vous? Bon——!"

Later, on the last objective, there was a dignified Boche major of infantry, who came at discretion out of a deep dugout, and spoke in careful English: "Und I peg of you, Herr leutnant, to put me under trusty guard of your Americans true-and-tried! Ja! These black savages, of the art of war most ignorant, they would kill us prave Germans in cold plood! . . . The Herr General Mangin, that"—here a poignant string of gutturals—"I tell you, Herr leutnant, der very name of Mangin, it is equal to fünf divisions on unser front!"

Back with his own men again, the company whittled thin! Was there no limit

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to the gloomy woods? . . . Light through the trees yonder!——

The wood ended, and the attack burst out into the rolling wheatland, where the sun shone in a cloudless sky and poppies grew in the wheat. To the right, a great paved road marched, between tall poplars, much battered. On the road two motor-trucks burned fiercely, and dead men lay around them. Across the road a group of stone farm-buildings had been shelled into a smoking dust-heap, but from the ruins a nest of never-die machine-guns opened flanking fire. The khaki lines checked and swirled around them, and there was a mounting crackle of rifle-fire . . . and the bayonets got in. The lines went forward to the low crest beyond, where, astride the road, was the first objective; and the assault companies halted here to reform. A few Boche shells howled over them, but the Boche was still pounding the wood, where the support battalions followed. The tanks debouched from the forest and went forward through the infantry.

In a hollow just ahead of the reformed line something was being dealt with by artillery, directed by the planes that dipped and swerved above the fight. The shells crashed down and made a great roaring murk of smoke and dust and flickering flames of red and green. The lieutenant, his report to the major despatched, and his company straightened out, along with men from other units and a handful of Senegalese who had attached themselves to him, ran an expert eye along his waiting squads, and allowed his mind to settle profoundly on breakfast. "Let's see—it's July, an' in Texas they'll be havin' cantaloupes, and coffee, an' eggs an' bacon an'—" Second Lieutenant Corbett, beside him, groaned like a man shot through the body, and he realized that he had been thinking aloud. Then Corbett seized his arm, and gasped: "Lordy! Look at——"

The shelling forward had abated, but the smoke and murk of it still hung low. Into this murk every man in the line was now peering eagerly. Advancing toward

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them, dimly seen, was a great body of Germans, hundreds upon hundreds, in mass formation——

Pure joy ran among the men. They took out cartridges, and arranged them in convenient piles. They tested the wind with wetted fingers, and set their sights, and licked their lips. "Range three-fifty— Oh, boy, ain't war wonderful! We been hearin' about this mass-formation stuff, an' now we gets a chance at it——!"

Then: "Aw, hell! Prisoners!" "The low-life bums, they all got their hands up!" "Lookit! One o' them tanks is ridin' herd over them—" It was the garrison of a strong point.

The artillery had battered them, and when it lifted, and they had come out of their holes, they found a grace of agile tanks squatting over their defenses with one-pounders and machine-guns. They had very sensibly surrendered, en masse, and were now ambling through the attacking lines to the rear.

The officers' whistles shrilled, and the attack went on. The woods fell away behind, and for miles to left and right across the rolling country the waves of assault could be seen. It was a great stirring pageant wherein moved all the forces of modern war. The tanks, large and small, lumbered in advance. Over them the battle planes flew low, searching the ground, rowelling the Boche with bursts of machine-gun fire. The infantry followed close, assault waves deployed, support platoons in column, American Marines and Regulars, Senegalese and the Foreign Legion of France, their rifles slanting forward, and the sun on all their bayonets. And behind the infantry, straining horses galloped with lean-muzzled 75s, battery on battery—artillery, over the top at last with the rifles. On the skirts of the attack hovered squadrons of cavalry the Marines had seen the day before, dragoons and lancers, marked from afar by the sparkle and glitter of lance-heads and sabres.

Fighting north of Blanc Mont, Champagne.

And forward through the wheat, the Boche lines broke and his strong points crumbled; standing stubbornly in one place; running in panic at another; and here and there attempting sharp counter-attacks; but everywhere engulfed; and

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A page from Captain Thomason's sketch-book.

Prussians from Von Boehn's divisions in and around the Bois de Belleau.

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the battle roared over him. The Boche was in mixed quality that day. Some of his people fought and died fighting; a great many others threw down their arms and bleated "Kamaraden" at the distant approach of the attackers.

The rest was no connected story. Only the hot exaltation of the fight kept the men on their feet. Wheat waist-high is almost as hard to get through as running water, and the sun was pitiless. To the left of the battalion, and forward, machine-guns fired from the Chaudun farm; the 17th Company went in and stamped the Maxims flat. In a little hollow there was a battery of 105s that fired point-blank upon the Marines, the gunners working desperately behind their gun shields. The Marines worked to right and left and beat them down with rifle fire, and later a gunnery sergeant and a wandering detachment of Senegalese turned one of these guns around and shelled the Vierzy ravine with it—range 900 yards—to the great annoyance of the Boche in that place.

Further, a hidden strong point in the wheat held them, and a tank came and sat upon that strong point and shot it into nothing with a one-pounder gun. Another place, hidden Saxons, laired behind low trip-wires in high wheat, raked the line savagely. There was crawling and shooting low among the poppies, and presently hand-to-hand fighting, in which the freckled boy saw his brother killed and went himself quite mad among the wounded and the corpses with his bayonet. . . .

Then, without being very clear as to how they got there, the lieutenant and his company and a great many others were at the Vierzy ravine, in the cross-fire of the machine-guns that held it.

The ravine was very deep and very precipitous and wooded. A sunken road led into it, and while the riflemen stalked the place cannily, a tank came up and disappeared down the sunken road. A terrific row of rifles and grenades arose, and a wild yelling. Running forward, the Marines observed that the tank was stalled, its guns not working; and a gray frantic mass of German infantry was swarming over it, prying at its plates with bayonets and firing into such openings as could be found. One beauty of the tank is that, when it is in such a difficulty, you can fire without fearing for your friends inside. The automatic-rifle men especially enjoyed the brief crowded seconds that followed. Then all at once the farther slope of the ravine swarmed with running Boches, and the Americans knelt or lay down at ease, and fired steadily and without haste. As they passed the tank, a greasy smiling Frenchman emerged head and shoulders and inquired after a cigarette. There were very many dead Germans in the ravine and on its slope when they went forward.

Wearily now, the exaltation dying down, they left the stone towers of Vierzy to the right, in the path of the Regulars of the 9th and 23d. On line northeast of it they halted and prepared to hold. It was a lonesome place. Very thin indeed were the assault companies; very far away the support columns. . . . "Accordin' to the map, we're here. Turn those Boche machine-guns around—guess we'll stay. Thank God, we must have grabbed off all their artillery, 'cept the heavies. . . ."

"Lootenant, come up here, for God's sake! Lord, what a slew o' Boches!" Beyond rifle-shot, a strong gray column was advancing. There were machine-guns with it. It was not deployed, but its intention was very evident. . . . Here were thirty-odd Marines and a few strays from one of the infantry regiments—nobody in sight, flanks or rear——

But to the rear, a clanging and a clattering, and the thudding of horse hoofs!—"Graves, beat it back an' flag those guns." Graves ran frantically, waving his helmet. The guns halted in a cloud of dust, and a gunner lieutenant trotted up, jaunty, immaculate. He dismounted, in his beautiful pale-blue uniform and his gleaming boots and tiny jingling spurs, and saluted the sweating, unshaven Marine officer. He looked with his glasses, and he consulted his map, and then he smiled like a man who has gained his heart's desire. He dashed back toward his guns, waving a signal.

The guns wheeled around; the horses galloped back; there was a whirl and bustle behind each caisson, and two gunners with a field telephone came running. It all happened in seconds.

The first 75 barked, clear and incisive, and the shell whined away . . . the next

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gun, and the next. . . . The little puff-balls, ranging shots, burst very near the Boche column. Then the battery fired as one gun—a long rafale of fire, wherein no single gun could be heard, but a drumming thunder.

Smoke and fire flowered hideously over the Boche column. A cloud hit it for a space. When the cloud lifted, the column had disintegrated; there was only a far-off swarm of fleeing figures, flailed by shrapnel as they ran. And the glass showed squirming heaps of gray flattened on the ground. . . .

The gunner officer looked and saw that his work was good. "Bon, eh? Soixante-quinze—!" With an all-embracing gesture and a white-toothed smile, he went. Already his battery was limbered up and galloping, and when the first retaliatory shell came from an indignant Boche 155, the 75s were a quarter of a mile away. The Boche shelled the locality with earnestness and method for the next hour, but he did not try to throw forward another column. . . . "Man, I jest love them little 75s! Swa-sont-cans bon? Say, that Frog said a mouthful!"

The lieutenant wrote and sent back his final report: " . . . and final objective

A lieutenant of Marines and a German major, hand to hand.

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reached, position organized at . . ." and stopped and swore in amazement when he looked at his watch—barely noon! Sergeant Cannon's watch corroborated the time— "But, by God! The way my laigs feel, it's day after to-morrow, anyway!—" "Wake those fellows up—got to finish diggin' in— No tellin' what we'll get here—" Some of his people were asleep on their rifles. Some were searching for iron crosses among the dead. A sergeant came with hands and mouth full. "Sir, they's a bunch of this here black German bread and some stuff that looks like coffee, only ain't—in that dugout—" And the company found that Kriegsbrot and Kaffee Ersatz will sustain life, and even taste good if you've been long enough without food. . . .

The shadows turned eastward; in the rear bloated observation balloons appeared on the sky-line. "Them fellers gets a good view from there. Lonesome, though . . ." "Wonder where all our planes went—don't see none—" "Hell! Went home to lunch! Them birds, they don't allow no guerre to interfere with they meals. Now, that's what I got against this fighting stuff—it breaks into your three hots a day." "Boy, I'm so empty I could button my blouse on the knobs of my spine! Hey—yonder's a covey o' them a-vions now—low—strung out— Boche! Hit the deck!"

They were Boche—sinister red-nosed machines that came out of the eye of the sun and harrowed the flattened infantry, swooping one after another with bursts of machine-gun fire. Also they dropped bombs. Some of them went after the observation balloons, and shot more than one down, flaming, before they could be grounded. And not an Ally plane in sight, anywhere! To be just, there was one, in the course of the afternoon: he came from somewhere, and went away very swiftly, with five Germans on his tail. The lieutenant gathered from the conversation of his men that they thought the Frenchman used good judgment.

That afternoon the Boche had the air. He dropped bombs and otherwise did the best he could to make up, with planes, for the artillery that he had lost that morning. On the whole, he was infinitely annoying. There's something about being machine-gunned from the air that gets a man's goat, as the files remarked with profane emphasis. Much futile rifle fire greeted his machines as they came and went, and away over on the right toward Vierzy the lieutenant saw one low-flying fellow crumple and come down like a stricken duck. This plane, alleged to have been brought down by a chaut-chaut automatic rifle, was afterward officially claimed by four infantry regiments and a machine-gun battalion. Late in the afternoon the French brought up anti-aircraft guns on motor-trucks and the terror of the air abated somewhat; but, while it lasted, the lieutenant heard——

"There comes—"(great rending explosion near by)— "Goddamighty! 'nother air-bomb?"

"Naw, thank God! That was only a shell!"

As dusk fell, the French cavalry rode forward through the lines. The lieutenant thoughtfully watched a blue squadron pass— "If spirits walk, Murat and Marshal Ney an' all the Emperor's cavalry are ridin' with those fellows. . . ."

In the early dawn of the next day, the cavalry rode back. One squadron went through the company's position. It was a very small squadron indeed, this morning. Half the troopers led horses with empty saddles. A tall young captain was in command. They were drawn and haggard from the night's work, but the men carried their heads high, and even the horses looked triumphant. They had, it developed, been having a perfectly wonderful time, riding around behind the German lines. They had shot up transport, and set fire to ammunition dumps, and added greatly to the discomfort of the Boche. They thought they might go back again to-night. . . . They did.

The night of the 19th, the galleys got up, and the men had hot food. Early the morning of the 20th, the Division was relieved and began to withdraw to reserve position, while fresh troops carried the battle on. The 1st Battalion of the 5th Marines marched back, in a misty dawn, across the ground they had fought over two days before. In the trampled fields where the dead lay unburied, old French territorials were mowing the ripe wheat and shocking it up. The battle was far away. . . .

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The fighting in the woods at Soissons was close and savage.

The battalion entered the woods and turned off the road toward the blue smoke of the galleys, from which came an altogether glorious smell of food. One of the company officers ran ahead of the 49th to find a place to stack arms and pile equipment. Presently he beckoned, and the lieutenant led his people to the place; a sort of clearing, along one side of which lay a great fallen tree. Under an out-thrust leafy branch something long and stiff lay covered with a blanket.

"Stack arms . . . fall out!"

Graves, the officer who had gone ahead, was standing by the blanket. "Do you know who's under this?" he said. The lieutenant stooped and looked. It was little Tritt. . . .

After breakfast, some of the men enlarged the pit where the machine-gun had been, and tidied it up. . . . They wrapped the body in a blanket and two German water-proof sheets that were handy, and buried the boy there.

". . . But before he got it, he knew that we were winning." The men put on their helmets and went away, to look for others who had stopped in the woods . . . to gather souvenirs.

"Well, he's where he ain't hungry, an' his feet don't hurt from hikin', an' his heavy marchin' order won't never cut into his shoulders any more. . . ."

"No, nor no damn Boche buzzards drop air-bombs on him——"

"Wonder where we'll hit the old Boche next——"

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How Free Is Free Speech?

BY ROBERT W. WINSTON

Former Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina; Author of "A Freshman Again at Sixty"

"THE sentence of the court is sixty days in jail and a fine of a thousand dollars; the jail sentence to be remitted if the fine is promptly paid."

"A thousand dollars! I won't pay a penny—I'll rot in jail first," came from the prisoner before his astonished lawyers could stop him.

"Very well," the judge blandly added. "The jail sentence will begin at once, and the prisoner is in the custody of the marshal."

The clerk's desk was soon piled with tens, twenties, and fifties, as men by the score pressed forward to pay the fine. "If those people do not resume their seats, bring them to the bar of the court and I will teach them how to behave themselves," the judge sternly rapped. What good would it do to pay the fine, anyway, the jail sentence remained and must be served. Grimly the crowd filed out of the court-house, and Josephus Daniels, for such the prisoner was, passed on to jail.

Surely, to draw such a sentence, Daniels's offense must have been a grievous one. Well, this was his offense: the State of North Carolina owned a controlling interest in a well-located railway, extending down to the sea: a little road—but the dream of the fathers—the pride of the State—affectionately called the "Mullet." Now, a rival road wished to purchase the Mullet, but the State refused to sell. Thereupon the larger road determined to throw the Mullet into bankruptcy, hoping to buy it in at public auction for a song. A convenient non-resident dummy was accordingly presented with two shares of stock to enable him to qualify as plaintiff and invoke "equitable relief." In due course this party, now duly styled "your orator," filed his bill, falsely charging that the Mullet was mismanaged and insolvent, and asking for a receiver. On application to a United States district judge, and without notice to the other side, the relief was granted: the Mullet was taken away from the State and handed over to a receiver—to the dismay of governor, council of State, and people. In fact, it was a foregone conclusion that the hostile judge would take the bit in his teeth, order a sale, and that the conspirators would get away with the swag. But in an early stage of the game Editor Josephus Daniels had taken a hand. Boldly, his paper charged fraud and conspiracy, devised and contrived by the larger railroad and the judge, who, according to the editor, was a tyrant if not corrupt. This charge Daniels thundered at the court day in and day out, till he was finally arrested for contempt. After a hurry-up "trial," limited to two hours, the judge under fire acting as prosecutor, court, and jury combined, the champion of the Mullet found himself "in limbo," for a season.

Some years later another constructive contempt matter arose in Ohio. In response to popular demand the city of Toledo had ordered car-fare reduced from eight cents to five cents. The street-car company thereupon appealed to a United States judge to set aside this reduction and restore the eight-cent fare, alleging that the new rate would not pay overhead and operating expenses. The judge granted the motion and put the fare back to eight cents. Fiercely the editor of a Toledo paper began to attack the court, charging that the judge was a corporation tool and urging disobedience to his orders. As in the Raleigh case, so in the Toledo case, the editor was arrested for contempt, and editor and paper promptly fined seven thousand seven hundred dollars—the judge attacked acting as prosecutor, court, and jury.

A recent New York contempt case is quite as notorious. A lawyer named Craig

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wrote a letter to an official of the bankruptcy court, charging that the United States judge presiding had the habit of stifling free investigations, and that therefore his client would not be at the hearing at all. Craig went on to explain that there could be no fair investigation in a bankruptcy matter unless a trustee representing both sides was appointed, and that this particular judge never appointed that kind of a trustee. The indignant judge, getting wind of this letter, which was not intended for publication, handed out a sixty-day sentence to Craig; stoutly protesting, the while, that he had no feeling whatsoever against Craig, but was merely maintaining the dignity of the bench.

And then came the Magee case from Albuquerque, N. M. The charge against Magee was contempt; the libellous words —printed July 17, 1924—were these: "As to my case pending before Judge Leahy, I stand about as much chance as a lamb with a butcher." Magee having been found guilty by the judge, this colloquy ensued: "Have you anything to say why judgment shall not be pronounced on you?" the judge blandly inquired. "I deny I am being accorded due process of law," the prisoner responded. "I deny this is a court."

"That is untrue, and you know it," the judge snapped. "You are a low-down skunk—a measly yellow cur. I give you six months in the county jail."

Now, if such cases were rare or exceptional, it would not so much matter, but they are not rare. They are occurring all over the country. In fact, whenever a self-centred judge is ridiculed or criticised, some one is likely to wind up in jail. This his honor's dignity demands, the Ku Klux furnishing a handy precedent. What boots it, indeed, whether one be lynched by the mob or mobbed by the law?

II

CERTAINLY, no one would justify the slanderer of judges. Far from it. The slanderer of courts deserves the same punishment as other slanderers. The complaint is not against courts as courts, but against the usurpation of courts. Speaking of such usurpation in the Toledo case, Justice Holmes—four of the nine judges concurring—declares in substance that American courts are a hundred years behind the times; that no English judge would imprison one for constructive contempt without a legal trial. It follows that no English judge would have "railroaded" Craig, Daniels, or Magee to jail, but would have proceeded against them in the orderly way by indictment. One of the least creditable chapters in American judicial history, indeed, is the power judges arrogate to themselves to suppress free speech by this side-wind, called constructive contempt—a power which neither Congress nor the President nor any other person or department of government possesses, or claims to possess.

For example, if the Toledo, the Albuquerque, or the Raleigh editor had charged that a United States senator, or the President himself, was a tyrant, or corrupt, the offender could not have been haled before Senate, President, or court, and summarily punished. In such a case a bill would be drawn, a grand jury would sit, if a true bill were found the case would be set down for trial, due time to prepare the defense would be allowed, witnesses summoned, a jury of impartial men chosen and sworn, and a disinterested judge would preside. None of these safeguards would or could be omitted —they are a part of every freeman's heritage.

How, it may be asked, do American courts get around this sacred right of trial by jury, and act as judge, jury, and prosecutor combined? Why, this is done by a bit of sophistication and twisting of the plain language and guarantees of the law, that would do credit to Dean Swift in "A Tale of a Tub." The judge puts his case this way: "I am a judge, possessing certain inherent constitutional rights, of which no legislature can deprive me. One of these rights is to hold my court without interruption or criticism from any source whatever."

The natural result of the assumption of this power is that American newspapers stand in awe of tyrannical judges. When it comes to criticism of such judges, newspapers fear and tremble; they write at their peril. The lawyer indeed who ad-

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vises that an editor may criticise a judge in the performance of his duty may, himself, be guilty of constructive contempt. Thus, for example, for suggesting in open court that a certain judge was unfair, and asking that a case before him be removed to an impartial judge, the attorneys for the defense were given to understand that if they filed a motion of this kind they would be held for contempt. Indeed, in the Magee case, two of his attorneys were driven from the case by the presiding judge.

Although the first amendment to the Constitution guarantees freedom of speech and of the press, declaring that such freedom shall in nowise be abridged; although there are remedial statutes that no judge shall summarily punish for contempt, except for misbehavior in the presence of the court, or so near as to disturb its deliberations, American courts disregard these laws, and go their way, regardless of consequences. Indeed, the attempt of legislatures to safeguard free speech reminds one of how the devil mended the dog's hind leg: he mended it in one place but broke it in two others. Freedom to criticise courts is as much restricted to-day as a hundred years ago, when there were neither constitutional nor statutory guarantees of freedom of speech. Courts seem to have grown indignant and resentful that their supposed prerogatives have been invaded by the lawmaking power.

Not long ago during the recess of a certain court, a witness who had been insulted by a browbeating lawyer called the latter to account. That afternoon when court convened the judge summarily punished the witness without any jury whatsoever, not for fighting, but for contempt of court.

In another case this situation developed. The court had adjourned for the term and the court-room was closed. A party who fancied he had been wronged by the presiding judge engaged in a fisticuff with him at his hotel. The judge, going back into the court-room, reopened court, which had expired several hours before the fight, and put his assailant in jail for sixty days, depriving him of any defense whatsoever.

In another State, a judge, known to be autocratic and tyrannical, was scheduled to hold a certain court. The entire bar thereupon met in advance of the term and continued the docket. Shortly afterward the judge opened his court and, ascertaining what had been done, summoned the lawyers to the bar of the court, and sentenced every mother's son of them to jail for contempt. They had insulted the dignity of the judge.

In still another State, because the members of the bar residing at the capital had protested when the judges of the court of appeals were seen marching to the music of drum and fife in a political parade, the offending lawyers were summoned to appear before "the political" judges aforesaid and make due explanation. Some of the offending "brethren" apologized, though some fled the State.

It is conceded that a judge must maintain order in the court-house, and that if a person create disorder therein or is guilty of misbehavior so near the court as to disturb its deliberations, he should be summarily suppressed—put in jail if necessary. Such misbehavior, for example, as drunkenness in the court-room, loud and boisterous talking, disobedience to the order of the judge, and the like, needs instant correction. In cases of this kind the judge must act at once, it is an emergency matter. Here there is no constructive contempt, the contempt is actual. The inherent right of a court to function should never be abridged.

But when the matter occurs outside the court-house the case is quite different. When, for example, an editor criticises a judge, not knowing his name, perhaps never having been in his court, to punish such editor for contempt by calling his editorial "misbehavior calculated to disturb the court" would really be absurd—if the judges had not decided otherwise. The contempt statute provides that no judge shall punish for contempt except for "misbehavior." This word misbehavior has a well-recognized value. It means disorder, rowdiness, impoliteness. Thus, when a child misbehaves, it is roundly spanked by its mother. Even so, an editorial in the New York *Times*, or in the Boston *Transcript*, according to American courts, may be misbehavior for which the editor should be spanked.

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III

COURTS may hold that a judge has the right to try a case in which he himself is interested, but is such a thing democratic—is it fair? To be judge, witness, and prosecutor all in one is bad enough. Is the situation improved if the constitutional guarantees of free speech be violated? I, therefore, enter a plea for the slanderer himself, not on his account, but on account of free speech, which he unwittingly advances, for an illegally suppressed slanderer, John Wilkes, for example, becomes oftentimes a martyr to that liberty which he has abused.

If it be urged that courts must be protected, I submit that that would be better accomplished by absolute freedom of speech than by a "nigh-cut"—as contempt proceedings are popularly called. Must this not be said of the judiciary, indeed of government itself: "*If it be not strong enough to endure criticism, it is not strong enough to endure at all, for no great principle has ever developed except by the fiercest opposition.*" Criticism being the foundation of all worth-while government, free speech needs no vindication—it has justified itself. True, a virtue overdriven may become a vice—freedom of speech run into scurrility; on the other hand, vice may become the handmaid of virtue—abuse, even coarse abuse, pave the way for constructive criticism. A law by whatever name called—paradox or an avenging god—which keeps the world in balance: it is the cunning of reason.

Undoubtedly, the philosophy of free speech is deeper than the protection of the slanderer; free speech being not only a shield of defense but also a sword of attack. Why do judges fret themselves overmuch about the slanderer, anyway? He harms no one but himself. Indeed, I once heard a man say this of his neighbor: "He is so busy cheating me, he cheats himself." Does not the saying of Job—oh! that mine adversary had written a book—imply that if a book be true it will uncover truth; if false it will in the long run do the same thing? "Hear the other side—give the man a chance" is the American spirit.

Who more maligned in their day than Lincoln or Woodrow Wilson? Thus a friend of mine once started out to discredit Lincoln. "Why," said he, "Lincoln, a tyrant, ought to have been impeached—declaring war on the South without the sanction of the Senate." "Great God," I replied, "did Lincoln do all that—single-handed and alone, did he save the Union? What a man he must have been!" Shortly after another friend would discredit Wilson. "Woodrow Wilson!" he angrily asserted. "Why, one expression of his—'people everywhere should have the right of self-determination'—has put the devil into the nations throughout eternity." "In the name of humanity," I reflected, "he, too, must have been tremendous."

It sometimes happens that the slanderer himself is slandered—a kind of cross-paradox working itself out however through its opposite. Thus a suit for slander having been entered, some editor takes up the fight, distorts the facts, and vilifies the slanderer. The sympathetic public, resenting such methods, goes over to the side of the original slanderer, who has now become the under-dog and goes scot-free.

Once while I was managing a senatorial campaign for a certain chief justice, I asked if he did not think matters were going along fairly well. "No," he sighed. "Eight years ago the trusts elected me. I was dragging the judicial ermine in the dust, they charged. Now I cannot induce them to attack me at all."

In a Western State, a street-car ran into a passing vehicle. The company being sued for damages employed a person to offer himself to the injured party as an eye-witness that the street-car had no headlight on the night of the injury. At the trial the car company showed that this witness was speaking falsely, that he was not present when the accident took place, but was in a distant city. This one bad egg spoiled the whole omelet, and the plaintiff, double-crossed, lost a perfectly good case.

Now that the public has caught on to the slanderer, his praise is really more harmful than his abuse—a thing that every one seems to understand except judges—they alone, annoyed by the slanderer, flee in terror, much as Æsop says the lion does at the crowing of a cock.

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To root out a false doctrine it must undoubtedly be suffered to run its course: what goes over the devil's back comes around under his belly. Be that as it may, however, the duty of courts seems plain: give the calf a-plenty of rope and let him hang himself.

A stroll through Hyde Park on a summer holiday furnishes a familiar illustration of harmless free speech: terrible reform orators denouncing this and denouncing that, and no one paying any attention to them. In the mother country, indeed, more than a hundred years ago constructive crimes were abolished, the right of trial by jury firmly established, and the overbearing attorney for the government put to rout by this well-known doggerel:

"Sir Philip well knows that his innuendoes
Can serve him no longer in verse or in prose
For twelve honest men have sat on the cause
Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws."

The glory of England is free speech. Not gold, nor splendid cities and big navies. To this land of free speech have fled the prophets and the oppressed of all countries: Rousseau, Voltaire, Mirabeau, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Victor Hugo—but why call the roll? The entire list would fill a volume. If in England criticism and free speech are given free rein, much more should this be the case in America, where the court of last resort is public opinion—public opinion made up of good and bad alike. The strength of the American people, no one will deny, is the average man—and

"Must he be told beside his plough
What he shall speak, and when, and how?"

IV

Fortunately, the day of constructive contempt has about ended, and free speech may shortly be set free. The recent decision of the Washington court upholding the Clayton Act is the rainbow of hope. It will be remembered that the Clayton Act provides that a striker who violates an injunction order not to strike shall, nevertheless, be given a trial by jury, and that no judge shall summarily try and punish such offender. In the discussion of this law it had been urged that it violated the inalienable right of a court to enforce its orders without legislative interference; that the power to punish for disobedience to a court order was a necessary function of all courts, without which courts would be powerless.

In a word, it was insisted that the principle of the Toledo newspaper decision applied, and that as one who slandered a judge through the press was guilty of contempt, punishable directly by the slandered judge, so one who "struck" in violation of the court's order not to strike was likewise guilty of contempt, the punishment of which lay with the judge whose order was disobeyed. The Supreme Court, however, took a directly opposite view from this, upholding the statute and giving full effect to the higher, the constitutional right of trial by jury. So, to-day, after ten long years of litigation, the Clayton Act restoring this ancient right of trial by jury with all its far-reaching consequences is the law of the land.

A few weeks ago when this opinion was flashed over the wires, newspapers from ocean to ocean fell to rejoicing—there seemed to be a general conspiracy of joy. "Second only in importance to the Dred Scott decision," said one paper. "Epoch-making"; "Of transcendent importance"; "A death-blow to the injunction, from which it will never recover"; "The self-widening power of the courts at last curtailed"—such were some of the many newspaper comments. Samuel Gompers, president of the Federation of Labor, joined in the chorus. "The Magna Charta of Labor!" he exclaimed.

It was indeed a great day for trial by jury and for free speech as well. Constructive contempt had received a fatal blow. The spirit of the times is against constructive contempt. The fair-mindedness of newspapers justifies a return to trial by jury; the Clayton decision foreshadows, if it does not accomplish, it. The reasoning of the court in the Clayton case seems to apply with equal force to the Toledo case. Drawing the distinction between actual contempt and constructive contempt, the court holds that only in cases of actual contempt have judges an inherent right to act without a jury.

Actual contempt, they say, is when the court is insulted in the presence of the

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judge; constructive contempt is quite different. Constructive contempt occurs not in the presence of the judge, but away from the court-room. The offender who "struck" in violation of a court order not to strike was held guilty of constructive contempt, and not of direct contempt; therefore Congress had the power to regulate the matter and extend to the striker the privilege of a jury trial without invading the court's inherent right to carry on its business. Does not the same line of argument hold good in matters of constructive slander generally? And in the light of this decision, and because of the untenableness of the position of American judges in matters of constructive contempt, may it not be expected that the Washington court will see to it that in cases where the contempt matter occurred away from the court-house the ancient right of trial by jury will be preserved?

Why, indeed, may not any citizen of the Republic criticise judge or court—just as he may now do the President—answerable only to his own conscience, to a fair-minded public, and to a jury of his peers?

While this article is going to press the Flushing *Evening Journal* has also got into trouble. For publishing a rumor that the Interborough had offered to compromise Mrs. Quinn's damage suit for $20,000, the Judge is now considering what to do to the newspaper aforesaid.

The Last Taboo

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD

Author of "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend," "The Black Army of France," etc.

IT would greatly add to our spiritual comfort if our thought would remain "half slave, half free." We do not like to follow our principles to their logical end, because we feel in advance there is no end. If we say A, we shall have to say B; but when we come down to Z, we shall find another alphabet formidably confronting us. This eternal progress is a weariness of the flesh and of the mind. The wise man, who has more practical work to do than chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, loves to work for definite ends: that is to say, for principles which have been established for a respectable time, whose fulfilment is within reason, and which he assumes will endure forever.

Thus, in the race problem, the bulk of enlightened Northern opinion has reached a sane and tolerably safe conclusion. Our fathers fought for the political equality of the races then living on our territory; this political equality is now part and parcel of our Constitution, and political equality the negroes should enjoy. Social equality is a much more arduous question. To raise it would involve us in an everlasting and bitter conflict with men of our own kin, and we are by no means certain that the result would be desirable after all. Work for political equality, or at least reassert on all occasions that political equality should prevail; but leave social equality severely alone.

This is the wisdom born of ignorance. The South, which naturally understands the problem much better than the North, knows that such a discrimination cannot be made. Equality means equality, or it means nothing. Give the negroes in the South full political equality: a vote in all elections, an equal chance in all appointments, no enforced segregation: you will soon have negroes meeting white men on important boards, white lobbyists toadying to negro congressmen, white employees seeking preferment from negro patrons, and social equality will slowly but inevitably follow. You may object that this has not come to pass in the North, where the negro enjoys his full political rights. But negroes are still a small minority in that section; wherever

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they exist in compact groups, as in Chicago, they are already making their influence felt. Above all, the status of the negro in the North is still strongly affected by the prejudices of the South. It is awkward to treat as an equal a man whom you know to be a pariah in Dixie. Northerners are protected by the Southern taboo which they ungratefully denounce. To give negroes *rights* and deny them *privileges* in places where they are numerically strong will not work smoothly forever. If we want the negro to be "kept in his place," he must have no rights at all.

And the South knows also that any degree of social equality, any mitigation of the race stigma, would lead to intermarriage. The thought is abhorrent, not only to Southern minds but to many Northern ones as well. Daniel G. Brinton was born in Pennsylvania, and he taught in the City of Brotherly Love; he had an excellent reputation as an anthropologist, he was presumably a Christian, and had read many times over the words: "(God) hath made of one blood all nations of men." Yet, a whole generation after Lincoln, he expressed himself in this fashion: "A white man entails indelible degradation on his descendants who takes in marriage a woman of a darker race. . . . That philanthropy is false, that religion is rotten, which would sanction a white woman enduring the embrace of a colored man." * If this be the verdict of science, then the South is right. If you are determined not to reach a certain point, you should avoid entering the easy descent that will inevitably lead you down to it. To avert your glances and stumble, to clutch at loose stones and blades of grass, to try to clamber up and roll further down, is as undignified as it is dangerous. We should not by any means rush down the slope: we should either not start at all or proceed cautiously, steadily, fearlessly, with our eyes open.

We are not committed to the pseudo-democratic fallacy of universal equality. "Racial realities," in Europe or in America, we have no desire to deny or to ignore. As soon as eugenics and anthroposociology reach the status of true sciences and come to severely scientific conclusions, we shall be willing to follow them. If it were proved that statesmen and poets could be "bred for points" in the same way as Airedales, we should welcome the new method. Many people would be delighted to know how Lloyd Georges and Winston Churchills can be made to order, so as to do exactly the opposite. Nay, no "false philanthropy," no "rotten religion" would prevent us from accepting the idea that undesirable strains, and even whole races, should be eliminated as unfit. Italy has shown the way in getting rid of the degenerate breed of *crétins* which, thanks to mistaken charity, had for ages saddened the valley of Aosta. Segregation, sterilization, and euthanasia could weed out the inferior elements, in a painless fashion, within less than a century. If all the colored races, red, brown, black, and yellow, were mistakes on the part of the Creator, let them go the way of the pterodactyl and the dinosaur. We might follow this agreeable train of thought a little further. Not all the families of the white race are equally valuable, and fit for a eugenic world. We might blackball from our Universal Club the Semites, who have been making themselves unpopular in all climes for at least six thousand years. We have little use for the shallow and unreliable Mediterranean, however quick-witted he may seem; we can dispense with the Alpine, who is stolid and slavish, a mere drag on progress. But especially we should get rid of the Nordics, a breed of fighters and mischief-makers, who have created trouble ever since they burst into history. They wrecked civilization once in the fourth century, and came very near wrecking it again in the twentieth. Then mankind would at last have peace. If we wanted the show to continue, we might pick out a new Deucalion and a new Pyrrha to replenish the world.

There is nothing that we are not ready to do for the sake of science; but it is infinitely more difficult for science to come to conclusions than Mr. Lothrop Stoddard and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton surmise. Before we take drastic action involving the fate of millions, we must be sure of our bearings. If men would mate and reproduce with the indifference and

* "Races and Peoples," published by David McKay, Philadelphia, 1901, p. 287.

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rapidity of Mendel's peas, the truth might be within our grasp. But they won't, and that makes the process of experimentation extremely slow and hazardous. If, even after such mating, the lives of men had the sweet simplicity that characterizes the existence of peas, many disturbing factors, such as economic opportunities, social prejudices, religion, would be eliminated. But such is not the case, and the lessons we learn from peas can only with the utmost caution be translated into terms of human nature. An anti-tobacco lecturer injected some nicotine into the blood of a rabbit, and the rabbit obediently shimmied and died. But as the lecturer triumphantly asked his audience: "Now, what does this prove?" he received the scientifically valid answer: "It proves that we are not rabbits."

The proper investigation of human conditions requires strict impartiality on the part of the investigator: it should be obvious that no man who writes with the sombre fervor of Brinton or Vacher de Lapouge can be trusted in his conclusions, however formidable his array of facts may be. His opinions may be right, and his facts may be right; but there is no necessary connection between the two. The gap is filled with passionate intuition, with a fine frenzy which is the very essence of lyrical poetry, and has no place anywhere else. We need not say that we would trust even less the mulatto Godet-Laterrasse, the prospective author of an epoch-making treatise on "The Regeneration of Mankind through the Black Race"; and the harmless Godet-Laterrasse is here used as a symbol for several negro sociologists in this country, who have the same fervid imagination and the same devouring fire of feeling as the most ardent Nordicists. The true anthropologist must be a scholar, a poet and a saint. He must combine cautious respect for facts and their objective lessons with an unusual degree of sympathetic insight: for the dull collector of material facts will miss altogether the most subtle, which are also the most important, and he will not be able to interpret even the facts that he has noted. We need a man who can at the same time count chromosomes and understand "the soul of black folks." Hard as the requirements may be, we believe they can be met and that our departments of biology and anthropology offer many scientists not unequal to the task.

The chief difficulty lies in the conditions of the experiment. Suppose that a biologist, carrying on researches with plants, should systematically place certain hybrids under unsuitable conditions of soil, moisture, and light, and then register the fact that these varieties were inevitably stunted in their growth—the fallacy would at once be apparent. Not in vain did Bacon teach us, over three centuries ago, the rudiments of the experimental method. If we want to measure the action of a particular factor, other conditions must be equal, and if they cannot be made equal, the differences must be as accurately discounted as possible. In other terms, science cannot come to any safe conclusion on the race problem until the overwhelming disturbing element, race prejudice, has been neutralized or at least taken into account. Merely to compare the moral or intellectual qualities of negroes with those of white men, even of the same social class, is manifestly unfair: for the very elite of the negro race live under a blight from which the lowest of the whites are free. That blight is spiritual rather than material. We have no way of ascertaining how many splendid minds it has warped into rebellion, crookedness, self-indulgence or apathy. It is generally conceded that negro children are fairly bright, but are outstripped by white children after ten or twelve. If this be a fact, is it due to physical or to social causes? Does not the pall of dulness that falls on negro minds coincide with the inexorable realization of the racial curse?

That is why it seems to us that a thorough study of the psychosis called race prejudice should precede the study of races in themselves. That prejudice is a tremendous fact. It cannot be dismissed with a wave of the hand. It may be justified; but its being nearly universal is no justification, for idolatry, human sacrifices, polygamy, slavery, prostitution, drunkenness, monarchy, and war, *once* were universal as well. It may be baseless; but that detracts nothing from its potency: men have killed and died for

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false gods. A legend is a power in history, even though the scholar should prove it is but a fabrication or a delusion. Indeed, truth seldom becomes operative until it has assumed the semblance of a legend. Not facts and not heroes, but myths, are the true leaders of mankind.

The terrible thing about prejudice is that it becomes self-supporting. It degrades its victims almost to the point of creating its own justification, and it blunts the critical sense of those who hold it, so that they cannot escape from its thrall. When it is established, men have to respect it in self-defense. A man may be as liberal as you please; but he must guard his children against any misalliance which would entail misery upon them without doing much to settle the problem. It may be society's fault; but it is never safe to be right against society, and no man is called upon to be a martyr, unless his martyrdom can serve some definite end.

So even those who despise a taboo in their heart may be compelled to conform to it outwardly. For the masses of mankind, a taboo is interpreted as a condemnation. People are mercilessly punished for marrying outside their caste, class or race; and whatever we are punished for must be a sin. Thus, what is at first imposed through sheer force acquires moral consecration; morality adds its weight to force, force strengthens morality, and so ad infinitum.

It is obvious, therefore, that in this country and for a long time to come mixed marriages will be few, and will have to fight their way to happiness against very heavy odds. There must be noble exceptions: I have heard of such, but, living as I did in the South, I have never come across any of them. Such marriages are most likely to occur in the abyss, among those who, through abject poverty or through degradation, have nothing to hope and nothing to fear from the smile or frown of society. A wealthy negro could purchase a bride—at any rate, from the underworld; but a wealthy negro, unless he be a splendid brute suddenly enriched by a stroke of luck, will be too shrewd and too decent to run such a risk. So far as interracial unions are concerned, we can only repeat Mr. Punch's time-honored advice to those about to marry: Don't.

Yet the problem is not purely academic. First of all, conditions are different in other countries, and we should at least make an effort to understand the attitude of the Brazilians, the Portuguese, and even the French in this matter. To give as an explanation that the Latins have no race feeling and the Anglo-Saxons have, is sheer intellectual laziness. For one thing, the French are no more "Latins" than we are "Anglo-Saxons." They and we are mixed races, and all that these purely linguistic terms Latin and Anglo-Saxon denote is that our language contains a larger proportion of Germanic roots than theirs. Then it is not an explanation at all, but a restatement. It belongs to the same class as the good old reason why opium causes sleep: because of its dormitive property.

Even in the conduct of our own affairs to-day, it is by no means indifferent whether we believe that intermarriage is fundamentally evil and should be prevented at any cost, or whether we are willing to let the experiment be tried. For, in the first place, as we have attempted to show, the Southern attitude alone is honest and consistent. We should not promise equality, if in the secrecy of our hearts we rule out the final test of equality. Either we shall have to shuffle forever amid unworthy equivocations, or ultimately political equality will destroy the racial taboo. The first alternative may prevail indefinitely: for, as Irving Babbitt, quoting one of his Harvard freshmen, wisely remarked, our religion, like that of China, is Confusionism. We have been cherishing for three hundred years both the Protestant right of private interpretation and the purely ecclesiastical notion of orthodoxy, without daring to face the obvious fact that the two are incompatible. Still, the power of an idea, both germinative and disruptive, will, in the very long run, assert itself, even in our non-logical Anglo-Saxon minds. The idea should be killed now or frankly acknowledged.

That is why, although I did not believe that intermarriage on any important scale was either possible or desirable at this time and in this country, I was in-

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terested in debating the question with my Southern friends. In most cases, the subject was simply dismissed as absurd. But there are thinking men in the South, and arguments were not lacking.

The first and the most convenient is that intermarriage is against the law of God, who made the races different and intended that they should remain different. Race mixture is an attempt to tamper with the Work of the Seven Days. As the Afrikanders put it, God created the white man, and God created the black man; but the devil created the mulatto. The South is extremely pious, after a fashion: this is one of the many points upon which the white and the dark inhabitants of that section are at one and noticeably different from the godless Yankees. The argument has force with them: race mixture is to be condemned on religious grounds, as emphatically as Darwinism or the experiments of Luther Burbank. The trouble was that I could not find a conclusive text to set my doubts at rest. On the contrary, our common descent from Adam would make the whole race theory heretical. Even if we admitted that the negroes are issued from Adam's first wife, Lilith, still we are all of one blood, created after God's own image, and redeemed by the same Christ.

The discussion then shifts from Scriptural to scientific grounds. The Bible practically ignored the dark races, but they are an *unchangeable* reality all the same. Whereupon I took delight in quoting the theories of G. Sergi, the Italian anthropologist, to whom even the strictly orthodox Brinton did homage. According to Sergi, the dolichocephalic (long-skulled) races are branches of the same species, which he calls Eurafrican. The pure African, the Mediterranean, and the Nordic are cousins. But how can their difference in pigmentation be accounted for? Like the differences between the brown bear, the grizzly, and their polar congener, the fairness of the Nordics is "a kind of albinism produced by a climate where thermal action is weak."* In other words, the Nordic is a negro—bleached out. Which, as Stephen Leacock would say, is "behind the beyond."

The next argument is that intermarriage is unnatural, a veritable perversity, abhorrent to healthy minds. That the South fiercely objects to the social aspect and the responsibilities of intermarriage is plain enough. But repugnance to sexual union is a different matter. There are millions of living proofs that, before the Civil War at any rate, such repugnance did not exist. I was struck, when I first came to this country, by the fact that the undiluted African type is rare among our negroes. There are few of them who have not some white blood in their veins, and many could claim descent from aristocratic British ancestors. The very stringency of the Southern laws is evidence that artificial restraint is needed: there is no law forbidding mating with totally different species. Indeed, you would believe, from the codes and the talks of the South, that all their young men were yearning to marry negresses and could be prevented from doing so only by the most formidable barriers. I, who was born under the same latitude as Newfoundland, and have never felt the slightest temptation in that direction, could not help feeling that the fears of the South were slightly exaggerated.

The trump argument is that the hybrid is, on the whole, inferior to both the parent races. This is the opinion to which the Boer quoted above gives such vigorous theological expression. It would need to be examined with scrupulous care. It is evident that the hybrids are placed under abnormally difficult circumstances, and that the conditions of their upbringing can seldom be satisfactory. It is even more obvious that they are not so likely as the pure negroes to "know their place," which is the South's cherished ideal for all colored people. Hence the bitter hatred often directed against the "yellow nigger." But, on this point, as on many others, the extreme racialists fail in consistency. If you mention the brilliant achievements of certain colored men, the Southerners will say: "Oh! So-and-so had white blood in him"; and much as they profess to love the coal-black darky, they cannot fail to recognize, while deploring, the ambition and cleverness of the mulatto.* There is a plaza in Paris

* Sergi, "The Mediterranean Race," Scribners, 1901.

* According to *The Literary Digest*, Judge Albert Bailey George, elected in Chicago in 1924, is of half-white parentage on both sides.

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dedicated to the three Alexander Dumas. The first, the son of a Haytian planter and of a negress, was a general at the time of the Revolution and the Empire. The second, unmistakably African in coloring and features, was the jolly giant who has fascinated three generations with his romantic tales, who made and lost several fortunes, managed newspapers and theatres, hobnobbed with the greatest in the land, and preceded Henry Ford in devising methods of quantity production. The third, besides giving an everlasting and deplorable model of maudlin romanticism in "La Dame aux Camélias," besides suffering from a painful excess of technical skill and Parisian wit, created the modern problem play, paved the way for symbolism on the stage before Ibsen had been heard of, and wrote homiletic, paradoxical, glittering prefaces when Bernard Shaw, his ungrateful son, was still in his cradle. Few Nordic families could offer the same record of physical and intellectual energy as that "colorful" dynasty of the Dumas.

Once more, I am only pleading for careful study: I am not claiming in advance that the mulatto is a desirable product. I am only stating that the fine record of many people of mixed parentage should prevent us from accepting blindly any adverse verdict. On the whole, analogies drawn from other branches of biology are favorable to cross-breeding, if it be followed by selection. The finest breeds of dogs, horses, and plants are the result of careful crossing. This proves very little, I know; but it may at any rate act as a check on *a priori* conclusions.

A final argument, heard in the North as well as in the South, is that interbreeding would bring about a dead level of uniformity. This, it is contended, would involve a great loss, not merely in picturesqueness but also in efficiency. For racial differences are a condition of progress.

This last assertion is extremely vague. It is in contradiction with the claim that "The Great Race" alone, by which is meant the Nordic, or at least the Caucasian, is responsible for modern civilization. But, if it could be stated in a more accurate and more complex manner, it would probably be found to contain a large element of truth. All races, white or dark, have their own special contributions to bring to the common treasure of mankind.

But would intermarriage abolish races? Even in this country, if the policy of race mixture were as sedulously encouraged as it has been rigorously tabooed, the blending of the different elements would not be complete for many hundreds of years. If the process continued unchecked, the United States in the third millennium of our era, would be a purely white country, with imperceptible traces of negro blood. The population would be lighter, on the average, than the southern Europeans of the present day. Europe would remain purely white, eastern Asia yellow, southern Asia brown, tropical Africa black. The one large area in which the mixture might produce a real levelling, instead of the absorption of minorities, is Brazil, because in that country the three main races are almost equal in numbers. The possibility that all Hindus, all Chinamen, all Europeans and North Americans, all Africans, should migrate and intermarry so freely as to destroy the old race distinctions is too remote for human imagination. The New World, so far as we can foresee, would remain substantially as varied as the Old.

As a matter of fact, it would be immeasurably more varied: hybridization creates complexity, not uniformity—a complexity to which there is literally no limit. This is well recognized by the students of Spanish-American civilization. In the countries south of us, by the side of the pure *razas*, there are innumerable *castas: mestizo, mulatto, zambo,* to start with; then others, for which the Mexicans have picturesque and not always flattering names: *lobo, chino, cambujo, coyote, salto atrás, tente en el aire, no te entiendo, ahí te estás.* As every new variety can mate with any of the pre-existing ones, the list could be extended so as to strain the resources even of the marvellously rich Spanish vocabulary.

The danger of uniformity, therefore, is not even remote: it is purely fanciful. Not only will the big racial blocks remain solid, as far as we can foresee; but wherever blood mixture is likely to occur, the result will be an increase in the number of human types. It may then be the task

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of eugenics to foster the development of those types which have proved most desirable. Normally, free competition, in love as well as in business, should lead to the best selection.

I am speaking in the name neither of the "false philanthropy" nor of the "rotten religion" so fiercely denounced by Brinton. Least of all am I presuming to give authoritatively "the verdict of science" in a field which is not my own. One point alone is clear in my mind: if a quarter of a century of study has taught me anything of the scientific spirit and the scientific method, the huge literature of racial exclusiveness and antagonism is not scientific at all. The efforts of Gobineau, Chamberlain, and Vacher de Lapouge may lead sometime to a genuine sociology based upon anthropology, in the same way as alchemy is said to have led to chemistry, and astrology to astronomy, in the same way as, in the fulness of time, theology and theosophy may meet in "theonomy." In the meantime, races as well as individuals are to be presumed innocent until they are proved to be guilty; and to the accusations so freely levelled against the colored races and the hybrids, a sober mind, in the present state of our knowledge, can only return a verdict of "not proven."

"Lines on the Portrait of a Lady"

BY E. C. VENABLE
Author of "Pierre Vinton," "Bachelors of Arts," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. W. ANDERSON

IT arranged itself like one of those horrible little one-act plays that strive so awkwardly for an original mise-en-scène, the scene being the Waiting-Room of the Long Island Railroad. Mrs. Mosby had missed the train for whatever place it is she lives near far down the Island and had to wait almost an hour for the next one. Doctor Tennant, who lived closer in, had to wait, missing trains at the rate of five an hour, because Mrs. Mosby irritated him so. For a distinguished neurologist he has remarkably uncontrollable emotions of that sort. His patients seem to drive him into a sort of frenzy. In return he seems to be able to drive, literally drive, beat, frighten them into a sort of lethargy. It is on the whole a rather equable arrangement. Mrs. Mosby had been a patient of his, and, though she had got rid of whatever disease she had suffered from, she completely retained the power of exasperating.

They had been together that afternoon at a sort of private view of David Eughee's portrait of Mrs. Mortimer—Mrs. Mosby because she was an intimate friend of Mrs. Mortimer and Tennant because Eughee was his patient. Their argument had reached the point where each was convinced that the other was a perfect fool, but they lacked even sufficient mutual understanding to express the opinion in a decently polite way. Tennant probably knew everything about Mrs. Mosby except her vocabulary, which is a rather esoteric tongue. He didn't believe in bluntly calling women fools unless they happened at the same time to be his patients, and Mrs. Mosby's time of that sort had expired. Mrs. Mosby didn't believe in calling anybody a fool. She avoided them instead. But she couldn't avoid Tennant. There he sat grimly determined that she should understand him despite time and place and language. A great wrong had been done, he believed, and that it was irreparable only made him more defiant. It should at least be understood.

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Poor dear Mrs. Mosby had at last reached the point of complaining bluntly: "Why don't you tell Kate Mortimer all this? It certainly isn't *my* fault."

"Because I don't know her," and he avoided her light suggestion of an introduction by "and I don't want to."

"Then I will tell her," she offered.

"You can't, because you don't know what I say," he explained.

Mrs. Mosby glanced at the waiting-room clock. The hour's wait had scarcely begun.

"It's a perfectly beautiful picture," said Mrs. Mosby, "I know that much."

It was just then that what Mrs. Mosby called a Familiar Face passed in the crowd attempting—vainly as it proved—to catch the 5:17.

Mrs. Mosby hailed it with a desperate sort of gesture as if it were a solitary taxi-cab in a rainstorm. Doctor Tennant, on the contrary, viewed it gloomily, as if, say, he didn't have cab-fare, which in a certain sense was pretty much his condition. He was a very clever man, but he was a Specialist. And his Specialty was trifles. His scientific creed forbade him to regard anything as unimportant. The creed had guided him to some brilliant diagnoses but it was also constantly leading him into social morasses. A man with any other training would have taken the next train out, leaving Mrs. Mosby, who wanted desperately to be left, and her admirations and her comprehensions, none of which really had any importance for any one. But Tennant couldn't do this. He couldn't ignore anything, even Mrs. Mosby. Instead, he sat gloomily by and listened while the lady finished telling the whole story to the Familiar Face. Then he began what he called telling the whole story. Between them there in that chill stone vault, with what is probably the noisiest crowd in the world swishing about their knees, they got a story told, but it was quite beyond ordinary human acumen to understand it in the shape in which they told it. Their text requires voluminous notes, like a Greek play prepared for Schoolboys. However, with notes compressed to the utmost, Mrs. Mosby's explanation to the Familiar Face began:

"It is a perfectly stunning portrait and Kate Mortimer is perfectly delighted with it."

That was comprehensible. A portrait by Eughee of a woman like Mrs. Mortimer was certain to be stunning. She was just the woman for a stunning portrait and he was just the painter.

"It's far and away the best thing he has ever done," Mrs. Mosby said. "And he has taken such immense pains with it. The dress—you can positively feel it. He wasn't quite satisfied with it, you know, last spring, so he took it away with him to some Artists' Colony or something up in Maine and lived with it for months all alone in some sort of a hut or something."

This was utterly incomprehensible, pure Greek. That a portrait-painter like Eughee, the most facile of brush-slingers, should behave in any such way with the sort of canvas he would have to make for Mrs. Mortimer was absurd—as absurd as framing Mrs. Mortimer's check instead of cashing it.

But Tennant's note rather cleared up the text.

"He didn't *go* up there," said Tennant. "I sent him. He came to me last spring pretty badly run down. He has had a rather long apprenticeship, and now that he has arrived he is mad to make money, lots of it, quickly, before his vogue passes, I suppose. Probably quite right too. So I sent him up to the Cove and told him to stop work. As for taking the picture, I let him take it along because he said playing with it would amuse him. But not another scrap of canvas."

"Yes," said Mrs. Mosby, "he told us all that. It was rather interesting. He lived all alone in a sort of studio that had once been a fisherman's hut, with no furniture, no plaster, nothing except that great gorgeous picture of Kate. Can't you imagine it? And right underneath his windows, down a hill or something, was a little fisherman's village, just about a dozen huts. They used to start out in their boats every morning, before daylight. He used to get up to look at them."

Tennant was staring out into the big hall, where the crowds were packed about the train gates.

"How could he see them," he asked suddenly, "before light?"

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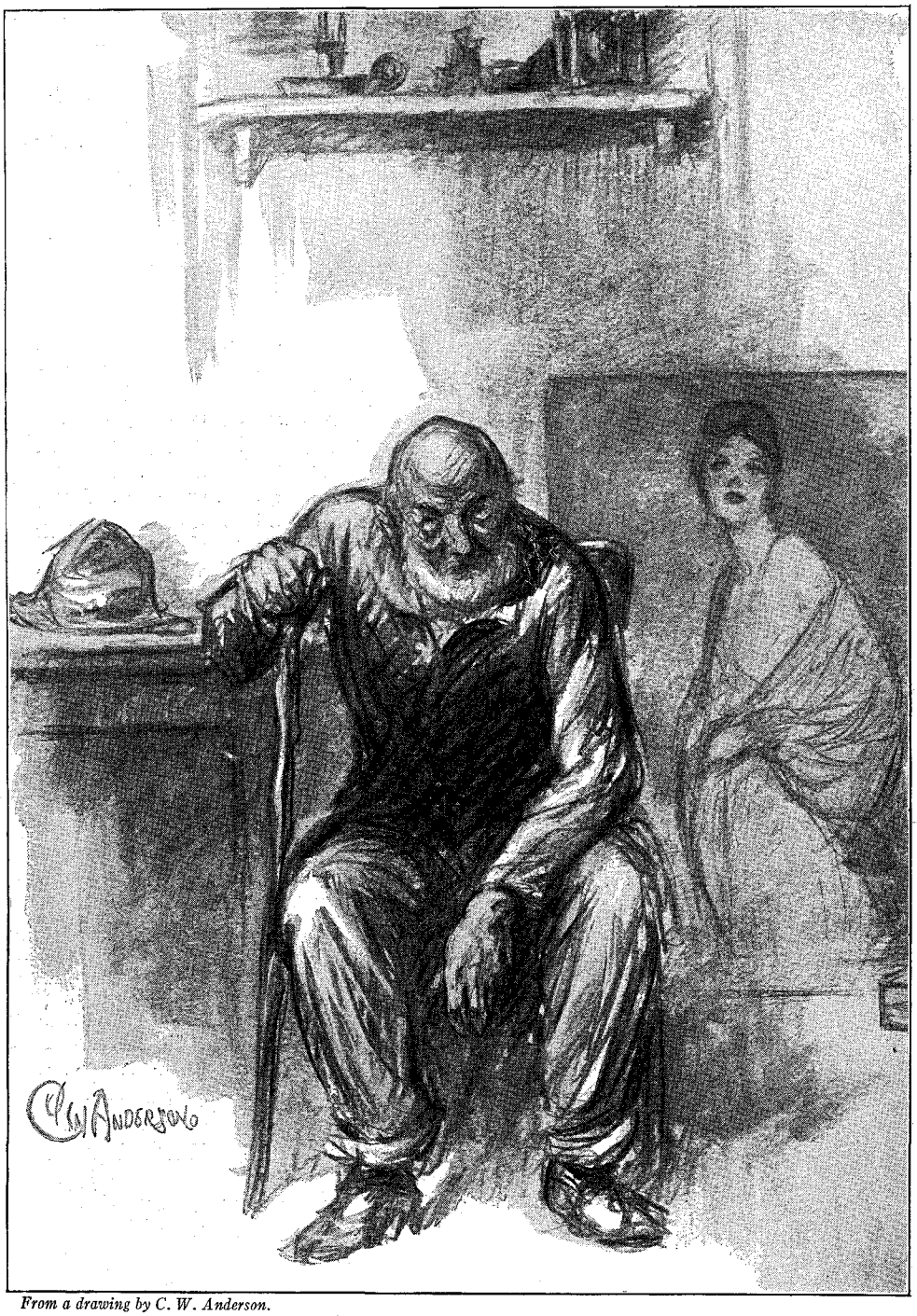

From a drawing by C. W. Anderson.

He got to know one of the fishermen, a very old man, bent, twisted, crippled by toil.—Page 596.

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"Oh! they had lanterns," explained Mrs. Mosby.

"And great sea-boots," said Tennant, "that ground on the pebbles of the beach like surf." He spoke without looking at Mrs. Mosby, and as if he were telling of what he had himself experienced.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mosby. "It was *that* woke him every night."

"The flickering lights on the rafters and the great sea-boots," repeated Tennant, "and my poor overworked patient lying there disturbed by such uncouth sounds."

"He didn't lie there," said Mrs. Mosby. "He used to get up and sit by the window until dawn."

"Perhaps," said Tennant. "Certainly, though, he did prowl around among those huts after dark when they were asleep. Do you remember how he said 'a-tiptoe, like a thief among honest sleeping men'? Oh, it's perfect, complete."

"They got on his nerves," Mrs. Mosby explained.

"They got on his soul, you mean," said Tennant.

"Well, on his soul, then," Mrs. Mosby agreed. "At any rate, the place didn't do him any good. And that's what makes Doctor Tennant so angry. You see, he sent him there."

The remark seemed slightly unfair, but Doctor Tennant did not seem in the least angry. He was still intent upon the crowds at the gates and made no comment.

"But at least it's a beautiful picture," Mrs. Mosby added, after a pause.

"Which one?" asked Tennant suddenly.

"Oh, yes! there were two," she laughed, "it was the oddest thing."

"Exactly," agreed Tennant, "the oddest thing and the most typical," and he began to laugh at his joke.

"You see," Mrs. Mosby explained, "Mr. Eughee got to know some of the fishermen."

"No, only one," Tennant corrected. "Don't you remember that? Only one. That's very important."

"One then," continued Mrs. Mosby, "a very old man, a cripple."

"Did he say cripple?" broke in Tennant. "I don't think he said cripple—only very old, bent, twisted, crippled by toil."

"Oh, very well, crippled by toil then," she agreed. She looked up at the clock again. Only a fifth of her time had gone by. "Crippled by toil," she repeated brightly.

"Do either of you," asked Tennant, turning suddenly, "know the difference between Toil and Work?"

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Mosby. "Should I?"

"Do you see all these people?" he went on, waving his hand toward the crowds struggling at the train gates. "They are workers. They are overworked too for the most part; and some day they will have to stop; and they will stop. You see, work is something that can stop. Now, toil can't. That's one difference. Men mostly work. Trees, rocks, oceans toil. And sometimes men who live very close to the things that toil get caught by them, entangled, as it were, and toil alongside them. It's a sort of evil spell on them if you like—only it's a rare enchantment. It's quite possible to live and never see it. But if you do live like that, so that you never see it and then you do see it suddenly, very close, too, it's"—he paused; then he added, turning back to the crowds again—"it's startling."

"I probably," murmured Mrs. Mosby, "have never seen it."

Doctor Tennant made no answer.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Mosby. "I am sure you mean I have never seen it."

"I mean," explained the doctor, "that Eughee never had."

For the first time Mrs. Mosby's good humor, which had seemed so invincible, weakened a little. "What does it look like, Doctor Tennant," she inquired acidly—"toil?"

And for the first time Doctor Tennant smiled. "My dear Mrs. Mosby, you have just seen a picture of it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Mosby. She appeared shaken out of ill humor and sat staring at Doctor Tennant's profile in strange bewilderment. "I see," she said at last, but not convincingly. Evidently, she saw very dimly, if at all.

"You don't mean," she asked, "that queer-looking thing on the back?"

Doctor Tennant nodded. "It was

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queer-looking on that back," he agreed.

Then Mrs. Mosby remembered the Familiar Face and turned, politely explanatory.

"You see," she began, "he had done an awfully queer sort of thing. But I believe that artists do those things on purpose, for advertisement—just like all people who have anything to sell. Of course Eughee doesn't do it very much, doesn't wear queer clothes, or live in queer places or any of those things, but he advertises, none the less. And all that story he told us about not having any canvas and having to paint—about being haunted—didn't he say 'haunted'?"

"No," said Tennant, "he didn't."

"Well, I got that impression," said Mrs. Mosby.

"So did I," Tennant answered, "but he didn't say it."

"What's the difference?" Mrs. Mosby inquired. "And, anyway, it was the most horrible-looking sketch."

Again she remembered the Familiar Face and again turned, politely explanatory.

"We were talking about a picture he did of one of those fishermen—the cripple. It was a horrible-looking sketch."

"Exactly," Tennant interrupted. "He was shocked. It was the work of a man in something close to hysteria. Immensely interesting."

"He did sound rather hysterical," Mrs. Mosby agreed. "He said he did it all in one sitting—and it looked that way—very crude and unfinished. I forget how many sittings Katharine Mortimer had, something like twenty, I should say. I suppose it's that working over and over that counts. At first, probably, Katharine's portrait was just as rough as that one."

Doctor Tennant suddenly rose as if he were hastening for the next train. Mrs. Mosby put out her hand expectantly.

"Do you suppose," he asked, ignoring the hand, "that Mrs. Mortimer would sell that portrait?"

Mrs. Mosby stared in silence.

"I have no idea what it cost, but I will pay more. And it can always be exactly reproduced. What do you think?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Mosby slowly.

"But you don't know, do you?" he added, as if to himself. He stood bent over his stick, staring down at the cement flooring. "Nobody ever knows how the very rich will behave about money," he reflected aloud.

"I didn't know you were a collector," said Mrs. Mosby.

He rapped his stick hard on the floor. "Something ought to be done," he cried.

His voice had changed from the light tones he had hitherto spoken in, and the change seemed to frighten Mrs. Mosby a little.

"But that can't be done, Doctor Tennant," she answered. "Katharine would never sell it, of course, anyway. And, besides, she is perfectly enchanted with it. She has been done so often and this is the only portrait she has ever liked." She paused, looking up at him.

"I suppose not." He stood an instant longer and then, with a single good-by, walked quietly away among the crowd. He is a very tall man, Doctor Tennant, and his head was easily visible above the level of the crowd until he passed through the gate.

Then at last Mrs. Mosby gave a little sigh of relief. "I think," she said, "he ought to consult himself; I think he is crazy."

She turned with a highly flattering smile of confidence to her remaining auditor. "I know he is very brilliant and all that, and when I was terribly upset two years ago—do you remember?—he did wonders for me. But, really, this afternoon he has been ridiculous."

Eughee and his portraits had quite vanished from Mrs. Mosby's interest. Tennant absorbed it. She talked with the eager fluency of the recently released.

"I have had him on my hands for nearly an hour." She waved the hands. "And it was all like what you heard. And now this crazy idea about buying Katharine's portrait.

"And, really," she went on, "there was nothing in it. He sent Eughee up to this place—wherever it is—and told him not to work and not to play, not to do anything, apparently, and naturally the poor man was bored to death, and the rest didn't do him any good. He looked a great deal worse than when he went away. I really felt awfully sorry for him. You

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could see he was terribly upset about something. And that picture of the old fisherman! It was weird."

She stopped suddenly. "But my dear man," she cried, "I don't believe we told you about that. You see, every time I got started Doctor Tennant always interrupted. That picture of the old fisherman was the craziest part of it. In the first place, Eughee talked about it all the time, hardly spoke of Katharine's portrait, which is really perfectly magnificent. He described this old fisherman, and, I don't care what Tennant says, he did say he haunted him. What really happened, of course, was that he was terribly nervous up there and had nobody to talk to, and he got obsessed by these fishermen he lived among. This one was frightfully old, almost a hundred I should say from his picture, and bent and twisted. Crippled by toil, Doctor Tennant said, and that was true. Apparently he and Eughee got to be very friendly. And this is the really craziest part of it. You see, Eughee had not been allowed to bring any of his painting things up there, that picture of Katharine and a few little brushes or something to play with it. And so when he wanted to paint the old fellow——"

Mrs. Mosby stopped unexpectedly. "Is that my train going out?" she asked. "Can you make out from here?"

Trains seemed to be going out for all parts of the world, but, by that queerly developed sense of suburban America, Mrs. Mosby divined that hers was not.

"So you see, there he was," she continued. "He told us how he sketched the old man in pencil, in pen and ink, on envelopes and writing-paper, all over the place. Oh, damn!" she surprisingly added. "That is my train. I see Harry Sawyer running."

Almost instantly Mrs. Mosby was running too. At the top of the stairway that led down to the train level there was a momentary pause in her flight and a wave of an open hand that may have been anything, a gesture of farewell or even her end of the story. Certainly she had never made any other effort to finish it for me. I am certain that if I were to meet her tomorrow and refer to Eughee she would say, "Oh, yes, I know him. He does the most wonderful things," and would be not quite certain what sort of things she thought Eughee "did."

As a matter of fact, he does very suitable portraits. Poligani exhibited his Mrs. Mortimer as "The Portrait of a Lady," and it attracted a great deal of attention. It is a big canvas and the shawl is magnificently red; and when it stood in Poligani's window it was startling enough to frighten horses in the street, if there were horses in those streets any more. Generally there was a group of two or three people before the window while it stood there. It was as sumptuous a presentment of human dust as ever looked through a gilt frame.

I had to pass the portrait hanging there in the window twice every day, and twice I saw Tennant, whose offices are, I know, some where near by, standing in front of it. That second time I spoke to him and, remembering his scheme of buying the picture, asked him if it belonged to him. Evidently he had forgotten the idea, because he only smiled vaguely and continued to stare through the glass.

"Imagine," he exclaimed of a sudden, pointing his stick at it, "that thing facing Eughee up there in one of those fishermen's shacks for three weeks—hung round his neck like the albatross on the Ancient Mariner."

He had been standing lost in this sort of revery before the window when I caught sight of him, evidently. The comparison seemed to me unduly severe. It was really a very creditable piece of coloring.

But Tennant brushed aside my objection with an irritated "I dare say; only," he added, "you weren't there that afternoon in his studio and you didn't hear the poor fellow pleading. Of course, he didn't know what he was doing. He imagined he was telling a rather amusing anecdote. I suppose he was stupid enough to hope—even he couldn't have been stupid enough to believe—that a woman like that"—and from some emotion the stick he pointed at the picture actually trembled—"that a woman like that would understand. He even showed them the picture he had done."

"I still maintain it's not so bad," I repeated.

"Not that one," he snapped at me. "The other, the real one, the one of the

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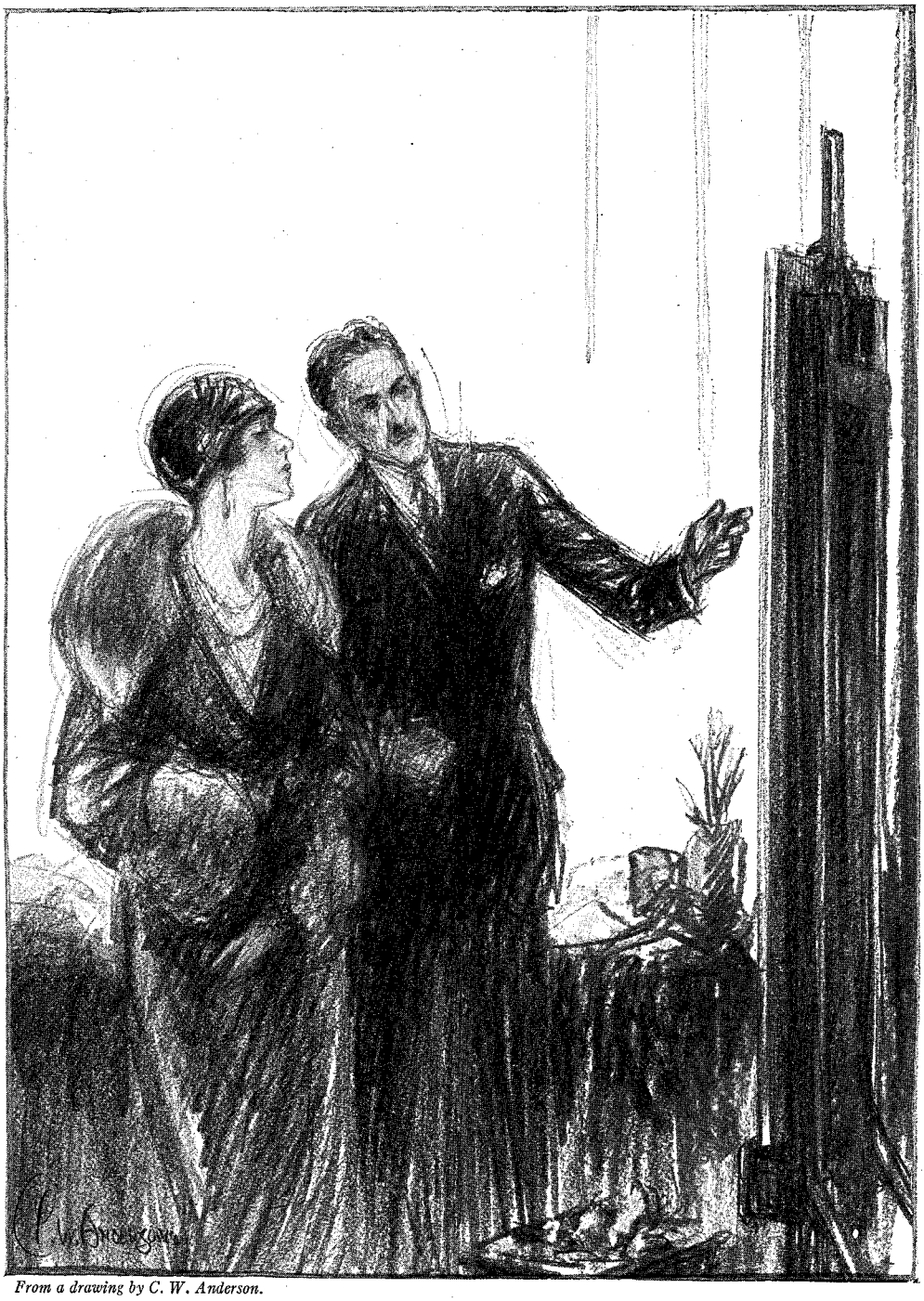

From a drawing by C. W. Anderson.

". . . he was stupid enough to hope . . . that a woman like that would understand."—Page 598.

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old fellow, what did he call him? 'Old Ben Whalley,' the only picture Eughee probably ever painted in his life, the only picture he certainly ever will paint now. Just the old fellow standing idle for a moment, bent, twisted, discolored, looking out at you from beneath a battered hat, with his hands hanging, palms out, as though they had nail-prints in them almost."

It was not a bad description of a picture probably, but the pavement in front of Poligani's was not quite a suitable platform, as I pointed out.

"Even," I added, "if Eughee could do anything really worth while."

"But he has done it, I tell you," Tennant insisted. The only consideration he paid my warning was to lower his voice and not to jab his stick at the window again. "I wouldn't believe it either if I were you. But think it over. I sent him up there with his 'nerves' and his 'fatigue' and all his other little maladies that came from doing silly little jobs like this and make him stare for three weeks at those other fellows. Don't you see what happened?"

"That picture you described happened," I answered.

"Exactly." Tennant patted my arm approvingly and turned again to the window. "The poor devil!" he exclaimed. "He'll never get that Albatross off his neck."

"I should like to see it," I suggested.

Tennant turned with a curiously blank look. "You mean the Ben Whalley?"

I nodded.

"That's rather curious," he said. "That woman the other day, Mrs.—er—er—Mosby, didn't she explain?"

"Mrs. Mosby," I answered, "probably never explained anything in her life. What is there to explain? What has happened to it?"

"Nothing has happened to it," said Tennant. "Nothing ever can. It's probably the safest picture in the world. Of course, she thought you knew all the time. There it is in there, on the back of the other one. You see, he had no other canvas and probably began it as a sort of pastime, anyway; and there it is now posted on Mrs. Mortimer's back."

Mrs. Mortimer's face, triumphantly calm, continued to regard us through the window.

"No, you can't see it," said Tennant, in answer probably to some sudden gesture of mine. "It's all boarded up inside that superb gold frame, and Mrs. Mortimer has probably forgotten it's there by this time. The safest picture in the world."

Momentarily we had forgotten where we were, and Tennant's voice was again unnecessarily loud. A man in the group on my other hand leaned over to the woman on his arm to explain. "They are saying it's some kind of trick picture," I heard him inform her. "It looks one way one side and another the other."

And when Tennant and I walked on, the group were still standing there moving their heads from side to side, trying, I suppose, to discover the trick. As Tennant suggested, that seemed an unnecessary bit of Olympian malice toward poor dear Eughee.

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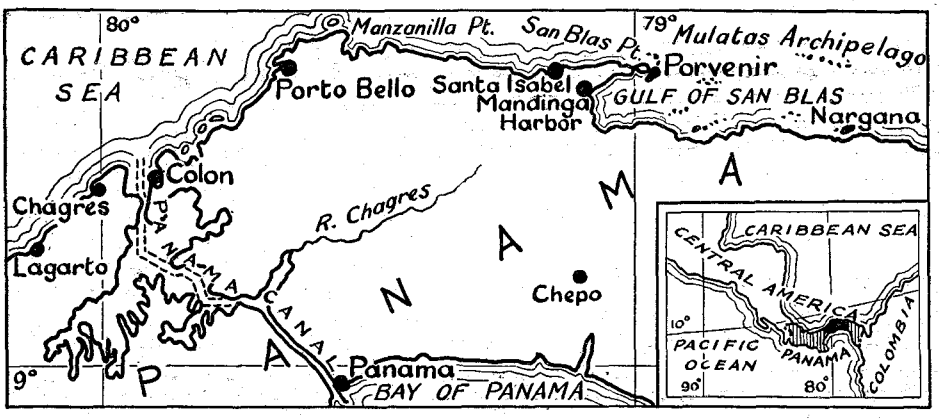

The San Blas Indians of Panama

THEIR RIGHTS AND INDEPENDENCE

BY ALFRED F. LOOMIS

Author of "The Cruise of the Hippocampus," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. C. RUSSELL AND THE AUTHOR

[EARLY this spring the San Blas Indians, whom I have endeavored to portray in the following article as a happy, peace-loving people, rebelled against the Panamanians, who had constituted themselves rulers of their territory and killed several, including a nephew of the governor, Señor Mojica. At about the same time the Indians implored the United States to free them of Panamanian domination, which they characterized as unjust and extortionate.

A United States cruiser was despatched to the San Blas territory with American and Panamanian officials aboard, and before long it was announced by American Minister South that an agreement had been effected. By the agreement Panama was to continue her nominal control of the San Blas region and the Indians were to return the rifles and ammunition which they had captured; but the Indians were to be left free to maintain order among themselves, and the Panamanians were no longer to be allowed to impose schools upon the Indians.

Thus it appears that the Indians have slightly bettered their position by their rebellious demonstration. A little more than two years ago, when I visited the San Blas country, Señor Mojica told me that the policy of the Panamanian government with respect to the Indians was one of "fraternization." He implied that by force of example the Panamanians were inducing the Indians to embrace the principles of modern civilization.

My own definition of "fraternization," as formed by observation and instruction, is somewhat different. Before the *Hippocampus*, flying the United States ensign, had dropped anchor off the custom-house at Porvenir, we were warned in guarded tones by a kindly negro on a native sloop to "hoist the Panama flag before they fine you." The negro, needless to say, was not familiar with the protection afforded by the American flag; but it is by fines, taxes, unjust imprisonment, and corporal punishment that the Indians have actually been fraternized.

It is to be hoped that this Indian nation of only 30,000 souls, survivors of the Spanish oppression which exterminated the Aztecs to north of them and the Incas to the south, will, after four centuries of jealously preserved freedom, be permitted to retain their independence. We Americans profess a lively regard for the welfare of small peoples. Here is a small people, only one hundred miles from our own Panama Canal, who would be more than grateful for a portion of our solicitude.]

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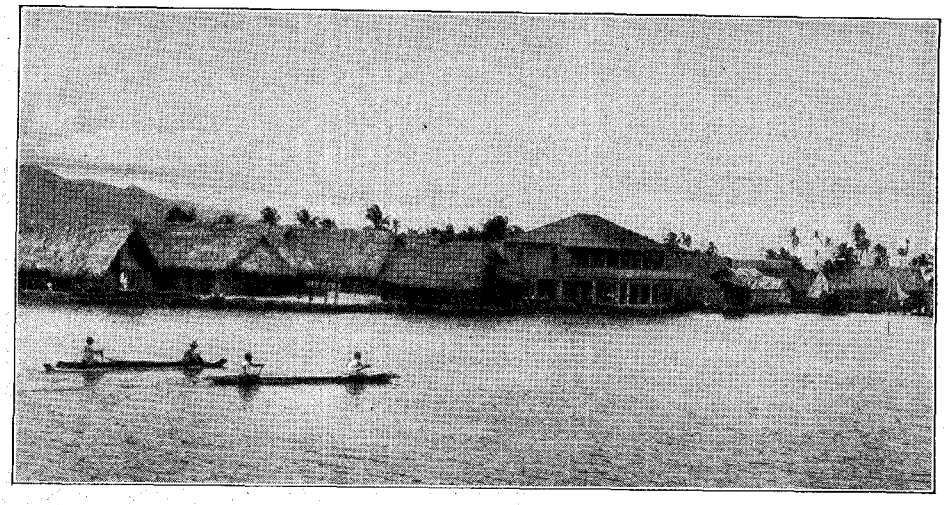

Nargana, which is also called Rio Diablo, is the show-place of the San Blas region.

Occasional parties of Canal Zone tourists come to it, the Panamanians maintain a jail, custom-house, and barracks, and the white man's influence is revealed by the frame house. On only two other islands in the territory—Tupile and Porvenir—has the Panama government established itself.

IF there is one place in the world where the average yachtsman would not care to go aground or to exhibit any other lapse of seamanship it is in the Gulf of San Blas, in Panama, for among the cocoanut-covered, sun-filled islands of this placid gulf live a tribe of Indians who are instinctive masters of the sailing art. But, when grounding is an accomplished, although inadvertent fact, there are, by the same token, few places where one can be assured of quicker, more intelligent, or better-natured assistance in getting afloat.

Consequently, when my wife and I, cruising together through this fairy-land of the tropics, saw the ground rise up to the keel of our stanch yawl, we felt in one instant the chagrin of disgracing ourselves under the eyes of experts, and in the next the exhilaration of having come to grief among helpful friends. Three *cayucas* tumbled out from the near-by village of Nargana, and in less time than it took me to stop our auxiliary engine and start it again in the reverse direction, we were boarded by seven Indians.

No need to explain to them how it would be best to float us off, or to attempt to maintain command of my tight little craft—these half-naked, wild-looking, but thoroughly attractive savages took matters in their own hands immediately. By force of example I did convey to one little septuagenarian that his weight on the bow of the boat would help lighten her stern, and for a moment or two he and I danced in perfect abandon on the bowsprit, while the air was split by his shrill shouts of enjoyment. But the remaining half-dozen Indians, without waste of word or motion, ran out an anchor astern and hauled us into deep water. Then, for no expected reward beyond the joy of riding in a *so-ulu* (which is any boat that is not a *cayuca*, or dugout canoe), they remained aboard until we had left the shoals behind us and were safely out into deep water.

In any attempt to describe the primitive people of Mongolian inheritance who live so close to our Panamanian possessions, first mention must be made of their boats and of their sailing ability. As boys from two years upward, these copper-colored Indians live in or on the water, first romping in the breakers on the coral reefs or sailing dugouts which seem no bigger than a pumpkin-seed, and then in maturity fishing, or conveying produce to Colon for sale.

Such good sailors are they that it is a commonplace in Colon that "It's rough down San Blas way and nothing has come through but a couple of *cayucas*." What manner of craft is it that will venture out into storms severe enough to

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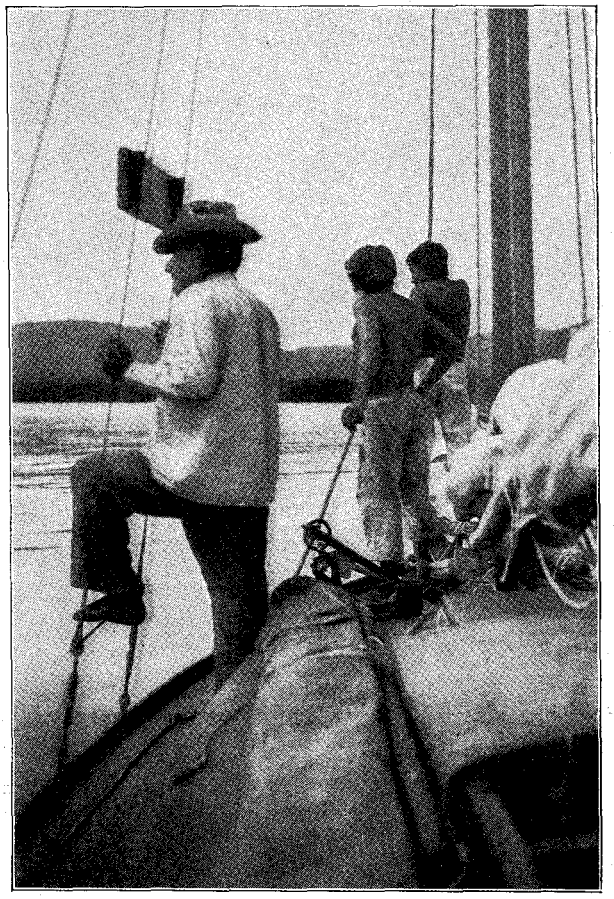
keep the coasting-schooners in port? Is it a high-decked, deep-moulded motor-boat of the life-savers' model that cannot be overturned or swamped? No. It is nothing more nor less than a log of wood, fourteen to twenty-five feet long, hollowed to a shell with the most elementary tools, and pointed at both ends. It has no deck, and no ballast, and no keel, but it happens to be shaped in such a way that, when handled by a native, it is one of the most seaworthy boats that ever floated.

In such a boat three Indians will seat themselves, after a cargo of coccanuts, tortoise-shell, limes, plantains, and so on, has been comfortably stowed, and set out into the open Caribbean with the assurance, born of generations of experience, that they will reach their destination. When there is no wind, but only the homing rollers heave across the sea, they paddle with the short-handled, long-bladed, rough-hewn paddles that look so unwieldy to the northern canoeist. And when the wind blows—as it generally does—they hoist a crazy sail, and while one man steers and another bails, the third holds on to the guys supporting the straining mast and leans backward over the windward gunwale to keep the little ship on a less uneven keel.



The Indians are as anxious to be pilots as they are embarrassed by the eye of the camera.

In stature they are short and powerfully developed of chest and arms, but lacking in leg development. When clothes are worn, the shirt is generally outside of the trousers. A soft hat or no hat at all does for ordinary occasions, but the Indian's most cherished possession is a small, ill-fitting derby hat, purchased at the current rate of exchange for one hundred and fifty cocoanuts.

For a people who have been known to the white man ever since Columbus set foot on their territory, four hundred years ago, they are curiously shrouded in mystery. Even now when civilization has pushed beyond the farthest frontiers in other directions, there is little known about them. When, travelling through the Panama Canal on an ocean liner, you have heard that the San Blas do not intermarry with whites or blacks, that they permit no man not of their race to remain ashore at night, and that the women wear gold rings in their noses, you have heard all there generally is to tell.

The reason for this ignorance is not hard to find. When the Spaniards came to the Panama Isthmus they enslaved or killed the natives whom they found there. The San Blas, as it happened, occupied territory that was not intrinsically, or by reason of its location, important to the Conquistadores, and the latter made no determined effort to subjugate them. It happened, moreover, that the San Blas

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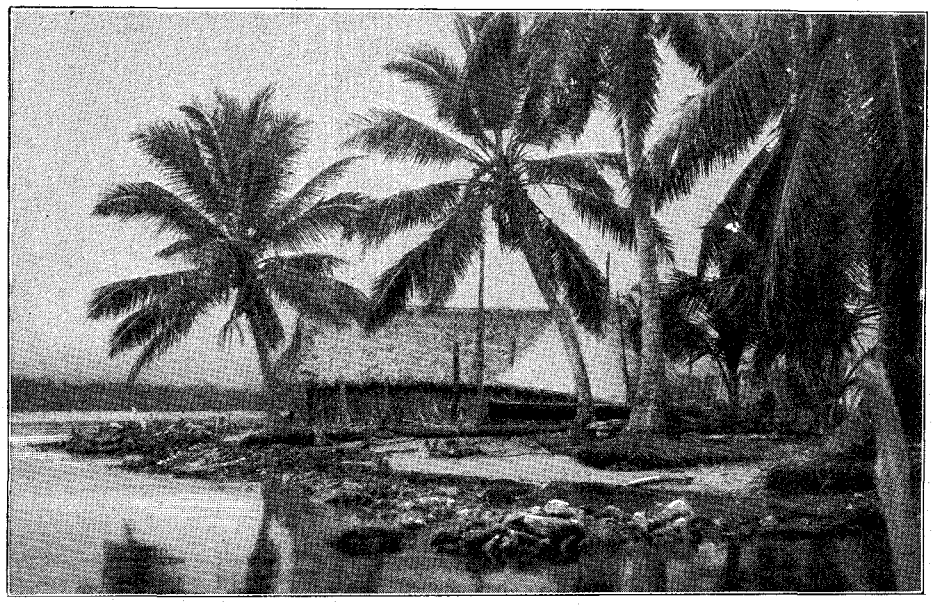
possessed, despite the smallness of their stature, considerably more backbone than the other tribes, and resisted with spears and poisoned darts any sporadic attempts that were made to annihilate them. In the process they gained a hatred of the Spaniards and a tribal exclusiveness that have persisted to this day.

Mrs. Loomis and I, cruising in the vicinity of the canal in our yawl, the *Hippocampus*, wanted to look behind the scenes. The lack of transportation facilities, which is the greatest barrier to casual acquaintance with the San Blas, did not apply to us, and, having our snug quarters aboard, we had no inclination to put to the test the Indian prohibition against sleeping on their sandy isles. So, unaccompanied by pilot or deck-hands, we set sail from Colon for the San Blas country.

Our first visit ashore was in Carti Village, a group of three islands in the western end of the gulf. At this end of their domain the Indians have become accustomed to the white people, and have even grown reconciled to the sight of manganese ore, taken from their hills, being transported in freighters to the north. It is not at Carti, but at the opposite end of the district near the Colombian border, that white men, armed with repeating rifles, penetrate the jungle for purposes of exploration and are, in turn, penetrated by poisoned darts. At Carti the natives, numbering some two thousand, are, while not entirely friendly, perfect masters of their dispositions.

The children—sloe-eyed little girls, carrying still smaller mites of humanity on their hips, and comfortably naked little boys with not a care in the world—were frankly curious and amused with us. Who among them had ever seen a funnier sight than a white woman (not an albino, who, everybody knows, has white skin and pink eyes, but a blue-eyed white woman), clothed in khaki waist and skirt, white linen hat, and shoes and stockings?

With laughter and half-stifled shouts of amazement the word went around the island that this strange being with her long-legged, bespectacled husband had come ashore from the yacht, and the two were immediately beset on all sides. It would not do, of course, to get in the way of these white strangers as they walked toward the home of the *sagala*, but what



An island view.

The cayuca's sails are spread to keep them from mildewing in the moist climate of the gulf.

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boy or girl could resist the temptation to sneak up behind and feel the texture of the clothes they wore, and the pale, sickly-looking skin of their hands?

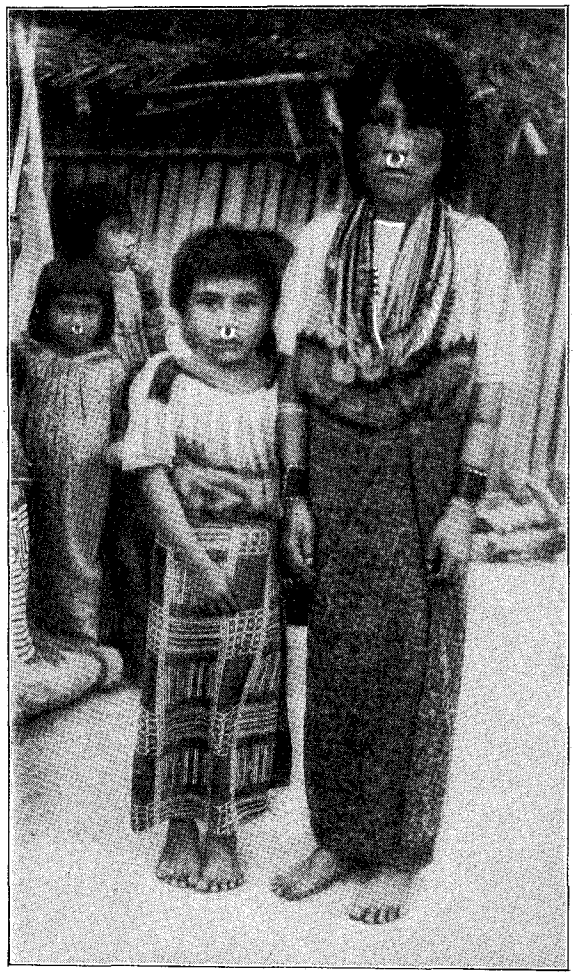
Despite the warmth of the climate, the women of these islands are wrapped, when clothed for strangers, from the waist nearly to their ankles, in a straight, seamless piece of calico. A shirt-waist, more or less orthodox, with half-length sleeves, is worn, and extending partially over both these garments is a curious slip-on of appliqué work that is peculiar to the region.

The appliqué is made from three or four pieces of cheap commercial cloth of different colors, one layer sewed over the next, and each cut out into an intricate design and stitched in a way that would elicit admiration from the finest French seamstress.

For ornament the women wear, first and foremost, a gold ring in the nose. The nasal cartilage is pierced when the baby girl is no more than a few days old, and the ring which is then inserted becomes as much a part of the girl as her nose. Large, flat disks of beaten gold are worn pendant from the ears, and around her neck a fashionable San Blas woman displays a collection of necklaces made from shells, seeds, or silver coins. Armlets and anklets of beads wrapped so tight that the extremities are stunted and the flesh protrudes in rolls between the bands are another artificial aid to beauty, and dabs of native pigment applied to cheeks and nose complete the feminine adornment. For comfort and hygiene the straight black hair is bobbed, quite in the modern manner.

The boys, as has been said, wear no clothes at all, and the men only trousers, or a dress costume of shirt, vest, trousers, and derby hat. Bachelors are often distinguished by ear-disks, which later become the property of their brides.

During all this sartorial discursion Mrs. Loomis and I have been making our way under low eaves to the house of the *sagala*, or chief. Let us now consider ourselves arrived, with a native interpreter, who goes by the name of Charlie McIntosh, waiting to introduce us to the mighty man. He appears and greets us, dusty, perspiring, for he has been making arrangements for a *chicha* that is to take place the next day. We explain that we



Here the final touch of beauty is shown—the paint on cheeks and nose.

The glance of the Indians is friendly and direct. There has been no intermixture of white or black blood, but in many of the natives is seen a Mongolian arrangement of features, betraying Oriental ancestry.

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wish only to see his island, and he, shaking hands, leads the way in silence.

Now we get a comprehensive view of the homes of these primitive people. The houses are built of split cane, log uprights, and palm fronds, and, if H. G. Wells may be believed, they are as large as Solomon's temple. At least, they are from sixty to a hundred feet long by half as wide. In each of them live from five to fifteen families, for a patriarchal system obtains among the Indians.

In the huts, bare of all furniture except stools and hammocks, we saw men and women—those who were not following in our train—lying awake or asleep in their comfortable canvas hammocks. They had done the work of their day—the women arising before daybreak to paddle up the near-by river and wash clothes in the fresh water and work in the jungle plantations, and the men to work beside them or to fish—and now at twelve o'clock they were resting.

Despite the crowded condition of the huts and of the island whereon the houses are spaced so closely that there is room only for narrow pathways between them, there is virtually no disease among the people, and they and the clothes they wear are almost immaculately clean. Their rigid rules for the dumping of refuse in the sea are universally maintained, and the floors of the huts, although of the ground itself, are as spotless as a New England homestead.

Entering one of these huts by the back door and leaving it by the front, we came upon a sugar-mill, and for the first time I unlimbered my camera. But the resulting picture was worthless so far as the mill was concerned, for the little boys completely covered the mill from view. One of the accompanying photographs, however, taken by an expert, shows the construction of this crude machinery.

The Indians' sugar comes, of course, from the cane, grown on the plantations in the jungle. While they are soft and filled with juice the stalks are placed, one by one, between a short lower and a long upper log of the mill, and a heavy-footed Indian, balancing himself with a pole, jumps rhythmically on the outer end of the upper log. As he goes up the stalk is moved along by two helpers, one at each end, and as he comes down the liquid sugar is squeezed out to fall into a wooden trough below. Tirelessly the man jumps until the trough is full or the available supply of cane is exhausted. Then the liquid is boiled for use in coffee or corn pudding, or is permitted to ferment into the intoxicating *chicha*. Except for rude mortars hollowed out of logs for grinding corn and rice, and for a contrivance for weaving hammocks, the sugar-mill is the only evidence of mechanical ingenuity that I have seen among the Indians.

Until twelve years ago no attempt had been made among the San Blas to convert them to Christianity. Then a Catholic priest settled on the island of Nargana, stayed a short time, and left in despair of weaning them from their heathen tenets. Shortly thereafter a Mrs. Purdy, a Methodist missionary, followed the trail which he had blazed, and successfully established a mission on the same island. Having been told that she was better informed about the Indians than any other white person, Mrs. Loomis and I left Carti Village in the late afternoon with Nargana as our next objective.

But we were undesirous of breaking the peaceful spell of the gulf by undue haste, and found anchorage among the islands on two successive nights along the thirty-mile course. The first we spent in Porvenir, the port of entry for the territory, where our curiosity about Nargana was whetted by the Panamanian customs officials. These worthies told us that after Carti, Nargana would be a treat. Carti, they assured us, although they contradicted the evidence of our own eyes, was crowded, dirty, savage. Nargana, on the contrary, the first island on which the Panamanians had obtained a foothold, was clean, open, civilized. On no account should we miss seeing the change which modern ideals had wrought upon the Indians.

Following our stay at Porvenir we anchored for the next night in a cluster of islands near the barrier reefs, which, being several miles removed from the jungle plantations and the sweet water of the rivers, are uninhabited by Indians. Then, on the day following, we proceeded with motor and sail for Nargana.

Superficially the village has been im-

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proved by the progressive measures of the Panamanians. Rows of houses have been razed to make wide streets (on which, by the way, no wheel has ever turned), and we saw native women clad in European costume and small boys in shirts and full-length trousers. A base-ball game was on among the youngest set when we reached the island, and amid shouts and exclamations in the Indian language, we heard an occasional "one-strike" and "safe." This revealed that civilization was getting in its forward-looking work. One other sign of progress struck us. The gold rings were gone from the women's noses, having been confiscated by the Panamanian *tenente*. Although the natives have never received for their rings the value of the gold, I am sure they appreciate the step which has been made for them away from barbarity.

The Indian sugar-mill.

Beneath these externals of civilization a surprising fact was revealed to us. The Indians who had come under the domination of the Panamanians actually objected to being diverted from their savage ignorance, and four-fifths of them who once lived on Nargana had quietly, without protest, packed up and moved elsewhere.

Mrs. Purdy, whose acquaintance we made immediately after our arrival, spoke most happily of her early days among the Indians, when she and a woman companion were the only white persons in the district. These two women, tearing down the barriers of hostility which had always been thrown against the whites, had gradually won a way into the Indians' confidence, and, little by little, had converted many of the children and then the adults to Christianity. The Indians loved her and her teachings. They learned English with surprising tractability, and she and they had been contented with one another.

Later—some seven or eight years ago—when Panama decided to assert its long-neglected suzerainty over the San Blas people, and sent its police to establish jail and barracks on the island, Mrs. Purdy had acquiesced in their determination that she teach Spanish as well as English. Still later—and this brings us down to the time of our visit—she had yielded to their request that she attempt no more secular instruction but confine herself to Bible class on Sunday evenings. Inasmuch as an official phonograph plays dance-music in competition every Sunday evening, her class has suffered a falling off in attendance; but Mrs. Purdy still maintains her

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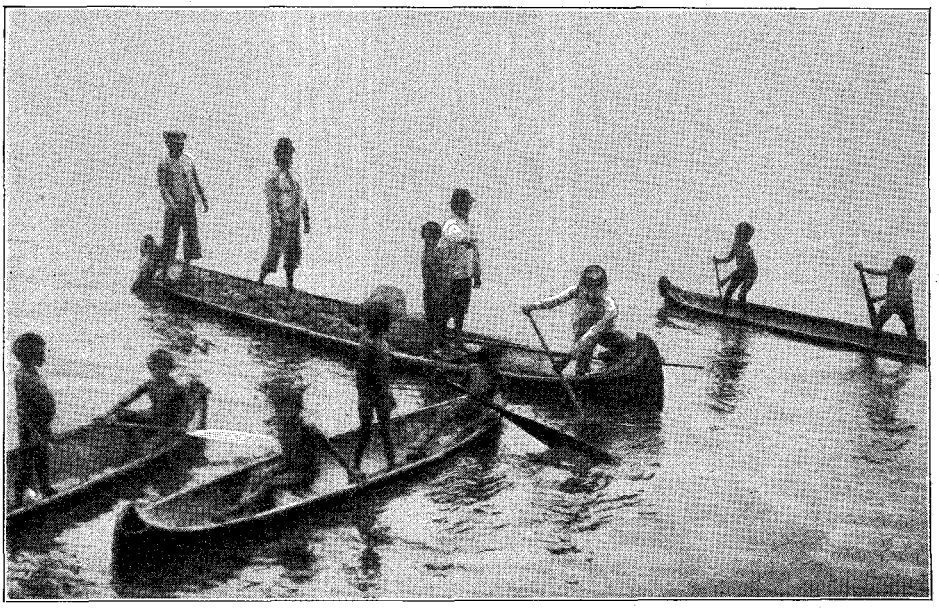
hope of spreading the Word among the Indians.

She was able to enlighten us on many points concerning the habits and customs of the Indians. On the native religion, however, she said little. It does not amount to much in her estimation, and although I have heard that doll-like idols are worshipped, I have met no one else who could tell me exactly what the San Blas drop when they pick up Christianity.

Except for the so-called "San Blas work," the appliqué previously referred to, the natives have no arts or crafts. For music they blow reed pipes, two men playing antiphonally, and, while there is neither melody nor harmony in the sound, it has the haunting, eerie quality of a brace of whippoorwills whistling at sunset.

Agriculture is pursued under difficulties. Half an acre at a time the land is wrested from the jungle and tilled for two years, during which it yields niggardly of rice, corn, yams, and plantain. Then it is permitted to relapse to its wild state. Contrary to the opinion often entertained, the rich luxuriance of tropical vegetation does not imply fertility of the soil; but the jungle parasites thrive persistently, and it is easier to clear new land than to attempt to hold the old in cultivation.

The day following our arrival at Nargana we travelled by canoe up the Rio Diablo, and saw the Indians at work in their plantations—hot, back-breaking toil more often performed by the women than the men. Cocoanut-trees, whose ownership is respected by every Indian, line the river-bank, and along the way the edible cocoa root was occasionally pointed out to us. Behind the mangroves, which unite land and water by sending their spider-legged roots gropingly into the stream, we saw papavas, mamey, and the metallic green leaves of the mango-trees.



Bringing a load of cocoanuts alongside a trading-schooner.
Note the importance of the gentleman in the derby hat.

The river is literally the life stream of the Indians, for it leads the way to the plantations from which comes their sustenance, relinquishes finned food from its lazy current, and furnishes the entire water-supply for the habitations at its mouth. Before dawn each morning the women paddle up the stream with their laundry, and, using a natural soap found in berries, wash their clothes and themselves, and return with calabashes filled with water.

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On one bank a short distance above tide-water we put ashore to visit a cemetery. With the graves laid in orderly rows and the whole burying-ground covered by a thatched roof, there was full indication that the Indians respect their dead and have some thought for their spiritual future. What their idea of the hereafter may be I cannot tell, but the discovery of a string, leading from the river bank to a recent grave, made speculation interesting. Did the evil spirits respect the serenity of the sleeping soul when this string was there to trip them up? Or did, perhaps, the spirit of the dead Indian follow the string to the water and thence to the open Caribbean, where no white man could disturb his peace?

It was at the conclusion of this river expedition that we got under way in our yawl and experienced the grounding mentioned previously. Before our volunteer rescuers left us they inquired in broken English where we were bound, and when we replied that we contemplated a stop at Rio Azucar, a near-by native village, they advised strongly against it. There was a *chicha* going on at Azucar, and everybody would be drunk and therefore dangerous. We had hitherto been advised to keep away from any festivity of this sort, and now when the Indians themselves added their word of warning, it seemed better to gain from hearsay our knowledge of the *chicha*.

The word, I am told, applies to both the cane liquor and to the occasion on which it is consumed in quantity. Normally the Indians are a temperate people, but when the time comes to marry off a daughter or another excellent excuse arises, they celebrate with an all-day debauch. In itself the marriage ceremony seems to be invested with some dignity and no little poesy.

From the ranks of the industrious workers and good fishers among the young men of the village, the father of a girl who has come to the marriageable age (twelve or thirteen years) selects her husband. On the day of the *chicha* he is carried by his hilarious friends to the home of the girl and dropped into her hammock, where she lies with a veil drawn across her face.

With a great show of fright and disinclination the young man scrambles out of the hammock and runs away. He is caught by his friends and again impetuously introduced to his bride, with the same make-believe of abhorrence. The third time that the young man is tossed into the girl's hammock he lifts her veil, sees her face, and reconciles himself to the match. On the following morning he leaves his father's house, comes to the house of the bride and finds her withdrawn from her numerous family, preparing his coffee over a bed of coals. The sharing of the morning meal consummates the marriage rite.

Inasmuch as each daughter remains in her father's ménage upon marriage, and so brings into the family another worker, girl children are more desired than boys. The son-in-law becomes virtually the servant of the bride's father, and contributes to his material prosperity.

Politically, the San Blas have retained their independence to within the most recent times. They considered themselves nominally Colombians, and when Panama was created by the partition of Colombia, the Indians refused to come into the new fold. They asserted their independence on every visit of the Panamanian governors by flaunting the Colombian flag, and let it be known that while desiring no governorship whatever, they preferred to profess allegiance to that government which was farthest from them.

As has been told, however, the Panamanians secured a foothold in Nargana and at Porvenir. One other settlement is maintained on the island of Tupile, about seventy miles east of the port of entry, and from these three points the republic is projecting its programme of pacific penetration.

With some naïveté a nephew of the governor told me that the government wished to proceed slowly in demonstrating to the Indians that the ways of cleanliness and civilization are preferable to their barbarity and filth. There is unconscious humor in this assertion when it is considered that prior to American occupation the principal cities of Panama—Colon and Panama City—merited the designation of the dirtiest communities in the western hemisphere.

If, however, a reform spirit animates our sister republic, I should not go so far

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as to say that civilization may not improve the condition of the Indians. If, as seems only too evident, the San Blas country is being opened up for increased revenue and purposes of exploitation, then the lot of the Indians is pitiable.

Our last glimpse of them was obtained at the village of Rio Ciedras, one which has not yet fallen under the Panamanian régime. Having been warned by the upholders of that régime that in such communities we could expect thievery, suspicion, and rough treatment, we found only simple-hearted, kindly, and intelligent children of nature. The half dozen men and boys who boarded us to show the way to the anchorage took assurance from the presence of Mrs. Loomis that we had not invaded their village to exploit them, and accepted us as friends.

Ashore we were greeted by an English-speaking elder who in youth had served his time and sailed the world on some big merchant ship. He led us gravely to the house of the *sagala.* Following a word or two of greeting, Mrs. Loomis and I seated ourselves on low stools which were handed to us, and awaited the arrival of the chief. Women and children crowded about, and soon the hut was filled to overflowing. After a few minutes of this inspection I asked our patron:

"The *sagala*—he come now?"

For reply the Indian held up two fingers and added: "Two hours. He fish."

Desirous though we were to observe the proprieties and obtain audience with the chief before leaving his hut, we were not anxious to sit in idleness for two hours, and I now asked whether the chief would mind if, in his absence, we walked around and looked at his so pleasant island. Elimination of unimportant words, and the interpolation of an occasional word in Spanish launched my request successfully, and permission was granted.

Thereupon, guided by the boys, followed by the girls, and avoided by the women, we began a tour of the island and the one adjacent to it, connected by a flimsy foot-bridge. I wished particularly to obtain a good photograph of a woman in full costume, but found that the feminine contingent melted away before the burning eye of the camera.

Finally, however, I offered an American quarter to a mother seated with her children near the door of a house, and by motioning with the camera, made my purpose clear. She beckoned me toward her, took the coin, and solemnly bit it. Then, rising, she turned abruptly and disappeared—with the quarter. A spontaneous laugh rose from the encircling crowd, and Mrs. Loomis and I looked at each other in some confusion, feeling that we had been "had."

But in another moment the woman reappeared, clad in her best appliqué and all her necklaces. She was comely, almost beautiful, as many of the Indians are, and she was a fit subject for my camera. Understanding something of my desire to place her for the picture where the sun shone and where there was a pleasing background, she followed us to the edge of the island and posed, a little daughter, nose-ring and all, at each hand. She was palpably nervous, but when the camera clicked and the ordeal was over she relaxed, and all hands laughed again.

So my most characteristic and finest picture was secured with surprising ease. But when the roll was developed and I looked for the woman's likeness in the negative, my elation changed to sorrow. I had forgotten to turn the film.

I have the uncomfortable feeling that an opportunity has been lost, never to be regained. If, in five years' time I should return to the San Blas country, what would my eyes behold? Ugly sheet-iron houses to replace the picturesque thatched dwellings of the natives? Small boys respectably clothed in coats and trousers, schoolbooks under their arms? The women, deprived of their quaint ornaments, attired in department-store skirts and shirt-waists, their short, black hair worn long by official Panamanian decree?

From the present trend of events I fear so. The San Blas people who among all the coastal tribes of American Indians have most successfully preserved their freedom and their simplicity, seem doomed to a dispiriting life of civilized subservience.

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The Writing of Fiction

BY EDITH WHARTON

CONSTRUCTING A NOVEL

(CONCLUDED)

V

THE two central difficulties of the novel—both of which may at first appear purely technical—are still to be considered. They have to do with the choice of the point from which the subject is to be seen, and the attempt to produce on the reader the effect of the passage of time. Both "appear purely technical"; but they go too deep to be so classed, even were it possible to draw a definite line between the technique of a work of art and its informing spirit. They are rooted in the subject; and—as always, in the last issue—the subject itself must determine and limit their office.

It was remarked in the article on the Short Story that the same experience never happens to any two people, and that the story-teller's first care, after the choice of a subject, is to decide to which of his characters the episode in question happened, since it could not have happened in that particular way to more than one. Applied to the novel this may seem a hard saying, since the longer passage of time and more crowded field of action presuppose, on the part of the visualizing character, a state of omniscience and omnipresence likely to shake the reader's sense of probability. The difficulty is most often met by shifting the point of vision from one character to another, in such a way as to comprehend the whole history and yet preserve the unity of impression. In the interest of this unity it is best to shift as seldom as possible, and to let the tale work itself out from not more than two (or at most three) angles of vision, choosing as reflecting consciousnesses persons either in close mental and moral relation to each other, or discerning enough to estimate each other's parts in the drama, so that the latter, even viewed from different angles, always presents itself to the reader *as a whole*.

The choice of such reflectors is not easy; still more arduous is the task of determining at what point each is to be turned on the scene. The only solution seems to be that when things happen which the first reflector cannot, with any show of probability, be aware of, or is incapable of reacting to, even if aware, then another, an adjoining, consciousness is required to take up the tale.

Thus drily stated, the formula may seem pedantic and arbitrary; but it will be found to act of itself in the hands of the novelist who has so let his subject ripen in his mind that the characters are as close to him as his own flesh. To the novelist who lives among his creations in this continuous intimacy they should pour out their tale almost as if to a passive spectator.

The problem of the co-ordinating consciousness has visibly disturbed many novelists, and the different solutions attempted are full of interest and instruction. Each is of course only another convention, and no convention is in itself objectionable, but becomes so only when wrongly used, as dirt, according to the happy definition, is only "matter in the wrong place."

Verisimilitude is the truth of art, and any convention which hinders the illusion is obviously in the wrong place. Few hinder it more than the slovenly habit of some novelists of tumbling in and out of their characters' minds, and then suddenly drawing back to scrutinize them from the outside as the avowed Showman holding his puppets' strings. All the greatest modern novelists have felt this,

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and sought, though often half-unconsciously, to find a way out of the difficulty. The most interesting experiments made in this respect have been those of James and Conrad, to both of whom—though in ways how different!—the novel was always by definition a work of art, and therefore worthy of the creator's utmost effort.

James sought the effect of verisimilitude by rigorously confining every detail of his picture to the range, and also to the capacity, of the eye fixed on it. "In the Cage" is a curiously perfect example of the experiment on a small scale, only one very restricted field of vision being permitted. In his longer and more eventful novels, where the transition from one consciousness to another became necessary, he contrived it with such unfailing ingenuity that the reader's visual range was continuously enlarged by the substitution of a second consciousness whenever the boundaries of the first were exceeded. "The Wings of the Dove" gives an interesting example of these transitions. In "The Golden Bowl," still unsatisfied, still in pursuit of an impossible perfection, he felt he must introduce a sort of *co-ordinating consciousness* detached from, but including, the characters principally concerned. The same attempt to wrest dramatic forms to the uses of the novel that caused "The Awkward Age" to be written in dialogue seems to have suggested the creation of Colonel and Mrs. Assingham as a sort of Greek chorus to the tragedy of "The Golden Bowl." This insufferable couple spend their days in espionage and delation, and their evenings in exchanging the reports of their eavesdropping with a minuteness and precision worthy of Scotland Yard. The utter improbability of such conduct on the part of a dull-witted and frivolous couple in the rush of London society shows that the author created them for the sole purpose of revealing details which he could not otherwise communicate without lapsing into the character of the mid-Victorian novelist chatting with his readers of "my heroine" in the manner of Thackeray and Dickens. Convention for convention (and both are bad), James's is perhaps even more unsettling to the reader's confidence than the old-fashioned intrusion of the author among his puppets. Both ought to be avoided, and may be, as other great novels are there to prove.

Conrad's preoccupation was the same, but he sought to solve it in another way, by creating what someone has aptly called a "hall of mirrors," a series of reflecting consciousnesses, all belonging to people who are outside of the story but accidentally drawn into its current, and not, like the Assinghams, purposely created to act as spies and eavesdroppers.

The method did not originate with Conrad. In that most perfectly-composed of all short stories, "La Grande Bretèche," Balzac showed what depth, mystery, and verisimilitude may be given to a tale by causing it to be reflected, in fractions, in the minds of a series of accidental participants or mere lookers-on. The relator of the tale, casually detained in a provincial town, is struck by the ruinous appearance of one of its handsomest houses. He makes his way into the deserted garden, and is at once called on by a solicitor who informs him that, according to the will of the lately deceased owner, no one is to be permitted on the premises till fifty years after her death. The visitor, whose curiosity is naturally excited, next learns from the landlady of his inn that though she has never known the exact facts of the tragedy, there has been a tragedy, and that a person whom she suspects of having played a part in it is actually lodged under her roof. From the landlady the narrator carries his enquiries to the maid-servant of the inn, who had been in the service of the dead lady, and who confides to him the dreadful scene of which she was a helpless and horror-struck witness; and, grouping these fragments in his own more comprehending mind, he finally gives them to the reader in their ghastly completeness.

Even George Meredith, whose floods of improvisation seem to have been so rarely hampered by any concern as to the composition of his novels, was now and then visibly perplexed by the question of how to pass from the mind of one character to another without too violent a jolt to the reader. In one instance—in one of those "big scenes" which, as George Eliot said, "write themselves"—he at-

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tempted, probably on the spur of the moment, a solution which proved admirably successful—for that particular occasion. In that memorable talk in the course of which the inarticulate Rhoda Fleming and her tongue-tied suitor finally discover themselves to each other, the novelist, to show how tongue-tied both were, and yet convey the emotion beneath their halting monosyllables, hit on the device of putting in parenthesis, after each phrase, what the speaker was actually thinking. It is one of the great pages of the book; yet even in the enchantment of first reading it one is aware of admiring a mere acrobatic feat, a sort of breathless *chassé-croisé* which could not have been kept up for another page without straining the reader's patience and his sense of likelihood. Meredith was a genius, and his instinct for effect made him, at a crucial moment, stumble on a successful trick; but, because he was a genius, he did not prolong or repeat it.

The reason why such sudden changes from one mind to another are fatiguing and disillusioning was summed up—though for a different purpose—in a vivid phrase of George Eliot's. It is in the chapter of "Middlemarch" which records the talk between Dorothea and Celia Brooke, after the latter's first meeting with the austere and pompous Mr. Casaubon, whom her elder sister so accountably admires. The frivolous Celia is profoundly disappointed: she finds Mr. Casaubon very ugly. Dorothea lets drop disdainfully that he reminds her of the portraits of Locke. Celia: "Had Locke those two white moles with hairs on them?" Dorothea: "Oh, I daresay! when people of a certain sort looked at him."

That answer sums up the whole dilemma. Before beginning his tale, the novelist must decide whether it is to be seen through eyes given to noting white moles, or to discovering "the visionary butterfly alit" on faces so disfigured. He cannot have it both ways, and still hope to persuade his reader.

The other difficulty is that of communicating the effect of the gradual passage of time in such a way that the modifying and maturing of the characters shall seem not an arbitrary sleight-of-hand but the natural result of growth in age and experience. This is the great mystery of the art of fiction. The secret seems incommunicable; one can only conjecture that it has to do with the novelist's own deep belief in his characters and what he is telling about them. He *knows* that this and that befell them, and that in the interval between this and that the months and years have continued their slow task of erosion or accretion; and he conveys this knowledge by some subterranean process as hard to seize in action as the growth of a plant. A study of the great novelists — and especially of Balzac, Thackeray, and Tolstoy—will show that such changes are suggested, are arrived at, in the inconspicuous transitional pages of narrative that lead from climax to climax. One of the means by which the effect is produced is certainly that of not fearing to go slowly, to keep down the tone of the narrative, to be as colourless and quiet as life often is in the intervals between its high moments.

Another difficulty connected with this one is that of keeping so firm a hold on the main lines of one's characters that they emerge modified and yet themselves from the ripening or disintegrating years. Tolstoy had this gift to a supreme degree. Wherever in the dense forest of "War and Peace" a character reappears, often after an interval so long that the ear has almost lost *the sound to which he rhymes*, he is at once recognized as the same, profoundly the same, yet scored by new lines of suffering and experience. Natacha, grown into the fat slovenly *mère-de-famille* of the last chapters, is incredibly like and yet different to the phantom of delight who first captivated Prince Andrew; and the Prince himself, in those incomparable pages devoted to his long illness, where one watches the very process of dematerialization, the detachment from earthly things happening as naturally as the fall of a leaf, is the same as the restless and unhappy man who appears with his pathetic irritating little wife at the evening party of the first chapter.

Becky Sharp, Arthur Pendennis, Dorothea Casaubon, Lydgate, Charles Bovary —with what sure and patient touches their growth and decline are set forth! And how mysteriously yet unmistakably, as they reappear after each interval, the

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sense is conveyed that there *has* been an interval, not in moral experience only but in the actual lapse of the seasons! The producing of this impression is indeed the central mystery of the art. To its making go patience, meditation, concentration, all the quiet habits of mind now so little practised, so seldom inculcated; and to these must be added the final imponderable, genius, without which the rest is useless, and which, conversely, would be unusable without the rest.

VI

THE evening party with which "War and Peace" begins is one of the most triumphant examples in fiction of the difficult art of "situating" the chief actors in the opening chapter of what is to be an exceptionally crowded novel. No reader is likely to forget, or to confuse the one with the other, the successive arrivals at that dull and trivial St. Petersburg reception; Tolstoy with one mighty sweep gathers up all his principal characters and sets them before us in action. Very different—though so notable an achievement in its way—is the first chapter of "The Karamazoff Brothers" (in the English or German translation—for the current French translation inexplicably omits it). In this chapter Dostoievsky has hung a gallery of portraits against a blank wall. He describes all the members of the Karamazoff family, one after another, with merciless precision and infernal insight. But there they remain hanging—or standing. The reader is told all about them, but is not allowed to surprise them in action. The story about them begins afterward, whereas in "War and Peace" the first paragraph leads into the thick of the tale, and every phrase, every gesture, carries it on with that slow yet sweeping movement of which Tolstoy alone was capable.

Many thickly-peopled novels begin more gradually—like "Vanity Fair," for example—and introduce their characters in carefully-ordered succession. The process is obviously simpler, and in certain cases as effective. The morning stroll of M. and Mme. Reynal and their little boys, in the first chapter of "Le Rouge et le Noir," sounds a note sufficiently portentous; and so does Major Pendennis's solitary breakfast. In a general way there is much to be said for a quiet opening to a long and crowded novel; though the novelist might prefer to be able to fling all his characters on the boards at once, with Tolstoy's regal prodigality. There is no fixed rule about this, or about any other method; each, in the art of fiction, to justify itself has only to succeed. But to succeed, the method must first of all suit the subject, must find its account, as best it can, with the difficulties peculiar to each situation.

The question *where to begin* is the next to confront the novelist; and the art of seizing on the right moment is even more important than that of being able to present a large number of characters at the outset.

Here again no general rule can be laid down. One subject may require to be treated from the centre, in the fashion dear to Henry James, with its opening in the heart of the action, and retrospective vistas radiating away from it on all sides, while others—of which "Henry Esmond" is one of the most beautiful examples—would lose all their bloom were they not allowed to ripen almost imperceptibly under the reader's absorbed contemplation. Balzac, in his preface to "La Chartreuse de Parme"—almost the only public recognition of Stendhal's genius during the latter's life-time—reproves the author for beginning the book *before its real beginning*. Balzac knew well enough what the world would have lost had that opening picture of Waterloo been left out; but he insists that it is no part of the story Stendhal had set out to tell, and sums up with the illuminating phrase: "M. Beyle has chosen a subject [the Waterloo episode] *which is real in nature but not in art.*" That is, being out of place in that particular work of art, it loses its reality *as art* and remains merely a masterly study of a corner of a battlefield, the greatest the world was to know till Tolstoy's, but no part of a composition, as Tolstoy's always were.

The length of a novel, more surely even than any of its other qualities, needs to be determined by the subject. The novelist should not concern himself beforehand with the abstract question of length, should not decide in advance whether he is going to write a long or a

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short novel; but in the act of composition he must never cease to bear in mind that one should always be able to say of a novel: "It might have been longer," never: "It need not have been so long."

Length, naturally, is not so much a matter of pages as of the mass and quality of what they contain. It is obvious that a mediocre book is always too long, and that a great one usually seems too short. But beyond this question of quality and weightiness lies the more closely relevant one of the development which this or that subject requires, the amount of sail it will carry. The great novelists have always felt this, and, within an inch or two, have cut their cloth accordingly.

Mr. A. C. Bradley, in his book on Shakespeare's tragedies, threw a new and striking light on the question of length. In analyzing Macbeth, which is so much shorter than Shakespeare's other tragedies that previous commentators had always assumed the text to be incomplete, he puts the following questions: If the text is incomplete, at what points are the supposed lacunæ to be found? Does any one, on first reading Macbeth, feel it to be too short, or even notice that it is appreciably less long than the other tragedies? And if not, is it not probable that we have virtually the whole play before us, and that Shakespeare knew he had made it as long as the subject warranted and the nerves of his audience could stand? Whether or not the argument be thought convincing in the given case, it is an admirable example of the spirit in which works of art should be judged, and of the only system of weights and measures applicable to them.

Tolstoy gave to Ivan Ilyitch just enough development to make a parable of universal application out of the story of an insignificant man's death. A little more, and he would have dropped into the fussy and meticulous, and smothered his meaning under unnecessary detail. Maupassant was another writer who had an unerring sense for the amount of sail his subjects could carry; and his work contains no better proof of it than the tale of "Yvette"—that harrowing little record of one of the ways in which the bloom may be brushed from a butterfly.

Henry James, in "The Turn of the Screw," showed the same perfect sense of proportion. He had ventured to expand into a short novel the kind of tale usually imposed on the imagination in a single flash of horror; but his instinct told him that to go farther was impossible. The posthumous fragment, "The Sense of the Past," shows that he was again experimenting with the supernatural as a subject for a long novel; and in this instance one feels that he was about to risk over-burdening his theme. When I read M. Maeterlinck's book on the bee (which had just made a flight into fame as high as that of the insect it celebrates) I was first dazzled, then oppressed, by the number and the choice of his adjectives and analogies. Every touch was effective, every comparison striking; but when I had assimilated them all, and remade out of them the ideal Bee, that animal had become a winged elephant. The lesson was salutary for a novelist.

The great writers of fiction—Balzac, Tolstoy, Thackeray, George Eliot (how one has to return to them!)—all had a sense for the proportion of their subjects, and knew that the great argument requires space. There are few things more exquisite in minor English verse than Ben Jonson's epitaph on Salathiel Pavy; but "Paradise Lost" needs more room, and the fact that it does is one of the elements of its greatness. The point is to know at the start if one has in hand a Salathiel-Pavy theme or a Paradise-Lost one.

In no novelist was this instinct more unerring than in the impeccable Jane Austen. Never is there any danger of finding any of her characters out of proportion or rattling around in their setting. The same may be said of Tolstoy at the opposite end of the scale. His epic gift—the power of immediately establishing the right proportion between his characters and the scope of their adventure—seems never to have failed him. "War and Peace" and Flaubert's "L'Education Sentimentale" are two of the longest of modern novels. Flaubert too was endowed with the rare instinct of scale; but there are moments when even his most ardent admirers feel that "L'Education Sentimentale" is too long for its carrying-power: whereas in the very first pages of "War and Peace" Tolstoy

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manages to establish the right relation between subject and length. But there is another difference between the great novel and the merely long one. Even the longest and most seemingly desultory novels of such writers as Balzac, Flaubert and Tolstoy follow a prescribed orbit; they are true to the eternal effort of art to complete what in life is incoherent and fragmentary. This sense of the great theme sweeping around on its allotted track in the "most ancient heavens" is communicated on the first page of such novels as "War and Peace" and "L'Education Sentimentale"; it is the lack of this intrinsic *form* that makes the other kind of long novel merely long.

M. Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe" might be cited as a case in point. In a succession of volumes, planned at the outset as parts of a great whole, he tells a series of consecutive soul-adventures, none without interest; but such hint of scale as there is in the first volume seems to warrant no more than that one, and the reader feels that if there are more there is no reason why there should not be any number. This impression is produced not by the lack of a plan, but of that subtler kind of composition which, inspired by the sense of form, and deducing the length of a book from the importance of its argument, creates figures proportioned to their setting, and launches them with a sure hand on their destined path.

VII

The question of the length of a novel naturally leads to the considering of its end; but of this there is little to be said that has not already been implied by the way, since no conclusion can be right which is not latent in the first page. About no part of a novel should there be a clearer sense of inevitability than about its end; any hesitation, any failure to gather up all the threads, shows that the author has not let his subject mature in his mind. A novelist who does not know when his story is finished, but goes on stringing episode to episode after it is over, not only weakens the effect of the conclusion, but robs of significance all that has gone before.

But if the *form* of the end is inevitably determined by the subject, its style—using the term, in the sense already defined, to describe the way in which the episodes of the narrative "are grasped and coloured by the author's mind"—necessarily depends on his sense of selection. At every stage in the progress of his tale the novelist must rely on what may be called the *illuminating incident* to reveal and emphasize the inner meaning of each situation. Illuminating incidents are the magic casements of fiction, its vistas on infinity. They are also the most personal element in any narrative, the author's most direct contribution; and nothing gives such immediate proof of the quality of his imagination—and therefore of the richness of his temperament—as his choice of such episodes.

Lucien de Rubempré (in "Les Illusions Perdues") writing drinking songs to pay for the funeral of his mistress, who lies dying in the next room; Henry Esmond watching Beatrix come down the stairs in the scarlet stockings with silver clocks; Stephen Guest suddenly dazzled by the curve of Maggie Tulliver's arm as she lifts it to pick a flower for him in the conservatory; Arabella flinging the offal across the hedge at Jude; Emma losing her temper with Miss Bates at the picnic; the midnight arrival of Harry Richmond's father, in the first chapter of that glorious tale: all these scenes shed a circle of light far beyond the incident recorded.

At the conclusion of a novel the illuminating incident need only send its ray backward; but it should send a long enough shaft to meet the light cast forward from the first page, as in that poignant passage at the end of "L'Education Sentimentale" where Mme. Arnoux comes back to see Frédéric Moreau after long years of separation.

"He put her endless questions about herself and her husband. She told him that, in order to economize and pay their debts, they had settled down in a lost corner of Brittany. Arnoux, almost always ailing, seemed like an old man. Their daughter was married, at Bordeaux; their son was in the colonial army, at Mostaganem. She lifted her head: 'But at last I see you again! I'm happy' . . ." She asks him to take her for a walk, and wanders with him through the Paris streets. She is the only woman he has ever loved, and he knows it now. The in-

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tervening years have vanished, and they walk on, "absorbed in each other, hearing nothing, as if they were walking in the country on a bed of dead leaves." Then they return to the young man's rooms, and Mme. Arnoux, sitting down, takes off her hat.

"The lamp, placed on a console, lit up her white hair. *The sight was like a blow on his chest.*" He tries to keep up a pretense of sentimentalizing; but "she watched the clock, and he continued to walk up and down, smoking. Neither could find anything to say to the other. In all separations there comes a moment when the beloved is no longer with us." This is all; but every page that has gone before is lit up by the tragic gleam of Mme. Arnoux's white hair.

The same note is sounded in the chapter of "The Golden Bowl" where the deeply, the doubly betrayed Maggie, walking up and down in the summer evening on the terrace of Fawns, looks in at the window of the smoking-room, where her father, her husband and her stepmother (who is her husband's mistress) are playing bridge together, unconscious of her scrutiny. As she looks she knows that she has them at her mercy, and that they all (even her father) know it; and in the same instant the sight of them tells her that "to feel about them in any of the immediate, inevitable, assuaging ways, the ways usually open to innocence outraged and generosity betrayed, would have been to give them up, *and that giving them up was, marvellously, not to be thought of.*"

The illuminating incident is not only the proof of the novelist's imaginative sensibility; it is also the best means of giving presentness, immediacy, to his tale. Far more than on dialogue does the effect of immediacy depend on the apt use of the illuminating incident; and the more threads of significance are gathered up into each one, the more pages of explanatory narrative are spared to writer and reader. There is a matchless instance of this in "Le Rouge et le Noir." The young Julien Sorel, the tutor of the Reynal children, believes a love-affair with their mother to be the best way of advancing his ambitions, and decides to test his audacity by taking Mme. Reynal's hand as they sit in the garden in the summer dusk. He has a long struggle with his natural timidity and her commanding grace before he can make even this shy advance; and that struggle tells, in half a page, more of his fatuities and meannesses, and the boyish simplicity still underlying them—and more too of the poor proud woman at his side—than a whole chapter of analysis and retrospection. This power to seize his characters in their habit as they live is always the surest proof of a novelist's mastery.

But the choice of the illuminating incident, though so much, is not all. As the French say, *there is the manner.* In Stendhal's plain and straightforward report of the scene in the garden every word, every touch, tells. And this question of manner—of the particular manner adapted to each scene—brings one to another point at which the novelist's vigilance must never flag. As every tale contains its own dimension, so it implies its own manner, the particular shade of style most fitted to convey its full meaning.

Most novelists who have a certain number of volumes to their credit, and have sought, as the subject required, to vary their manner, have been taken to task alike by readers and reviewers, and either accused of attempting to pass off earlier works on a confiding public, or pitied for a too-evident decline in power. Any change disturbs the intellectual indolence of the average reader; and nothing, for instance, has done more to deprive Stevenson of his proper rank among English novelists than his deplorable habit of not conceiving a boy's tale in the same spirit as a romantic novel or a burlesque detective story, of not even confining himself to fiction, but attempting travels, criticism and verse, and doing them all so well that there must obviously be something wrong about it. The very critics who extol the versatility of the artists of the Renaissance rebuke the same quality in their own contemporaries; and their eagerness to stake out each novelist's territory, and to confine him to it for life, recalls the story of the verger in an English cathedral, who, finding a stranger kneeling in the sacred edifice between services, tapped him on the shoulder with the indulgent admonition: "Sorry, sir, but we can't have any praying here at this hour."

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This habit of the reader of wanting each author to give only what he has given before exercises the same subtly suggestive influence as all other popular demands. It is one of the most insidious temptations to the young artist to go on doing what he already knows how to do, and knows he will be praised for doing. But the mere fact that so many people want him to write in a certain way ought to fill him with distrust of that way. It would be a good thing for letters if the perilous appeal of popularity were oftener met in the spirit of the New England shop-keeper who, finding a certain penknife in great demand, did not stock that kind the following year because, as he said, too many people came bothering him about it.

VIII

GOETHE declared that only the Tree of Life was green, and that all theories were gray; and he also congratulated himself on never "having thought about thinking." But if he never thought about thinking he did think a great deal about his art, and some of the axioms he laid down for its practice go deeper than those of the professed philosophers.

The art of fiction, as now practised, is a recent one, and the arts in their earliest stages are seldom theorized on by those engaged in creating them; but as soon as they begin to take shape their practitioners, or at least those of the number who happen to think as well as to create, perforce begin to ask themselves questions. Some may not have Goethe's gift for formulating the answers, even to themselves; but these answers will eventually be discoverable in an added firmness of construction and appropriateness of expression. Other writers do consciously lay down rules, and in the search for new forms and more complex effects may even become the slaves of their too-fascinating theories. These are the true pioneers, who are never destined to see their own work fulfilled, but build intellectual houses for the next generation to live in.

Henry James was of this small minority. As he became more and more preoccupied with the architecture of the novel he unconsciously subordinated all else to his ever-fresh complexities of design, so that his last books are magnificent projects for future masterpieces rather than living creations. Such an admission may seem to reinforce the argument against theorizing about one's art; but there are few Jameses and fewer Goethes in any generation, nor is there ever much danger in urging mankind to follow a counsel of perfection. In the case of most novelists, such thought as they spare to the art, its range and limitations, far from sterilizing their talent will stimulate it by giving them a surer command of their means, and will perhaps temper their eagerness for popular recognition by showing them that the only reward worth having is in the quality of the work done.

The foregoing considerations on the writing of fiction may seem to some dry and dogmatic, to others needlessly complicated; still others may feel that in the quest for an intelligible working theory the gist of the matter has been missed. No doubt there is some truth in all these objections; there would be, even had the subject been far more fully and adequately treated. It would appear that in the course of such enquiries the gist of the matter always does escape. Just as one thinks to cast a net over it, a clap of the wings, and it is laughing down on one from the topmost bough of the Tree of Life!

Is all seeking vain, then? Is it useless to try for a clear view of the meaning and method of one's art? Surely not. If no art can be quite pent-up in the rules deduced from it, neither can it fully realize itself unless those who practice it attempt to take its measure and reason out its processes. It is true that the gist of the matter always escapes, since it nests, the elusive bright-winged thing, in that mysterious fourth-dimensional world which is the artist's inmost sanctuary and on the threshold of which enquiry perforce must halt; but though that world is inaccessible, the creations emanating from it reveal something of its laws and processes.

Here another parenthesis must be opened to point out once more that, though this world the artist builds about him in the act of creation reaches us and moves us through its resemblance to the life we know, yet in the artist's consciousness its essence, the core of it, is other. All

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worthless fiction and inefficient reviewing are based on the forgetting of this fact. To the artist his world is as solidly real as the world of experience, or even more so, but in a way entirely different; it is a world to and from which he passes without any sense of effort, but always *with an uninterrupted awareness of the passing*. In this world are begotten and born the creatures of his imagination, more living to him than his own flesh-and-blood, but whom he never thinks of as living, in the reader's simplifying sense. Unless he keeps his hold on this dual character of their being, visionary to him, and to the reader real, he will be the slave of his characters and not their master. When I say their master, I do not mean that they are his marionettes and dangle from his strings. Once projected by his fancy they are living beings who live their own lives; but their world is the one consciously imposed on them by their creator. Only by means of this objectivity of the artist can his characters live in art. I have never been much moved by the story of the tears Dickens is supposed to have shed over the death of Little Nell; that is, if they were real material tears, and not distilled from the milk of Paradise. The business of the artist is to make weep, and not to weep, to make laugh, and not to laugh; and unless tears and laughter, and flesh-and-blood, are transmuted by him into the substance that art works in, they are nothing to his purpose, or to ours.

Yet to say this, though it seems the last word, is not all. The novelist to whom this magic world is not open has not even touched the borders of the art, and to its familiars the power of expression may seem innate. But it is not so. The creatures of that fourth-dimensional world are born as helpless as the human animal; and each time the artist passes from dream to execution he will need to find the rules and formulas on the threshold.

Apples of Gold or Pictures of Silver

BY LAWRENCE S. MORRIS

Illustrations by Robert W. Amick

I

JOHN MARKLIN woke early and lay without stirring. He did not want to disturb the strangeness that quivered in the March morning. Over the pine woods on the hill south of the house drifted the cawing of a crow. The sound trailed across the still air like an echo of itself. In the room the light was erasing the last shadows which huddled in the corners, yet when they had dissolved, the dressing-table and chairs retained a pale and unreal appearance in the diffused light. Marklin stirred uneasily. He was trying to shake off the sense of being a hunted animal, which oppressed him on waking. This peace in the atmosphere was false, but he could not explain to himself why. For years he had known these few moments each day when bitterness and lassitude flooded him. Usually a cold shower and the trip to the office set his mind in the proper grooves for the day's work. He raised his hands over his head and looked out through the window toward the dark splotch of the pine woods which he could see in the distance. The world was moist and fresh. The crow was now so distant that a mere ribbon of sound floated behind it. John's consciousness was still vague; details of yesterday flickered through it like fireflies in early dusk. He remembered he had asked Miss Platt to remind him of something. There had been a telegram which had come late, and

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he had been unable to do anything about it, as the shipping department was already closed for the night. . . . He forced these recollections back into the cellar of his mind and stirred his will against the weariness he felt.

A few minutes later he stepped noiselessly from his bed. In her own bed a few feet away Marian still slept, her head thrown back and one arm lying on the top of the covers. Her long hair was the ripe yellow of an apple, but polished until it gleamed like metal. Her face was carved in clear, full lines, which made her friends, in describing her, often choose the adjective "competent." At thirty-eight her body was solid and well-shaped, her face almost without a line. John's dark eyes saw her with the same bafflement which the fact of his own existence stirred within him. After years of marriage this face had kept the power of closing a grip about his entrails when he watched her at rest. Always he was drawn toward her like the tide against a sheer cliff. And always he was bruised against the incurious rock of indifference that lay within her. She loved him, undeniably. With him she was maternally tender, or eager as a girl lover, but she never questioned what sort of man it was she loved. John found this incomprehensible; his own love beat against the doors of her personality, and had brought him as much anguish as joy. Within the chambers of his consciousness he was aware of every desire which occupied her. This was not difficult; they were always definite desires which she could and did state concisely. And as Marian always had good reasons for them, she often assumed when he did not share them that he was unreasonable.

The railing was cool under his hand as he went silently down-stairs. The shades were still drawn in the rooms below, and the house darkened. He was driven by a desire to be alone outdoors, in intimacy with the new year that was stirring. The house they lived in, built of gray fieldstone, stood on the crest of a hill, outside of Albany. Here the real-estate agents had not yet begun, as they had on other sides of the city, to mark off rows of plots with bungalows, like young orchards set out in straight lines on naked soil. The ground in front of the house sloped down rapidly to a grove of beeches and spruce. From the door John could look past the trees to meadows lying below. Beyond the meadows the still Hudson rolled, a white surface like platinum.

In the rear the ground also sloped away through briars and berry bushes to a stream, which in the spring became a marsh.

When Marklin crossed the ground in front of the house the sun was already well up, but the light pervaded the world with the remoteness of a day which had not yet yielded itself to usage. At the beauty of the sparse nudity of the earth he experienced a contraction of pain. The sod gave beneath his heel, but the spring had not yet effaced the signs of the dead year which the melting of the snow had disinterred. Brown leaves were flattened against the slope; not a blade of new grass spotted the ground. In the shadow of the stone wall which bounded his land to the south, persisted a strip of gray snow. The beech at the foot of the hill raised a pale, mottled trunk into the air, and shot upward clusters of nerve-like branches, which wriggled like roots held upside down. An earthy smell filled his nostrils.

John walked down the hill to the stripped beech. There he laid his palm against the cool bole of the tree, and fought against the agony which this stirring of life roused in him.

"Oh, daddy! Where are you?" came a voice from the other side of the house.

"Down by the beech-tree, Dorothy!"

A slim, dark-haired child appeared around the side of the house, and ran down the slope.

"I heard you close the front door," she explained. "Are you looking for something?"

"No, I just came out for a while before breakfast."

"Don't you love it when it's gray and still in the morning, daddy? I've been up for an hour."

"Yes," said John.

"You don't sound enthusiastic," she reproached. Then she turned her face up and stared into his eyes. "You look sad," she added.

She slid her brown fingers into his hand and pressed herself against him. There

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was nothing of her mother in the child. Her soft, almost black hair was cut short and hung about her slender face. An intensity of feeling, too vibrant for her features to contain, burned in her dark eyes and gave her the appearance of one on the brink of joy.

"I caught the first butterfly I've seen this year," she told him, smiling, "but I let it go again."

She shook the black hair from her face, and John thought that he had never seen a human being more like a leaping flame or so likely to suffer from life. With her mother, he knew, she maintained a reserve which both hurt and irritated Marian. Dorothy recognized her father, however, as an ally. When they walked together along the stream behind the house, she sang from delight of the things they saw. John had the same dark eyes as his daughter, but in his the eagerness had been leashed and turned to constraint.

"Look at your shoes!" she exclaimed. "They're all mud. What will mother say?"

"What about you, you ragamuffin?" John demanded. "You look as if you had been through the campaign of the Wilderness."

"I followed the butterfly down to the edge of the marsh," she admitted, "and I got caught in the briars. But I'm only a little torn."

When they came up the slope, half an hour later, the sun was glinting on the Hudson, which shone like steel now. The strangeness had been washed out of the air. Marian stood by the door, watching them as they neared the house.

"John, you mustn't drag that child through all the underbrush in the county. Look at her dress."

"I'm sorry, Marian," he answered with ominous quiet. "She's an earlier bird than I. She had already been down the hill before I came out."

"She'll have to change all her clothes before she goes to school," said Marian.

II

As Marklin drove his car down the hill and toward the city after breakfast, thoughts of the office began to force themselves on him. He remembered what it was he had asked Miss Platt to remind him of: that billiard-ball concern which had recently sent them its first order. The telegram he had received just before leaving the office yesterday floated across his vision, as the last thought on going to sleep reappears on awaking. Then the yellow of the message faded before the dark eyes of his daughter and the ecstasy in them which had made him apprehensive. Dorothy was one satisfaction of which life had not cheated him. Watching her develop was like watching a young plum-tree, slender of limb but defiant. Her eyes, he thought, held the deep light of ripe plums. John tightened his fingers on the steering-wheel. He ached with a pride which was not joy, because this child was his work. The mother who had carried her had really had little to do with it. The girl was the fruit of himself. And he suffered to see his own youth recommence in her.

He saw himself suddenly, a child of Dorothy's age, and with eyes like hers, riding beside his father in a rusty buggy. An August dust spread its coating on blackberry bushes along both sides of the country road. At that time there had been few improved highways in the State. The road, kept up by farmers, dipped in a little valley, skirted with oaks, and came out between rolling fields. A clump of white birches, scarred by the jackknives of boys, was huddled near a fence, and the drooping branches of an elm swished across the top of the buggy as they passed. In the warm air the knocking of the horse's hoofs on the packed earth sounded muffled, and from beneath the buggy came the scrape, scrape, at regular intervals, of the rear left-hand wheel, which was loose.

His father flicked his whip in the air beside the horse's head. The horse, a bony dun, whose frayed tail slapped the dashboard at their feet, twitched one ear and continued undisturbed in his pace.

John looked out through half-closed eyes at the bluish heat which lay over the hills, and his father's words were hazy in his ears.

"Old Blessing's an idiot," Doctor Marklin was saying. "I told him to keep quiet the rest of the week, and yesterday he was out on the roof of his barn, putting

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on new shingles." The doctor snapped his whip again, this time out of impatience at the stupidity of men, a phehomenon to which he had never grown reconciled. The dun started into a quicker pace for a half dozen steps, and then dropped back into his former jog. "Temperature of a hundred and two and a half again," went on the doctor. "The old man thinks his body is like that surrey he drives; as long as it doesn't fall apart in the middle of the road, it's all right." The doctor's eyes were indignant under the black felt hat which he wore in all seasons. They were dark, voracious eyes like his son's, but John had inherited his slender face from his mother, who had died at his birth. The doctor's face was broad, and stamped with a lusty, arched nose.

They were passing Mr. Blessing's apple orchard, and John drank in the winy fragrance from the trees. He had early acquired the habit of pretending to listen to his father's speeches while his thoughts swam in the warm-blooded activities of their neighbors. He loved to accompany his father on his visits in order to go into one of the dim barns that smelled of hay and leather, where he was allowed to help fill the mangers. It thrilled him to plant his narrow brown hand on the sweaty croup of a horse and urge him over in the stall while he raked it out. The mingled odor of horse and fresh manure was good. From other stalls came the restless clumping of hoofs on the barn floor. As darkness came and the loft swelled in the shadows, tired men entered to throw tools in the corner with a clank. John loved them because they were tired and because they had been working in the soil. In the winter his father taught him history and gave him books to read. With the spring each year came a revival of his deepest passion, the fruit-trees. They could hardly be called orchards here, for few people in this part of the State raised fruit seriously. When he had been ten years old, he had spent a summer with his uncle in the western end of New York State, and since that time he had not swerved from his intention of some day raising fruit; preferably apples. The spirally fluted trunks of apple-trees were the most beautiful objects he knew. He resented the indifference most of his neighbors showed toward their trees. A few apples were raised for home use, but they were marked with fruit pit, and the trees were allowed to degenerate under the attacks of canker. John learned that there were colleges of agriculture, and determined to study at one of them. At the age of fifteen he announced to a neighbor that when he grew up he was going to specialize in Chenangos and red Astrachans.

"Be you?" was the answer. "And why, now?"

"Because Grandfather Blessing says they're the best apples for this valley."

Grandfather Blessing, as he was known to every one in that part of the country, was the only person he knew who showed respect for his apples. With him the boy spent many afternoons discussing the problems of raising apples. The old man's wisdom was the result of his own experience, and consisted of prejudices and rules of thumb. His most ardent prejudice was against hairy vetch as a cover crop, and his chief advice was to stick to clover. In return for this instruction John felt a responsibility for Grandfather Blessing's trees. In damp, windy weather he worried because the orchard was exposed to the east. In May, when the trees blossomed, he walked among them, watching the pink buds swell and the woolly stalks elongate. During the weeks that followed, when the petals lost their pink and dropped, revealing the erect brush of stamens, he knew the ecstasy of one on the brink of life. And when the summer opened, he lay on his back under the trees for hours until he saw the cinnamon streak of the yellow-billed cuckoo among the leaves. Then his responsibility was lightened; the orchard was being protected from the inroads of caterpillars.

The fall after his decision concerning red Astrachans, John's father sent him to board with friends in Albany and go to school. In the old brick house, where Mr. and Mrs. Banks, middle-aged and childless, lived, he was given a room on the top floor, overlooking a sloping backyard surrounded by a wooden fence. A single peach-tree, at the foot of the yard, pressed its lower branches against the fence. At school he studied with ardor. A desire for knowledge was beginning to stir within him, and he imagined that at the agricultural college the experts would

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be scientists, like Sir Isaac Newton in the engraving on the wall of his father's study. Sir Isaac was the only scientist he knew by sight.

In the summers Mr. Banks gave him a job in his leather store, where the creaking of saddles and the smell of well-oiled leather reminded him of hours spent in barns while his father sat by a bedside in the adjoining house. The smell in the store, however, was raw, unlike the smell of leather which has been handled in the task of living. In the evenings he read in his room at the top of the house.

The third year he spent in the city his father died. John came home, one gray day in January, for the service. A dozen of the doctor's friends, who still remained, and a fringe of others, who were idle at that season, gathered in the small parlor. Their faces were red and drawn with the wind through which they had driven. No one talked. John noticed for the first time that the brown carpet was worn through between the door and the centre of the room, where a table had stood during his boyhood. In his father's study he sat silently at the tall desk, where empty pill-bottles rattled in the drawers, and papers protruded from the upright row of cubby-holes in the rear, like a bird ruffling its breast. At this desk his father had sat each day for thirty years. John shivered; the chill of the room was creeping up his spine, and Sir Isaac Newton's regard from the wall was more steely than ever. The young man knew that the silence of the people in the parlor was less from grief than from the shrivelling cold.

After that John left school. The house and furniture and the small library the doctor left barely repaid the money he had borrowed the last years of his life. The surplus which remained, after the expenses of the death had been met, was put in the bank to help pay John's way through the agricultural college. By day he worked in the leather store. In the evenings he sat alone in his room, under the gas-jet, which hummed like a mosquito.

It was the spring after his father's death that he met Marian, whose father was one of Mr. Banks's friends. The tall, straight girl, with shining hair, came sometimes with her parents to dinner. She was not gawky, like the girls he had known in school, and her voice was clear. Looking at her across the table he found the sureness of her movements intolerably beautiful, like the upward thrust of wheat in a field. At the same time he resented her. She was only his age, but she met life with a poise which humiliated him. Her opinions were flung off with arrogance. In him a slow boiling of the emotions preceded each idea. A favorite subject of controversy between them, after they had known each other a couple of months, became his desire to go back to the country.

"Why do you read so much," she demanded of him once, "if you are only going to plant beans all your life?" She had been trying to persuade him to learn to dance and was annoyed by his indifference.

"I am not going to plant beans," he retorted. "I'm going to raise apples."

"What's the difference? Why don't you do something that takes brains, like Albert?" Her brother Albert was studying to become an engineer.

"I'm going to college," persisted John.

"Do you have to go to college to learn how to grow apples?" she asked. "Apples grow any way. You just pick them up and put them in baskets. But to build a bridge you have to study for years."

"They don't just grow," John continued. "Apparently you never heard of cion grafting, did you? Or bud grafting?" He raged within himself, knowing that this was not the real issue of the conversation, but unable to tell what was.

Marian was smoothing out a lemon-colored sash at her waist.

"Do you like this dress?" she asked.

It was one her mother had made for her, which dropped softly against her, emphasizing the smoothness of her movements. About the throat it curled in frosty lace.

"Obviously you never did," he continued. "You probably think that if you plant the seed of an Alexander apple, you get an Alexander tree."

"I never heard of an Alexander apple," she answered, "but I know what it means to build a bridge. I should think you'd have some ambition."

John writhed.

"I've as much as Albert," he muttered.

His tone startled her. Why did he insist on taking the matter emotionally?

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"You're a nice boy," she said unexpectedly. "Tell me the truth, do you think this dress looks too plain?"

John looked into her candid blue eyes and thought her, next to the trunk of an apple-tree, the most moving thing in the world. It hurt him to look at her.

"With that frilly stuff around your neck," he said chokingly, "you look like a girl of ten."

Marian slapped him across the face, and he saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

For a moment they faced each other, the contact of her hand on his cheek burning them both. They grew suddenly older and ashamed of their childishness. Their hands touched and retreated.

"Did I hurt you?" she asked. "I'm sorry."

"It's my fault," he said in a small voice. "What I said wasn't true."

"I don't look like a little girl of ten?"

"No."

"Do you like me?"

"Yes." His hand moved toward hers again.

"And you don't mind what I said about your apples?"

"No."

There was a pause.

"Let's go for a walk," he suggested. "It's hot in here."

As they went down the steps of the front porch, the warmth of a summer evening fell on their faces, heavy with the scent of honeysuckle, which grew on the railing. Even the city, John thought, was beautiful, since it lay in the valley of the Hudson and was inhabited by Marian.

They walked together frequently that summer, though they quarrelled in August when she refused to go with him any more until he had polished his shoes.

"You look like a tramp," she declared. "What will everybody say?"

John resentfully polished his shoes. He hated her for caring what other people would say, and he loved her for caring at all, since he was the object of her concern.

The street where they walked most often was lined on each side with a row of soft maples. The thick foliage spread across the street until it nearly met above the cobblestones. The houses were set back from the sidewalk, protected by short lawns, and on one of these usually lay a Boston bull, sniffing the evening. John always spoke to the dog when they passed, to the embarrassment of Marian. The gleam of the street lamps threw a blackish lustre on the leaves, as though they had been cut from metal and hung in place. Under this canopy they walked frequently without talking, or John listened while Marian recounted the details of dances. He had promised to learn to dance the following winter. At intervals they emerged from the shadow to cross a patch of light under the street lamp, and plunge into the tunnel of the next block. At such times her face shone, and her perfect features stirred an ache in his spirit. When this feeling possessed him, he talked to her of his childhood, describing the dusty roads and twisted apple-trees where he had played.

Marian listened with a slight repulsion to the details of this meagre life on farms. John could not guess that it sounded sordid to her and that, as she was growing more tender toward him, she was glad for his sake that he had left it.

"I would never be a farmer's wife," she declared once.

"Why not?" asked John.

"It's so grubby. When I marry, I'm going to find a husband who will be somebody in the world."

That autumn, when the leaves crackled under their feet and the trees stood naked, the sight of the sere earth brought a contraction in John's breast, as it did each year. But this time his emotion was inseparable from the thought of Marian, and one evening as they walked, he asked her to marry him.

III

JOHN closed the frosted-glass door in the partition which walled off his office from the larger room where a dozen typewriters clicked. On the outside of his door was printed "Sales Manager." Macfarlane, in charge of the complaint department, who occupied the adjoining office, was already at work on his morning's mail. His voice, in the slightly strained pitch at which one talks into a dictaphone, came over the top of the flimsy partition. This partition stopped two-thirds of the way to the ceiling, and

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From a drawing by Robert W. Amick.

"Don't you love it when it's gray and still in the morning, daddy?"—Page 620.

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John had often looked up from his desk to the rim of it, wishing he could hypnotize it to grow suddenly taller and press its streaky buff boards against the whitewashed ceiling. Mac's voice paused, there was a snap as he put a new cylinder on his machine, and the dictation began again. The building was permeated by a musty odor of leather, for the offices adjoined the factory. This was not the saddle and harness store in which John had gone to work twenty years before. Five years after that first summer, Mr. Banks had sold the store and become a partner in an already established business, supplying leather goods to the industries. Collins, Bolton & Banks owned their own tanneries down the river; their hides were bought chiefly in Alsace and Savoy, or at the monthly auctions in Paris, by their agent. In their factory they turned out leather belting, gaskets, and other leather articles used in factories and for railroad equipment.

Marklin sat down and pushed the buzzer on his desk. A machine on the other side of the partition was silenced, and Miss Platt opened the door.

"Good morning, sir," she said. Miss Platt's voice was muted, and under her high, narrow forehead, of a dull white like parchment, her mouth and chin were both so small that they seemed compressed. John had often wondered what bitterness had cauterized her spirit so early and left her rigid within.

"Good morning," he said. "Is Mr. Hunter in the office?"

"He went to Schenectady yesterday to see a belt they're installing in a new factory. He said he might go on to Fonda, if he got word that Nevinson Brothers had received their last order. He was going to telephone from Schenectady."

"If he comes in to-day, will you tell him I'd like to see him? It's about that billiard-ball concern I wrote to yesterday."

When the door closed behind her, John wondered if she had been in the room, and if the voice he had heard coming from his lips had been his own. He raked the morning's mail toward him like a pile of dead leaves. As he did so, his eye fell on the photograph standing in a silver frame across the blotter. It was a picture of Marian sitting in a carved, high-backed Florentine chair, with Dorothy at her side, taken when their daughter was seven years old. Marian was wearing a low gown of black velvet, from which her shoulders emerged like mellowed ivory. Her head was carried high, and the thick blond hair reflected a tawny light over her features. Marian had always loved dignity. She held the centre of the picture as surely as a knife thrust in wood. By her side Dorothy's slim dark head was a flash of something foreign, subordinate to her mother, yet independent. Marian did not gaze down at the child with the consciously maternal expression of many women being photographed with their children; her eyes swept the space in front of her and met the observer's with calm. Whatever you might say of Marian, she was not sentimental. And her dignity was instinctive. She loved solid things, like velvet or marble or an unimpeachable position in the community. Well, he had given her the chance to maintain her dignity. He had removed from her environment all that was bare or cheap. He had made her happiness the anvil of his life, and in the manner of those who live through the organization of their environment, she was happy. She had furnished their home as she wished it, she belonged to clubs, she managed charities, she headed committees for the relief of foreign peoples. . . . His hands straightened the pile of letters, while his eyes rested on the face in the picture. The past, which he had seen for a moment that morning in Dorothy's eyes, had struck chords of desire deep within him. His soul hungered. The papers cut his fingers like nettles; the walls about him exuded an odor of leather. Usually he savored that rich smell, but to-day it was sickening.

The telegram on the top of the pile was from Mears, the Pittsburgh salesman, and was disagreeable. Mears always was.

"Trial order 172-M Alleghany Electric not yet received," it read. "Have you shipped? Competition here stiff. Our efforts in the field useless without cooperation home office. Mears."

John looked past the yellow sheet of paper at his desk. But the desk stretched itself out and out, as in retreating mirrors, until it reached twenty years into the past, a narrowing streak, at the end of which he saw a boy lying on his back un-

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From a drawing by Robert W. Amick.

Marian was leaning back in her chair, smoking her cigarette. The jade earrings had gone to sleep on the smooth channel of her neck.—Page 628.

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der Grandfather Blessing's orchard. And the boy had become Dorothy.

Suddenly anger shook his fingers, and he crunched the telegram into a ball.

"As if we didn't co-operate!" he exclaimed. "The damned insolence!"

If Mears had entered the office at that moment, John would perhaps have gone at his throat. His brooding eyes, which had grown impenetrable during years in the office, were suddenly naked with anguish.

"Co-operation!" he repeated. His mind clung to the single word, as to an unbearable insult. He threw the crumpled telegram in the direction of the waste-basket and watched it disappear under the radiator beneath the window.

He knew that Mears had been working three years to get this concern and that the trial order in question was critical. The company was one of the most important in the Pittsburgh territory; its business would amount to many thousands each month. John had frequently received telegrams of this kind in the past, and had laughed at the readiness of salesmen to cry disaster. But this morning he hated Mears. He recalled how Mears's voice raked his nerves when they argued. It would be a source of satisfaction to ignore the telegram. If shipment on the order had been neglected, as Mears claimed, perhaps the customer would slip through his fingers.

John rang for Miss Platt and began dictating letters on other subjects. There was that question of establishing an office in Buffalo: he wanted a report from the local banks on Arthur Michens, who had come to see him about taking the agency. . . . Of course, if Mears should lose the customer . . . Then there was a memorandum to be dictated to the advertising manager concerning the new experiments in tensile strength made on their Hercules Belting. . . . It was quite possible that Mears might lose him. John knew that he would not stay in his present job after an act of such disloyalty. Well, Samson had dragged down the pillars at his death.

After Miss Platt had gone, he sat chin in hand, staring at the picture of Marian.

At noon he did not go out. Miss Platt came in once for help on a sentence in her notes which she could not read. He had forgotten what he had dictated and told her something else.

In the middle of the afternoon he pushed his chair back, walked slowly toward the window, and groped on the floor under the radiator.

IV

"CIGARETTE, dear?" Marian held out, that same evening, the box of beaten silver in which she kept her own brand.

"Thanks." John put down his coffee-cup.

"We're going to have Olga Terehov, who used to be with the Metropolitan, sing at the Woman's Club in May," Marian continued, "for the benefit of the Near East Relief." Her dress of silvery green flowed down her body and shimmered in the glow of an open fire like the leaves of an olive-tree. Jade earrings lay against her neck with creamy softness. The March day, which had dawned balmy, had chilled and the log fire was welcome. Dorothy lay propped up on one elbow on the rug before the fireplace.

"Yes?" said John. His face was drawn, the lines under his eyes marked. Marian noted the lifelessness of his voice, and scrutinized his face.

"Have you had a hard day in the office?" she asked.

John stood up. "Nothing unusual," he answered. "Mears, in Pittsburgh, landed a big customer he had been angling for ever since he went out there."

"Good for him. The company grows all the time, doesn't it?"

"More or less." John threw his cigarette in the fire. "When is Terehov coming?"

"The twenty-second of May. I had a letter this morning from her manager. He said she had to be in Cleveland the twenty-fifth." Marian was leaning back in her chair, smoking her cigarette. The jade earrings had gone to sleep on the smooth channel of her neck. Her fingers clasped the slender ivory holder of the cigarette lightly, but with the incisiveness with which she endowed all her acts. It was the same Marian, brought to maturity, who had once walked with him beneath the rows of maples, where the leaves were cut from metal by the light of the street lamps. He watched the shadows on her clear face.

"For the sake of the Near East, I sup-

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pose there are plenty of women in town who will pretend to know music," said John. "We'll have all the usual brands of criticism about her tone and range."

"They're fools," answered Marian, "but I hear Terehov is in excellent form this year."

John stared into the fire, then turned away. As he was walking toward the door, Dorothy called him.

"You're going to read to me to-night, aren't you?" she begged.

"I am tired, Dorothy," he said. "Come outside and we'll see if the moon is up."

"You know it is not," she answered, coming to his side. "Not all this week."

"Then we'll listen, and see if the peepers in the marsh have gone to sleep."

Outside there was not a star in the sky, and the blue was deepening into glossy black. They walked down the slope, her slim fingers moist in his hand, as his had once lain in his father's.

"The peepers are in bed," said John, and his words were dissolved in the silence that rose from the soil like mist.

When they came back, Marian was drafting an announcement for Madame Terehov's recital.

"What did you children see?" she asked.

"We saw a sky like the throat of a purple grackle, didn't we, Dorothy?"

Dorothy felt the emptiness of his voice, and said nothing.

"You have never outgrown your poetic fancies," laughed Marian indulgently. "Are you going to read?"

"Perhaps. I'm rather tired."

He sat down by the table, and picked up a pack of cards she had left there. John detested cards, and Marian had learned not to urge him to play. She enjoyed a game, however, and played regularly in the afternoon with her friends. He dealt the cards idly into seven piles and started a game of solitaire.

Marian got up from her desk and came over to him. His hands continued automatically moving the cards.

Suddenly her swift fingers hovered over the table and then tapped one of the piles. A small emerald on her finger glowed under the lamp.

"You have put a red seven on a red eight," she pointed out.

She ran her hand through his dark hair and kissed his head.

"You dear," she murmured. "You are adorable. And you are such a child. What would you do without Marian?"

The Bridegroom

BY CLARKE KNOWLTON
Author of "The Apollo d'Oro"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE

TO-MORROW he was to be married—to-morrow at high noon in the Church of the Ascension. He could see it all clearly: how many times he had gone through it with other men! An awning over the sidewalk; organ music from inside the church; policemen holding back a pushing, gaping populace; shiny limousines arriving and departing; dressy ladies, glossy silk hats, bored gentlemen parading into the church—leaving little marks on the bare white canvas; Jerry and himself, immaculate and slightly nervous, hurrying out of sight through that tiny side portal—disappearing like vegetables at a kitchen entrance, only to be served up later with bridesmaids in lacy dresses, over that strip of canvas. But to-morrow he wouldn't be served up with a bridesmaid—not this time; it made quite a difference. "Better have one more, old man!" Jerry would offer him the flask as they waited for the signal. "Now!" . . . the advance into the open; something crawling on his neck; eyes—all looking; bridesmaids—the bride! "Wilt thou have this

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woman to thy wedded wife? Love, honor, and keep—in sickness and in health; . . .? Who giveth this woman? . . . With this ring I thee wed . . .! Pronounce . . . man and wife . . . Amen." Burst of music—turn. Don't step on her train. "Eric, look at me!" Growl from background: "My God, you fool, get off her train!" . . . One, two, three. Long aisle ahead . . . bleak sea of faces, all turned. . . . "You're going too fast, Eric! Take it slower, dear!" Tum-te—de-dum-dum-dum. One, two, three; one, two, three. Firm pressure on his arm. Teedle-de—teedle-de— teedle-de-de-de. A few steps more . . . cold air on his face . . . and he never would be a bachelor again.

It wasn't that he didn't want to be married: Mildred was the dearest girl in all the world and all that. But to-morrow? It seemed so—so imminent. Damned imminent! He ought to be the happiest man in all New York instead of—! Hang it all! it must have been that bachelor dinner that upset him. Bachelor dinner? Only bachelor there . . . wouldn't be a bachelor this time to-morrow night. Queer feeling—shaky, somehow! Pretty ghastly—that dinner! No pep! Why, five years ago that crowd couldn't have been pried apart before morning—here it was not yet midnight, and . . . going home alone. "Trains," "Little Jerry down with the measles," "Had to get home to the Missus"—all perfectly good excuses. Marriage had done that. . . . Had they looked at him with pity?

Half way down the block some one bumped into him—a street girl. She laughed loudly. Absently he lifted his hat and stepped to one side. As he turned in at the door he looked back; the girl, too, had looked back; she stood poised expectantly, waiting—one foot on the running-board of a checkered taxicab; the street light flickered suggestively about her; she made a little movement with her head. In answer Eric shook his —half playfully. What perfume! Even if he were not going to be married . . .! He passed on into the house. Suppose he had stopped and talked to her? After to-morrow he wouldn't have the right; married men that played around with women deserved all they got. Talking to her wouldn't have done any harm—a sort of innocent farewell to vice? No, that was college stuff; he didn't really want to talk to her. Not fair to her, either. . . . Poor kid! A man would have to be pretty low, or pretty drunk.

As he mounted the stairs it came home to him with something of a pang that this would be the last night he would ever be going up those stairs. Yes, marriage meant a change—a big change. Of course, Mildred was an exceptional girl; the past year had proved that. Still, it would be a change—a change in every way. A man ought not to wait until he was thirty—too hard to change. Now at twenty, or even twenty-five, it would have been different. He wouldn't have minded leaving the old place. Odd, he hadn't expected to mind.

Feeling his way along the familiar corridor, he remembered—exactly as he had done nightly for three long years now—that he really ought to insist on more light. It wouldn't matter now. His hand touched the familiar door. Never any more . . .! Absently, he began a search through various pockets—a search impeded by his overcoat. Yes, the new place would be better; not so convenient to the office; but better in every way—for a married man. For himself, he didn't mind; one got used to things—even stairs. Hang it all, he hadn't meant to take a cigarette—where was that latch-key?

The door grated on its hinges—no use to oil it now. He pressed a button. This would be the last time he would ever be letting himself alone into a dark and empty apartment. After to-night he would have Mildred with him—always. The light must be turned off at the other end. Yes, he had had it over there packing. Starting across the room he barked his shin against some solid object. Damn that trunk—had to be careful. Crash! What was that? Sounded like glass—must have broken it, whatever it was! How unfamiliar that armchair looked over there—out of place, ghastly, somehow, with the green light from the window shimmering over it; it startled one, like—like something dead under water. Those two long pools of light from the windows *were* like water—exactly.

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From a drawing by Clarence Rowe.

. . . down the darkened corridor, like some bright mediæval phantom, there advanced a bewildering apparition.—Page 634.

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Where was that light? Better strike a match!

The first match sputtered and went out; the second broke off as he struck it; the third sent up a fitful little blaze that cast an evanescent and pallid illumination over the turmoil in the room. Eric picked his way across the floor and turned on the light. Better light those candles, too, since the other lamp—the one on the table—didn't work; the more light a man had while packing, the easier it would be. Just then the telephone began to ring imperiously, insistently. Casting aside his overcoat and hat, Eric hurried into the bedroom.

"Hello," he cried, catching up the receiver as he flung himself into a chair.

"That you, Eric?" It was Mildred's voice.

"Yes. Just got in."

"I've tried to get you three times."

"Dearest!" His tone was one of shocked concern. "Is anything the matter?"

"Yes. No. I don't know. I had a terrible dream."

"About me?"

"About you. I woke up and couldn't go back to sleep. It—it seemed to me that—that——"

"That what?"

"Oh, I don't know. That something dreadful was happening. I—I wanted to know—to be sure that you got home all right."

"All right? From that bunch of deadheads?"

"Deadheads? Your friends? Eric!" But her tone was not one of displeasure.

"Oh, perhaps, it was just my mood."

"Your mood? What is your mood, dear?"

"Oh, I—I can't think of anything except to-morrow—and you!"

"Is that the truth? Are you perfectly happy?"

"I certainly am!" he lied smoothly. "How could I be anything but happy?"

There followed a pause, then she spoke thoughtfully: "Do you know, Eric, I wish you'd made me marry you a year ago!"

"I did all I could. Waiting was your idea, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but—but it was a mistake, don't you think so?" She seemed a little breathless.

"That from you?" His voice was unfeignedly surprised. "After all your doubts and fears?"

"Eric," she said, ignoring his surprise, "if I don't see you to-morrow the moment I come in that church door, I shall turn and run."

"I'll come up the aisle to meet you if you want me to!"

"I wouldn't have you do that," she said half seriously, "but just be where I can see you!"

"I'll climb up on the altar and wave," he promised.

"Eric, I'm serious," she pleaded.

"Well, so am I." He added as though to himself: "I never was so serious in my life."

"Sometimes, I wish we had just slipped off and been married without any one knowing," the girl said thoughtfully.

"It's not too late, even now," he suggested hopefully. "Shall we? Early to-morrow morning? Now that I have the license, it would be easy, even to-night."

She considered a moment, toying with the idea, playing with it much as people love to play with the thought of suicide without ever really meaning to put it into practice. "But the bridesmaids; my dress; the wedding guests! No, it would never do," she decided.

"It would save everybody a lot of trouble!"

"Yes? Eric, listen! This may be my last chance ever to have a big church wedding," she pleaded, after the immemorial custom of brides.

"Well, you're not supposed to be planning on another; at least, not before this one is over."

"Eric?" she questioned, as though to change the subject.

"Yes?"

"Did any one come home with you?"

"Why, no. Jerry offered to come, to spend the night, but his kid has the measles. He really couldn't leave Gertrude alone in that big house."

"But he'll be on hand to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes. Said he'd be here by ten. Help me pack, get dressed, and all that."

"Eric, aren't you packed?" she exclaimed in shocked reproach.

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"Oh, I've commenced. It'll be an all night job, I'm afraid."

"Dearest boy, why, why in the world did you leave everything till the last minute?"

"I don't know. Things kept coming up. There's not so much to do." Guiltily, his eye roamed about the disordered bedroom.

"And you're all alone?"

"Yes."

She considered a moment. He could hear her fingers tapping on the table-top. "Do you know," she said, "if it weren't so late, I think I'd come over!"

"What?" There was a touch of panic in his voice. "Come over? Here? That would never do, would never do at all!"

"Why not? We'll be married in a few hours."

"It isn't that! It—it's . . . A fine lot of packing I'd get done with you here," he broke out in sudden inspiration.

She laughed merrily. "All right, I won't come," she promised, then added tantalizingly: "At least, I don't think I will, unless, of course . . ."

"Unless what?"

"Unless I have another bad dream."

"Call me on the 'phone if you do. . . . I'll be up till all hours."

"No, Eric," she urged, "go to bed; get some sleep! Let the old packing go!" After a pause, she added: "I don't want you to look hollow-eyed to-morrow."

"Oh, so that's it! You're worried about how I'll look at the altar! Don't you know people never think of the groom unless he isn't there? At the church they look at the bridesmaids, and at the house they look at the presents when they're not looking at the bride."

"Oh, Eric," she interrupted, "some new presents have come; the Dennisons sent a chair; the Morrisons sent a rug; and —what do you think?—your Uncle James came across with a silver service!"

"You don't say!"

There followed a half hour of animated discussion about presents, people, plans; and then Eric returned thoughtfully to the front room.

After staring hopelessly at the trunk, packing-boxes, scattered books, shirts, shoes, he raised his eyes and looked wearily about the walls. The very pictures seemed about to be married, he decided; they were hanging anyhow, some of them almost upside down. In a panelled mirror he caught a glimpse of his own reflection: a tall, slim figure, very elegant in correct evening things; the dark head seemed to be turned toward him expectantly like some other self that was keeping a last astonished vigil, looking on regretfully at the pitiful alteration in a man he would see no more. Eric moved away from the mirror. Better change before getting to work—put on a bathrobe: that would be better. Warmer, too! He felt the radiator. Stone cold. Well, it was almost one o'clock. In eleven short hours . . .!

That feeling at the pit of his stomach —empty somehow! Maybe he ought to have brought home something to eat; might need it before morning. Queer, a year ago it had been Mildred who had hung back. Now—the nearer it got to the time, the more enthusiastic she seemed to become, while he . . .! But then, dresses, presents, parties and things, a girl liked those things; while he . . . this would be his last night in that room. As he got into old trousers and a bathrobe he kept repeating over and over to himself: "Eleven hours, eleven hours!" Never any more would he have a place all to himself—his very own. Of course, he didn't know that he really wanted a place of his very own: it would be better to have one with Mildred. And yet—he had always thought, expected, felt, that sometime—well, that he just needed the place, might like to have it all to himself. Not that he ever had enjoyed having it all to himself! Still . . .! But now—it was all over; finished. Never any more would there be the chance of anything happening right here. Nothing ever had happened here—true; but now nothing ever would happen; nothing ever could happen. Somehow, without thinking about it, he must—all along—have been hoping, expecting. Oh, rot! What could happen? Mildred was the dearest girl in the world, what more did a man want?

Those magazines! Better start a fire with them—might as well burn up those logs! There would be a lot of things to burn—so many things that a bachelor seemed to collect that a married man

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wouldn't need—might as well make a clean sweep, clear out everything. From the desk and trunk he began heaping things into a pile. Probably nothing compromising in any of those old letters—he didn't have time to go through them. Better burn them, save explanations perhaps! No, never any more would anything happen. In all the past—somehow—it seemed to him that mighty little ever had happened. . . . Things must happen to other men. Of course, there had been experiences, but—somehow—they never had come up to expectation, what he felt they should have.

He sat down on a box and gazed moodily into the fire. What was it he had expected? What was it that never had quite come true? Was it that all along he had been comparing them to . . . but that was impossible—too long ago—probably just a boyish illusion even then; the effect of moonlight and the Mediterranean. If he met Marcia now; he never had known her, really . . .! Just a rash boy in love with love . . .! She had been mighty sweet about it—forgiven him and all that. No man in his senses would have done such a fool thing. . . . But that one kiss she gave him: not at all like Mildred's kisses! Mildred was real; Marcia was mostly dream; that must be the difference. He wondered vaguely if she ever had come back to New York. It seemed he would have heard; but New York was so big! Yes, all along he must—unconsciously—have been thinking that if he just could find a girl like Marcia. . . . But Marcia wasn't a girl to marry; Mildred was the girl for that—a man wanted children and all that. He couldn't quite visualize a married life with Marcia. No, for day in and day out—Mildred every time; she was part of his life; he couldn't get along without Mildred. But Marcia? After to-morrow he mustn't think about her—draw comparisons; not fair to Mildred.

Yet, he couldn't get it out of his head: there had been something oddly wonderful about kissing Marcia—just for a moment—like keying in on the radio—some strange new wave length; some unknown force, contacted and then lost; some impossible reality that had been almost too ineffably delicious to be borne. What was that line: "Thou canst not see my face . . . and live!"? That was from the Bible, wasn't it? God's face? What had God to do with it? Eric sat up very straight. Maybe that was it—maybe God was like that. It wouldn't do to tell the church people that! Still, if God was so wonderful, and you compared Him to the best thing you had ever known . . .? Could one experience God? If so, the worst thing must be to find him and then to lose him, and—remember . . . Maybe that was what had happened; maybe people were only trying to get back. To-morrow, at high noon, in the Church of the Ascension, bridesmaids—the bride; "Till death do us part"; and always only to remember!

A moment later Eric found himself standing on his feet, startled out of his revery, strangely excited. Buzz, buzz, buzz. Some one was ringing his door-bell. It must be past one o'clock; Mildred would never have been so foolish! After pushing the button that released the down-stairs door, he went to the head of the stairs and leaned over the balustrade. Yes, some one was coming up—a swift, light step; a faint swish of draperies on the landing; a woman's high heels. It didn't sound like Mildred. He remembered the letters left scattered over the floor. Better get them out of the way—in any case.

With long strides he re-entered the apartment, gathered up the letters, and piled them hastily into the fireplace, where they caught and blazed up, casting a great light about the room, sending ruddy reflections down the dark corridor. As Eric turned, he caught his breath sharply, and his heart began to do strange things: first, it drew itself up into a knot that hurt; then it gave a great leap—turned a complete somersault, in fact; and, then, after a second of complete stillness, it began to beat in an amazing high-powered way that sent the blood surging in long, hot, irregular swells over his entire body.

For, down the darkened corridor, like some bright mediæval phantom, there advanced a bewildering apparition: it might have been some slender young archangel, muffled to the shoulders in a brilliant robe—a delicate white-throated,

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wistful figure, such as Primitive Italian masters so loved to paint. From the half-smiling lips, of perhaps a shade too pale a coral, and the dazzling halo about the small proud head; from the vivid flowers of glowing crimson that lay among gold on the white brocade; from the shadowy eyes veiled under long lashes and the exquisite radiance on the smooth young face; from something of gentle aloofness, of artless assurance in all the unstudied grace of the ethereal form, it might have stepped forth from a frame in the old Uffizi, evoked through the dark varnish of half a thousand years, summoned into life, fresh, unhurried, just a little wondering, to confront the complicated problems, the tangled illusions of a turbulent mankind.

And in Eric's mind the years had withered away, and he was only a love-sick boy again—a boy drunk on moonlight and mad desire as he swung himself from a garden wall to the edge of an old stone balcony under winking tropical stars.

"Marcia?" he said softly. "Marcia?"

"I had to come," the girl replied simply as she stood in the open doorway. For a long moment they looked at each other in silence. "I thought you were calling—calling to me," she added as though in explanation, and then she repeated in so low a tone that he could scarcely hear: "I had to come."

"Mildred or Myrtle, it makes no difference; you'll find explaining will be much the same."—Page 638.

Eric's eyes had not left her face. And now, instead of all the things he might have said, he heard a voice that seemed to be his own, remarking lamely: "I—I didn't know you were in New York."

The girl's eyes swept the disordered room. "Are you alone?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered in the same flat voice.

Her eyes fell upon the fragments of letters scorched and curling upon the hearth. "Burning letters," she said, as if to herself. "Yes. I suppose a man would . . . odd; a woman wouldn't." She turned to Eric.

"I'm going to be married to-morrow," he said. Even to himself his voice

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sounded uncomfortably like that of a guilty schoolboy. He made haste to add: "The place is in rather a mess."

The girl smiled enigmatically; she did not seem to have heard.

"I said I was going to be married to-morrow," he repeated doggedly.

"Yes, I know. It was in the paper."

Eric removed some books from an arm-chair.

"Won't you sit down?" he inquired.

As the girl crossed to the arm-chair, the glittering cloak which she still kept drawn about her seemed to flash back brighter lights than those that came from the fire. Seating herself, she looked up at Eric, and made a little motion toward a footstool that stood full in the light of the blazing fire. "Sit there," she requested, "I want to see your face."

Eric obeyed.

"Yes, you have changed," Marcia said after a moment.

"One does."

"And I? Do you find me changed?" she asked.

"You're more beautiful, if anything," he replied.

Marcia's eyes turned away from him and wandered around the room.

"This—this girl you're going to marry? Is she beautiful?" she inquired.

Eric flushed. "Most people think so," he said.

"And you love her very much?"

"Yes," he said shortly.

"Then, you're perfectly happy?"

At the repetition of Mildred's phrase, Eric started slightly.

"Yes," he said again.

"Ah . . . !" The gray eyes were very serious as she added: "Eric, I wouldn't want you to make a mistake."

Again he could feel the blood crimsoning his forehead. "That's good of you," he replied.

"Sometimes, I've felt very guilty about you, Eric."

"About me?"

Once more the gray eyes travelled about the room, and then came back to him. "If I remember correctly, it was you who paid me a visit—that last time?" she questioned a little mockingly.

There was a touch of pain in Eric's smile.

"And the next day, when I came down, I found that you had run away. Eric, why did you run away so quickly?"

"I didn't see that there was anything else for me to do."

"No, you didn't," there was just a hint of mockery in her voice. Presently, she continued as if thinking aloud: "I wonder, had I come back to America sooner, if I would have looked you up?"

"You haven't been back in all these years?"

"No. I only landed last week. But even then, I hadn't planned to see you.... But, to-night, somehow, I had to come." She threw back her cloak and revealed to his astonished gaze the lithe young body clad only in fragile silk pajamas of a delicate apple green, that the brocade had concealed. "You see, I didn't even take time to dress. You don't mind! It is more—more informal, like our last—ah, interview."

Eric stood up hurriedly.

"You don't mind," he said, a little breathlessly, "if I go on packing!"

The girl gave him a quick glance. "Why, no, of course not," she said lightly. "Only give me a cigarette, before you commence!" From a gold mesh-bag she produced a long green holder. Eric found a cigarette, and endeavored to keep his fingers from shaking as he lighted it for her. This done, he turned to the packing.

"You can talk to me as I pack," he suggested.

For some minutes she watched him in silence. At length she remarked gravely: "Of course, I don't know your plans, but wouldn't it be better, instead of putting the books in the trunk and your underwear in the packing-box, to—ah—reverse the arrangement?"

Eric became very conscious of the back of his neck; he hoped that Marcia wasn't looking at it. "This isn't final," he said, cursing his stupidity. "I'm just sorting things," he explained after an uncomfortable pause.

"Yes? But I warn you that if you wrap up another shoe in a clean dress shirt, you may have a time explaining it to your—your Myrtle when she unpacks."

"Her name's Mildred, not Myrtle," he said in an injured voice.

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From a drawing by Clarence Rowe

"If you answer that ring, you'll regret it all the days that you have to live."—Page 639.

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"Mildred or Myrtle, it makes no difference; you'll find explaining will be much the same."

For a time Eric gave undivided attention to the packing.

"Eric?" Marcia asked presently.

"Yes?"

"Do you remember that walk we took that last night, after Aunt Ethel had gone to bed?"

"Yes," he said shortly as he pretended to sort neckties.

"With Mount Etna all frosty silver in the moonlight, and the festa going on in Taormina?"

"The liquefaction of some saint's blood, wasn't it?"

"Yes. . . . Remember the people with candles in those dark narrow streets? Remember how they carried the statue through the town—up to the church; and how you insisted on calling it the Virgin, even though I pointed out to you that it had a beard?"

Eric was fumbling in the trunk. "Yes," he said gruffly.

"And how, after it was all over, we stood looking off over the sea?"

He made no reply.

"And after that, Eric—after you told me good-night down-stairs," she went on. "Well, Eric, you thought you did a very dangerous thing, didn't you, in forcing your way into my room?"

"I was just a kid," he said unsteadily.

"But there's something you ought to know." Without looking at her, he could feel that she was leaning forward.

"Something I ought to know?" he prompted, as he sat back on his heels, his hands, tangled in the bright neckties, were opening and closing spasmodically.

"Yes."

"Well?"

"Eric, I wanted you to—to possess me that night."

Eric became very still.

The girl hurried on: "Oh, I didn't let you see. I took care that you didn't, in fact. But, Eric, if you had persisted—there in my room, you could have stayed. I—I wanted you to stay."

"Then why, in God's name?" He flung around to face her.

She smiled. "I didn't think you would run away, for one thing."

"But you said you weren't free, and all that."

"I wasn't free . . . exactly. But, Eric, I—I wasn't as—as innocent as you supposed. You see, I was running away when I met you. But it really doesn't matter now either way, does it?"

"Doesn't matter? Doesn't matter?" he said weakly.

"No, not now. It changes nothing."

Eric bowed his head over the neckties. "Go on," he said unsteadily.

"Don't you see that I even told you how to get from the wall to my balcony? Oh, you couldn't have suspected! I did it cleverly."

"Then why—why did you send me away?" he asked in a shaken voice.

"I don't suppose I can make you understand." There was a great pity in her gaze; her body under the clinging silk was a thing of soft appeal. "But I loved you, Eric. If it hadn't been for what went before—something that had frightened me—that I was trying to forget. . . . You—you were my renunciation."

The fire was dying in the grate; a gust of wind whistling down the street shook the window panes with a vicious rattle. There was a long silence in the room.

"Sometimes, I've been sorry," she said gently. "Sometimes I've been glad. But if you hadn't helped me . . .!"

Eric's figure was huddled beside the trunk. The girl drew the brocade about her. "I'm sorry, Eric," she said. "I hadn't meant to tell you—to come here, to-night." Still he made no reply. "You'll be happy with your little Marion."

"Mildred," he said dully.

"You'll be happy with your Mildred. I—I am glad."

His haggard eyes were fixed on the floor.

"I'm glad that—that for you, there will be no compromise," she said softly.

"Compromise? Compromise?" he repeated in a low tone, and the word seemed to wander through vast empty spaces. All at once, he felt a great pity for Mildred—for little Mildred with her wedding presents and bright plans of domestic felicity.

"Marcia?" he said. "Marcia?"

Suddenly, the girl started violently and

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clutched at the brocade. Eric, too, leaped as if struck, and both turned their heads involuntarily in the same direction. Buzz, buzz, buzz. The telephone! Eric made a movement toward the door. In a flash the girl was on her feet; the sparkling robe slipped from her shoulders and lay in a glowing pool about her feet; in the dying firelight her figure seemed to become insubstantial—like a delicate column of smoke rising above embers—embers of gold and quivering scarlet that were paling to ashes about her feet. Her dark eyes were fixed on Eric's with a great question in their depths. His feet seemed rooted to the floor. Buzz, buzz, buzz. With a mighty effort he took a step toward the bedroom.

"Eric!" the girl cried, and in her voice there was only a great compassion.

He turned and looked at her.

"Eric?" she repeated. And her words rang like a solemn prophecy that would echo down vacant years: "If you answer that ring, you'll regret it all the days that you have to live."

And, as he looked at her with hunted eyes, he knew that it was true.

Recent Strides of Federal Authority

BY WILLIAM CABELL BRUCE
Senator from Maryland

THE recent adoption of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution calls attention afresh to the fact that the most prominent feature of the constitutional history of the United States is the almost incessant rivalry between the national and State governments that has attended its course. Like Esau and Jacob, who wrestled with each other in the womb of Rebecca, these warring authorities clashed even before the actual birth of American nationality. On the one hand, under the Virginia plan, brought forward in the early stages of the Federal convention of 1787, it was proposed to confer on the national legislature nothing less than the power to negative any State law repugnant, in its opinion, to the acts of the Union, or to any treaty to which the Union might be a party. On the other hand, under the New Jersey plan, presented to the same convention, a *projet* was sketched with national organs almost as feeble as those of the former Articles of Confederation. Later, the Federal constitution was adopted, and the Federal system established, under which a form of civil polity went into effect consisting of two governments, each of which operates directly upon the individual citizen—one a central government created by that constitution, and clothed with supreme authority throughout the United States for certain specific purposes of national moment; and the other the government organized by each of the American States, under its own State constitution, and endowed, within its own limits, with all the proper powers for the management of its domestic affairs. To keep these two governments in their respective orbits the Supreme Court of the United States was devised, and that it, on the whole, has endeavored, with marked ability, dignity, and fidelity, to uphold the American constitutional ideal of an "indestructible Union composed of indestructible States," may be safely affirmed.

It was the belief of *The Federalist* that it would always be far easier for the State governments to encroach upon the domain of the Federal government than for the latter to encroach upon that of the State governments; and for this belief it gave many reasons that seemed plausible enough at the time: such as the remoteness of the national government from the observation of the citizen, the larger circle of vital concerns that connected

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him with his State government, and the like; but the views of *The Federalist* in these respects have been signally falsified by the course of subsequent events. For a while they seemed sound enough; for, in the beginning, every effort of the Federal government to stretch its limbs, even within the limits of their natural freedom, was met with determined obstruction. The power of the Federal judiciary to set aside an Act of Congress, because it was in conflict with the Federal constitution, was denied; so was its power to set aside a State statute for the same reason; and so was the right of a citizen to sue out a writ of error in a criminal case from a State court for the purpose of having a Federal question reviewed by the Supreme Court of the United States. Manifestly, in the absence of those powers and that right, the supremacy of the Federal constitution and laws could not have been vindicated at all. We need say nothing of the opposition set up by the sleepless jealousy of the States to the great series of judicial decisions, beginning with the eventful opinion of Chief Justice Marshall in the case of Marbury *vs.* Madison, by which the Supreme Court, in the earlier decades of our national existence, tellingly expounded still other more or less obvious implications from the express powers conferred upon the national government by the Federal constitution.

Henry Adams, in his "Life of John Randolph of Roanoke," goes so far as to say that the right of a State to interpose, in the case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise by that government of powers not granted to it by the Federal constitution, was "for many years the undisputed faith of a vast majority of the American people." This statement is probably true. Part of its wording was, of course, the very wording employed by James Madison in drafting the famous "Virginia Resolutions" of 1798. As is well known, a separate confederacy of the Northern States was, during the administration of Jefferson, suggested by some of the leading Federalists of that time. Even better known are the separatist tendencies that led up to the Hartford Convention. Later came the nullification movement in South Carolina, and later still the actual secession from the Union of eleven of its members, and the Civil War.

It was really not until the Civil War negatived with the sword the right of any State to sever its relations with the Union at will that any one could say with absolute certainty that *The Federalist* was wrong in believing that the balance of our federal system was more likely to be disturbed by the States than by the national government. Pennsylvania, Georgia, Virginia, Massachusetts, Ohio, Kentucky, had all, at some time or other, held up a more or less extreme interpretation of State rights as a shield against assertions of Federal authority that happened for the moment to be especially obnoxious to them. At some time or other, too, every partisan body—the Federalists, the Anti-Federalists, the earlier Republicans, the Democrats, the later Republicans, the Slaveholders, and the Free-Soilers—had urged a strict or a liberal construction of the national powers under the Federal constitution, accordingly as the one construction or the other best suited their selfish convenience. Over and over again, in reading the story of their changes of position, we are reminded of the stage direction in Hamlet: "Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes." And, when the resistance of the State to an act of Congress or a decision of the Supreme Court had been accompanied by a strong intimation on the part of the State of its readiness, if necessary, to resort to arms, it had usually been the nation and not the State that had yielded.

Nevertheless, throughout the period between the adoption of the Federal constitution and the Civil War, it was the vigor of Federal authority that was waxing and the vigor of State authority that was waning. The gristle of the former was slowly being converted into bone. Even judges of the Supreme Court appointed by such Democrats as Jefferson, Madison, and Jackson proved as austere as any Federalist in insisting upon the plenary measure of sovereignty to which the national government was constitutionally entitled. With the rapid increase of the population and wealth of the United States, which went on from census to census, and the consequent expansion

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of the functions and activities of the Federal power, that government became invested with a greater and greater degree of importance and dignity in the eyes of the general mass of the American people, and especially of that large body of able and ambitious men whom Joseph Story had thought, even when State prestige was substantially unimpaired, "the larger rewards of fame, or emolument, or influence, connected with a wider sphere of action," might "allure to the national councils." Moreover, with the enormous growth of facilities for intercommunication between the States, produced by the multiplication of newspapers, the opening of improved roads and waterways, and the steamboat, the steam-car, and the telegraph, State boundaries became less and less significant, and State consciousness and reserve less and less pronounced.

To these gradual influences, which did so much to strengthen the standing of the Federal government, and to diminish that of the States, the triumph of the national idea in the Civil War gave a tremendous impetus, which, among other things, brought about the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment; and, if that amendment had been construed by the Supreme Court of the United States to mean what its radical framers intended it to mean, Congress would have been invested with a degree of power over the States little short of that sought to be conferred upon it by the Virginia plan of the Federal convention. To use the language of the court in the Slaughterhouse Cases, it would have constituted the Supreme Court "a perpetual censor upon all legislation of the States on the civil rights of their own citizens." This revolutionary result the court averted by deciding that it was not the intent of the amendment to bring within the power of Congress, or the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, "the entire domain of civil rights, heretofore belonging exclusively to the States." Since this decision, which was accompanied, at the same general crisis, by others in which the court upheld the rights of the States or their citizens as firmly as it had upheld those of the nation, the balance between the national and State jurisdictions has been preserved by the court with a high degree of vigilant impartiality, considering the extent to which even courts are always influenced, more or less unconsciously, by profound changes in public opinion. Where a power was distinctly national, such as the power to regulate interstate commerce, it has not hesitated to interpret it in a liberal spirit; and where the power was one that clearly belonged to the States, such as the power to regulate child labor, it has, with equal resolution, repelled every effort of Congress to encroach upon it. But, except so far as it is impeded by the retarding influence of the Supreme Court, the drift in the United States, since the decision in the Slaughterhouse Cases, has been almost unceasingly in the direction of the still further centralization of all political authority in the Federal government. The explanation of this fact is to be found in many causes: such as, the continuation, on a still more enlarged scale, aside from the transitory effects operated by the Civil War, of the centripetal forces that had been at work before the decision in the Slaughterhouse Cases; the invention of the telephone and the radio; the rise of separate groups and *blocs* of voters, bred by the increasing complexity of our social and political life, and each enthusiastically bent upon the propagation by incessant importunity and pressure of some pet hobby or darling object, too eagerly cherished to brook the delay of an appeal to forty-five or more State legislatures instead of to one national legislature; the admission to Statehood of Western communities, reared under the fostering care of the Federal government and destitute of any State traditions or background; the disinclination of women voters, in cases where human sentiment or human sympathy is strongly solicited, to defer to constitutional principles foreign to their previous training; the existence of one-party States in the South, free to depart from fixed party tenets without paying any electoral penalties for doing so; and, lastly, perhaps to some extent the Socialistic impulses which cannot accomplish their visionary objects except through the instrumentality of a single, all-powerful super-state.

In the earlier history of the Federal

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government, its capacity for self-assertion was largely absorbed by its efforts to secure the recognition of powers indispensable to its own practical efficiency; and later by the task of repelling frequent invasions of Federal authority by the States; but finally, with gradual accretions of strength, it became potent enough to penetrate the very core of the domestic life of the States. The extent to which this process of penetration has gone, a brief legislative review will illustrate. In *The Federalist*, Hamilton argued that it was not likely that the Federal government would ever care to supervise agriculture. Beginning in 1838 with an appropriation for "the collection of agricultural statistics and other agricultural purposes," and following this up by the establishment, in 1862, of a Department of Agriculture, Congress has built up a national system of oversight over agriculture which involves a vast annual expenditure, and is organized on a scale that requires the services of such elaborate agencies as the Weather Bureau, the Bureau of Animal Industry, the Bureau of Plant Industry, the Forest Service, the Bureau of Chemistry, the Bureau of Soils, the Bureau of Entomology, the Bureau of Biological Survey, the Division of Publications, the Office of Co-operative Extension Work, the Office of Experiment Stations, Bureau of Dairying, the Office of Agricultural Economics, the Office of Home Economics, the Fixed Nitrogen Research Laboratory, the Insecticide and Fungicide Board, and the Federal Horticultural Board.

In vetoing a bill passed by Congress in 1859, which granted a part of the public lands to each of the States that might provide within five years not less than one college for the teaching of such branches of learning related to agriculture and the mechanical arts as the legislature of such State might prescribe, President Buchanan asserted that Congress did not possess the power to appropriate either money in the treasury, raised by Federal taxes, or the public lands, for the purpose of educating the people of the respective States.

Three years later a bill—now known as the Morrill Act—containing substantially the same provisions as this vetoed bill, but increasing the land largess granted by it, was enacted by Congress; and five years after the passage of the Morrill Act another act of Congress created a Bureau of Education in the Department of the Interior. In 1890 it was provided by a third act of Congress that donations of public land, amounting eventually to $25,000 per annum, were to be made to each State and Territory "for the more complete endowment and maintenance of colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts," and, in 1907, by a fourth act of Congress supplemental appropriations, amounting eventually to $50,000 per annum, were authorized in aid of the donations. Seven years before the passage of this last act, Congress had provided that, whenever the receipts from the sale of public lands should be insufficient to meet the demands of the Act of 1890, the deficit should be met out of "any funds in the national treasury not otherwise appropriated." A still more sweeping incursion into the field of State educational authority is found in the Smith-Towner or Towner-Sterling bill, which is now being urged upon Congress with a degree of force and persistency that augurs favorably for its final triumph. This bill creates a national department of education, and authorizes an annual appropriation of approximately $100,000,000, distributable among the States and Territories, in various proportions, for the purpose of combating illiteracy, promoting Americanization, encouraging physical education, qualifying prospective public-school teachers for their tasks, and promoting the efficiency and usefulness of the public elementary and secondary schools. Fifty millions would be appropriated for the last purpose alone.

To obtain its share of the Federal appropriation, a State would have to pass an act accepting the terms of the bill, and agree to match its share with an equal amount out of its own treasury, applicable to the same purposes. Other measures, marked by this same feature of Federal and State co-operation and fiscal reciprocity, have been actually enacted by Congress in recent years, such as the Smith-Lever Act, for the promotion of agricultural-extension work; the Smith-

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Hughes Act, for the promotion of certain forms of industrial education; the Vocational Rehabilitation Act, for the rehabilitation of persons disabled in industry or otherwise, and their return to civil employment; the Sheppard-Towner Act for the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of Maternity and Infancy; the Act for the Study, Prevention, and Control of Venereal Diseases; the Act for the Co-operative Construction of Rural Post Roads; the Act for the Co-operative Construction of National Forest Roads and Trails; and the Act for the Co-operative Fire Protection of Forested Watersheds of Navigable Streams.

However honest and impartial may have been the motives of Congress in passing legislation of this character, it can hardly be denied that the pecuniary bait that such legislation holds out to the States is closely in the nature of bribery; that a more insidious method of tempting the States to submit to Federal encroachment than the indirect one that it provides could not well be concocted; and that, in the end, it cannot fail by the artificial stimulus that it gives to the spirit of public enterprise to involve the States in disastrous extravagance. The total amount of the Federal subsidies appropriated, pursuant to Federal aid legislation of every kind, during the fiscal year ending in 1924 amounted to no less than $110,377,443.68. Other recent Acts of Congress which have trenched upon the most sensitive functions of the States are the act creating a Children's Bureau, with the power to investigate all questions relating to infant mortality, occupations, accidents, and diseases; to birth-rates, orphanages, and juvenile courts; to the desertion and employment of children, and to legislation affecting them; the act creating a Woman's Bureau, for the investigation of all matters pertaining to the welfare of women in industry; and the act creating a Department of Labor.

Among still other steps, recent or more remote, by which the Federal authority has obtained its present position of aggrandizement, might be mentioned the Acts of Congress creating the Fisheries Bureau, the Bureau of Mines, the Geological Survey, the Federal Trade Commission, with its inquisitorial powers over business concerns engaged in interstate commerce, the Tariff Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the War Finance Corporation, the Federal Farm Loan Bureau, the Federal Power Commission, the Railroad Labor Board, with its jurisdiction over labor disputes, the United States Shipping Board, and the Emergency Fleet Corporation, with its vast mercantile marine; and the Acts of Congress relating to grain and cotton futures, packers and stockyards, the preservation of game, and the system of Western irrigation and power projects, which has come to bulk so conspicuously in Congressional appropriation bills. Later decisions of the Supreme Court under the interstate-commerce clause of the Federal constitution, such as its decision upholding the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission, under certain circumstances, to control intrastate railroad rates, have conspired to produce the same result. So have later decisions of the same court, sustaining the constitutionality of such acts as the Oleomargarine Acts, the Lottery Acts, the Pure Food and Drug Act, the White Slave Traffic Act, the Narcotic Drug Act, and the Acts regulating interstate transportation of intoxicating liquors.

After all, however, nothing since the Civil War has done so much to promote Federal consolidation as the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution: the one by imposing a sumptuary restraint upon the personal liberty of every individual in the United States without the slightest regard to the totally dissimilar manners, usages, and habits which prevail in the different States; and the other by depriving every State of the right to determine for itself whether women should or should not be permitted to exercise the suffrage.

For many years, in our national history, the South was the very citadel of State rights; yet no less than nine senators from the eleven Confederate States voted for the submission of the pending Child Labor Amendment. As for the Northwest, for some years past the attention of Congress has been vexed by fallacious schemes of government patronage proposed by that section for the relief of the farmer, which were really only regional

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efforts to tax all the people of the United States for the benefit of only a part of them. Indeed, of the ninety-six members of the Senate, drawn from all the States, only a handful voted at the last session of the Sixty-eighth Congress against the provisions of the Muscle Shoals Bill which authorized the government to engage in the business of manufacturing commercial fertilizers and other industrial products at Muscle Shoals in competition with its own citizens.

The truth is that the consolidation of the Federal power has reached a point at which, when we are told that its inroads should be sternly resisted, we are reminded of the lines which Dean Swift composed in his senile decay, upon his attention being called to a newly erected building for the storage of arms and powder:

> Behold! a proof of Irish sense;
> Here Irish wit is seen!
> When nothing's left that's worth defence,
> We build a magazine.

But the field is by no means yet lost. The overwhelming defeat, to which the Child Labor Amendment is plainly doomed, is sufficient proof of that; and, moreover, there are not a few other significant tokens of a popular reaction against extreme extensions of the Federal authority; indeed, even some of a popular disposition to recall extensions that have already been made. Especially should this reawakened interest in State rights be shared by the people of those Southern States whose social conditions are such that general control of popular education by the Federal government, and uniform Federal legislation relating to marriage and divorce, might be far more prolific of local derangement and discord within their borders than in any other part of the United States.

One thing is certain: were the Federal government to absorb all the powers of the States, bureaucratic hypertrophy, if nothing else, would render it necessary for that government to create organs of its own for local purposes; unless it were decided that the present functions of the States could be better performed by satraps or proconsuls. If this is so, surely there should be little hesitation in making a choice between subordinate agencies of administration created at Washington, and the local institutions, already created by State constitutions and laws, deeply embedded in the associations, the habits, the sentiments, and the affections of the American people.

The Singing Saviours

BY CLEMENT WOOD

"DEAD men tell no tales!" they chuckled,
As the singing saviours died,
A few serene, the many shackled,
Scourged, tortured, crucified.

Dead men tell no tales. . . . Is Shelley
Dust blown dumbly over the ground?
Are Keats and Burns silenced wholly?
Do Milton's stiff lips give no sound?

Is Shakespeare voiceless, Dante tongueless?
And, in this black, protesting year,
Is the dead Jesus wordless, songless?
Listen. . . . They are all that you can hear!

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My Personal Experience with a Texas Twister

BY LAURA KIRKWOOD PLUMB

IN the days of old the Wizard of Oz made the Kansas cyclone famous. I lived in Kansas then and thought our twisters were somewhat maligned, but I did not realize to what extent until a Texas cyclone recently blew me from there to Seattle, Washington. So many people have asked me about the storm country, and how it feels to be in a cyclone, that I thought others would be interested, too.

I lived on a ranch which comprises forty thousand acres and is ninety miles northeast of Amarillo, in that desolate region of sage-brush and sand called the Texas Panhandle. Several towns are nearer than Amarillo, though the nearest one, Pampa, which means the plain, is still thirty miles away. However, these towns are merely wide places in the road; about the size of the pin-point which dots them on the map. Fortunately for the Panhandle, Amarillo has opened up a large gas-field which has given her a place in the sun. It has also given that part of the world a location point for other than local use.

The Canadian River twists, turns, and worms its weary way through this wind-swept, sun-scorched region. Its bed is a half-mile wide and dry as a bone, except in the centre, where a dwindling thread of moisture has resisted the choking sands. However, in flood times the river is bank full. The ranch borders the Canadian and extends a little over the flats beyond.

The country around the river is different from the plains. It is rough and is called the brakes. Nay, not fern-brakes, with their green restfulness and shadowy shade, but sage-brush and sand-hill brakes surmounted by bleak cap rocks, gaunt sentinels in a land of dreary desolation. Tawny hills here, white ones there, like mounds of bleaching bones with scant clumps of gray sage to hide their nakedness, stretch as far as the eye can reach. And where these hills give way to the plains the same deadly monotony of sage-brush and sand continues. Realism predominates in our literature; but the Western story is still in the hands of the romanticists. The writers still sing of the great open spaces where a man's a man without mentioning the unutterable lonesomeness of these places and the crudeness of the men therein! Realists, awake! There never will be any better places to kick in the seat of the pants the great god, Romance, than these same open spaces.

My husband, who is a Methodist in good standing, has a poker disposition notwithstanding. The only vocation which contains enough of the element of chance for him is the cattle business. For years his winnings exceeded his losses. However, during the war, when the agriculturist was urged to produce, he sold an excellent Kansas ranch, invested the proceeds in a big string of cattle, which encountered a hard winter, later a drouth, and lastly a market in chaos; and produced as per order; but produced, like the rest of the cattlemen, a terrible failure. Curtailing a long and painful tale, we ended up on this Texas ranch, farming a part of the flats on shares with the owner, whom we had known in the days of our prosperity. I cultivated or tutored the owner's children during the school months, while my husband hauled cotton-seed-cake, fed cattle, and later started his crop.

During the school term we lived a community life in the main ranch-house. This is situated in a valley formed by lofty ranges of sand-hills running north and south. A little stream, which originates in springs and is bordered by giant

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cottonwood-trees, flows through the valley down to the river. These trees, with the sand-hills surrounding, shelter the house from the winds—even the terrible Texas northers which vent their rage in sand-storms wherein one can scarcely see across the road.

Later, so that my husband could be nearer his work, we moved to a tenant-house at the crest of the hills to the west. All the necessities of life were here on the flats with the exception of a storm-cave, which proved the most necessary of all. The native Texan is born with the gopher-like habit of keeping one eye on the horizon and the other on the storm-cave for six months out of the year. If no other refuge is available when a cyclone strikes, he lies down flat on the ground and lets the world whiz by!

A rude corral, a small granary, a windmill with a cement tank, and the house formed a feeble attempt at civilization in the wilderness. My nearest neighbor was the owner's wife at the main ranch-house a mile and a half to the east, the next in proximity was four miles south. Neither house was visible!

Lonesome? Yes. But wait until the evening shadows begin to fall, then the deadly silence is deeper still. There are no friendly lights from near-by houses to cheer one. No sounds of human life to greet the ears. Nothing! After the day's toil is over, one does not go out for a change of scene and rest, and no one drops in for an evening's call with the new interests attendant thereon. In the evening the mournful cries of the turtle-doves in the heavens above seem but the complaint of the human soul against life's unutterable dreariness! Books are wonderful companions, that's true. But even they pall upon a normal human being unless he can make a happy mixture of them with the society of his fellows.

Our first night had two touches that might have proved human enough to salve the lonesomeness a bit, but they came to naught. We heard the cry of a cat just at dusk. Out of the house we rushed, for we needed a family feline for an animated mouse-trap. But Tabby saw us first. As she had not seen the genus homo for many moons, she paused not for a second glance. We put out meat and milk. But this is one cat that never came back.

About midnight I heard the sharp bark of what was apparently a dog at our door-step. I turned to my husband, who had just awakened, and whispered: "Listen, there's the family pup!"

Then the barks gave way to the wailing hysterical yelps of the coyote, that howl which is the quintessence of lonesome desolation. I pulled the covers over my head and shuddered.

"You will never get used to the wild!" my husband chuckled.

"No, I won't. Right now the flat wheel on a street-car would sound to me like Caruso," I retorted. And it would have! The great open spaces when the lone coyote begins to howl, oh, my!

The sound died away as the coyote trailed denward. Our dog never was seen again, but he was sometimes heard.

The house faced south. It had three rooms with a south door leading into each, with north windows opposite the doors for ventilation. There were no east and west windows, no halls, no cupboards! Nothing but four cheerless walls. This is the popular style of architecture in the rural districts of the South. I furnished the west room for a bedroom, the middle for a dining-room, living-room, reception hall, kitchen, and what not, while I left the east one for a storeroom.

The structure had a peaked roof. This with a foundation of concrete above the ground made it a story and a half high. The house rocked in the northers, and when they whipped around to the south it rocked and rocked again. However, the building had withstood the storms for seven years, so why not another? Fatal logic!

I have spoken at length of the frightfully lonely conditions under which we lived because they forced me to turn to the only thing left for companionship—the sky. I became a connoisseur of sunsets. Evening after evening I watched the master painter depict the dying sun in the glorious tints that are heaven's alone. Through this sun-worship, I first noticed lowering clouds on the southwest horizon about eight-thirty of that memorable Friday evening.

At the sight of the angry clouds I

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turned to the house with a shudder. The storm looked like an electrical one. And the house had an old-fashioned lightning-rod system on it which was partially wrecked. Two steel points reached up for the flash of death, and perhaps would have grounded it; but a third bent over the roof menacingly. These relics of the dark ages still exist in out-of-the-way places.

The sun had fallen behind the western sand-hills by now. The clouds were mounting the sky rapidly. The centre was as black as pitch, the fringes were yellow. "Wind!" I cried out to my son, who was standing beside me playing in the windmill tank. "What terrible clouds! Why doesn't your father come? What shall we do? Let's run to the field and lie down between the furrows! It's the only thing we can do!"

"Yes, and have a centipede or a rattlesnake crawl on us!" the boy answered.

We had killed two centipedes, frightful creatures, about six inches long in the yard the day before. And at noon my husband had come in with a rattler's scalp consisting of seven rattles and a button. So the incidents were very fresh in the boy's mind. I looked up at the clouds and then down to the ground. "The centipedes and the snakes get us," I retorted, as we started toward the field with our eyes on the storm, waiting to flatten ourselves upon the ground at a moment's notice.

By this time the lightning had become terrible. It was flashing from three directions. Great vertical streams cleaved the west, alternating with rivers of fire to the south and north. I turned away from a particularly vicious flash and, facing the east, espied my husband urging his four-mule team, hampered by a saddle-horse, which was a poor trailer, over the rim of the sand-hills. He was bringing a load of milo-maize seed from the ranch-house, which must not get damp. He had not seen the clouds from the valley; the storm had come up too quickly.

I opened the corral gate, a barbed-wire one, with the lightning popping at my heels, while he drove around to the east room of the house. He unhitched the mules hurriedly from the wagon and started to the corral with them. I led the saddle-horse.

"It is a cyclone," I shouted.

"Nerves!" my husband replied. "There is no funnel. Besides, the storm is too high in the heavens. It's nearly to the zenith!"

"But look at the color of the clouds!"

"The reflection of the sun on them," he retorted.

"I'm not going into the house, anyhow," I answered.

"Want a shower-bath?" he jeered.

Now I know that my husband's motto has always been safety last. But he is so convincing when he is taking a chance, and his optimism is so contagious, that even my Scotch carefulness cannot withstand him. Then, too, at this psychological moment a terrific flash of lightning tore through the air. It must have struck something in the field near us, for the crack of the thunder was like the detonation of an immense gun. It stunned my ears momentarily! I grabbed my boy's hand and ran, ran for the only place to get into, the house!

I entered the general utility room, where I paused. Death grinned at me! I turned toward the oil-stove, in the oven of which I had placed my husband's supper. "Sit down a minute, son," I said, "while I heat this food!" I reached for a match. My good angel must have whispered to me, for I reflected: "Nerves or no nerves, this is a frightful storm. The supper can wait!" I led my boy into the bedroom. Death stalked at our heels.

Here the boy started to undress, saying: "Mother, it is getting so dark. I want to go to sleep in my own little bed!"

"Don't, son; come lie on the foot of my bed with me; I am so frightened!" I replied, as I turned to light a lamp which stood on a table near me.

As we flung ourselves on the bed I realized that there was not a sound anywhere. A horrible vacuum of quiet! I sat upright in terror. Then I heard a roar. But my husband's attitude had been so sure that I cried out in relief: "Oh, the blessed, blessed rain has come! The worst is over!"

But the roar was not rain. It was wind. The house gave a frightful lurch. Then I heard a terrible crunching sound like giant footsteps. The house was bumping over the ground. I realized now that my

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husband, son, and I were at the mercy of a Texas cyclone! Next the house turned over!

The sounds from the general utility room, whence my son and I had just come, were like a mountain avalanche. A heavy chiffonier, a big box of books, and a refrigerator placed against the south wall took a sixteen-foot drop through a safe and an iron heating stove, and their remains ploughed through an oil-stove and the dining-table, all stopping short in a twisted heap as the house came to rest on its north side. In this upheaval the north wall became the floor, the south wall became the roof, and the real floor took the place so recently vacated by the south wall. As the floor space was sixteen feet, everything in the house, including the boy and me, took a drop ranging from one to sixteen feet—and we took it in a hurry.

Fortunately for us the bedroom was scantily furnished. The bed, which was just a pallet, was placed on some low furniture crates. As I felt it moving under me, I grabbed my son in my arms and closed my eyes. My last thought was: "And this is the end of it all!"

Then darkness came over me! I think my mind went blank from terror. My next conscious act was gasping for breath. My mouth and nose were full of dust from the walls and ceiling. Soon I realized that I was still on the mattress, which was now on the floor, with my boy standing at my side. I could hear my husband's agonized voice calling from out-of-doors: "Answer me! Answer me!"

"We're safe!" I shouted. "But it is as dark as pitch in here."

The doors were sixteen feet in the air and the windows faced the ground. I turned around like a trapped animal. Then I espied a streak of light. I shoved my son toward it and we scurried out through a hole between the floor and the west wall; out from the Stygian darkness of death into the light of life. No rain was falling! The stars were shining overhead! The storm had gone now to the east and north of us; but the cyclone part had blown itself out. The twister wrecked the house, the windmill, and my husband's truck. Its path was about fifty feet wide and extended less than a mile. This was strewn with wreckage.

My favorite story of the freakish action of cyclones is that of the Nebraska twister which blew a dozen little chickens into a teakettle. From this the farmer's wife served chicken soup—merely straining out the feathers—to her homeless and foodless neighbors until the relief train arrived from Lincoln. But this Texas twister flipped up the platform of a wheat-binder which stood north of the house, and the peaked roof came down upon the platform as it came up. This alone held the north wall a little off the ground; otherwise the house, which so miraculously escaped demolishment in the twist of the wind, would have collapsed upon us from the impact. As it was, the force of the fall knocked out the entire east end, and separated the floor from the west wall, through which aperture my son and I crawled from the bedroom. When one considers the frailty of the platform of a wheat-binder, the chicken soup takes its place among the verities.

Song-writers, columnists, jokers, and all that frothy fringe of the litterateurs tell us things are not the same from the outside looking in as they are from the inside looking out. This holds true in cyclones! My husband, after he had finished with the mules, ran to unload the wagon. He heard the roar of the wind, but believed it the approaching rain. He grabbed a sack of seed from the wagon and hurried with it to the east room. As he placed the sack on the door-sill to open the door, the house walked away from him. He said had he seen Harold Lloyd chasing a house in the movies, he would have known the scene was faked. In a second the house turned over and the entire east end fell at his feet with a crash. Then he began his agonized cries, which finally reached us.

We were afraid that the house might collapse on us, so we left the salvaging of the furniture and our clothes until the next day, taking a chance on rain which would have ruined them. We were really too badly shaken to do anything. Property seemed of very little value to us then, for we had just faced death! We did pull out some wraps and a quilt which were near the aperture in the bedroom.

While my husband was hitching up a team to take us to the main ranch-house, my boy and I stood huddled by the wagon

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waiting. Through my mind flashed a thought, the terrible price that is paid for pioneering. It may be all right when things go well, but in an emergency one is helpless. Had we been pinioned under the furniture in that overturned house, or otherwise injured, a week's time or maybe more would have intervened before help would have reached us. In the meantime we would have died from starvation, horror, and our wounds. Or had we been killed we would have lain there unattended in death, as the wild animals do in the fields. It seems impossible that such a thing could happen in the midst of this twentieth-century civilization, but it can and does. The house had no telephone and no one ever passed that way, for it was off the main road and hidden by a slight roll of the prairie. The only one who ever came near was the owner, who occasionally brought the mail and our supplies. But even he had just left for an indefinite length of time on a big cattle-drive to the north. These thoughts were in keeping with the weirdness around. We were in semidarkness with not a sign of life anywhere, while the storm was dying away on the horizon with great flashes of lightning to the east and north.

As I tried to climb into the wagon, I realized that I had been hurt. I stopped a wash-stand with my back. We found it with the remains of the lamp, whose flame the concussion had fortunately extinguished, piled up on the mattress where I had been. Wash-stands are all right in their place, but this one took a back-handed thrust at me. Base ingratitude! I had just rescued the old-fashioned thing from the junk pile and reinstated it in the family circle.

As a result of this cyclone, I blew out to the Puget Sound country for a summer's rest. For here a storm is so unusual that it is termed something out of the ordinary. Nerves! Well, I'll say so. But then I don't believe that Barney Oldfield would trade his racer for a Texas cyclone; or Lieutenants Macready and Kelly would go in for a non-stop flight between time and eternity, such as I did. Do you?

The Mocking-Birds

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

Oh! all day long, they flood with song
The forest shades, the fields of light;
Heaven's heart is stilled, and strangely thrilled
By ecstasies of lyric might;
From flower-crowned nooks of splendid dyes,
Lone dells a shadowy quiet girds,
Far echoes wakening, gently rise,
And o'er the woodland track send back
Soft answers to the mocking-birds!

The winds in awe, no gusty flaw
Dare breathe in rhythmic Beauty's face;
Nearer the pale-gold cloudlets draw
Above a charmed, melodious place;
Entrancéd nature listening knows
No music set to mortal words,
Nor nightingales that woo the rose,
Can vie with these deep harmonies
Poured from the minstrel mocking-birds!

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But vaguely seen through gulfs of green,
We glimpse the plumed and choral throng;
Sole poets born, whose instincts scorn
To do song's lowliest utterance wrong,
Whate'er they sing, a sylvan art,
On each wild, wood-born note conferred,
Guides the hot brain, and hurtling heart;
Oh! magical flame, whence pulsing came
This passion of the mocking-bird?

Aye! . . . pause and hark! . . . be still, and mark
What countless grades of voice and tone
From bosk and tree, from strand and sea,
These small, winged genii make their own;
Fine lyric memories live again,
From tuneful burial disinterred;
To magnify the fiery strain
Which quivering trills, and smites the hills
With rapture of the mocking-bird!

. . . . . .

Oh! all day long the world with song
Is flooded, till the twilight dim;
What time its whole, mysterious soul
Seems rippling to the conscious brim;
Arcadian Eve through tranquil skies
Pastures her stars in radiant herds;
And still the unwearied echoes rise,
And down a silvery track send back
Fond greetings to the mocking-birds!

At last—fair boon!—the summer moon
Beyond the hazed horizon shines;
Ah! soon through night they wing their flight
To coverts of Aŏlian pines;
A tremulous hush! . . . then sweet and grand
(From depths the dense, fair foliage girds)
Their love-notes fill the enchanted land;
Through leaf-wrought bars they storm the stars,
These love-songs of the mocking-birds!

NOTE—The above poem was the last ever read in public by my father, Paul Hamilton Hayne, the occasion being the thirty-fourth anniversary of his wedding (May 20, 1886), and the town Macon, Ga. My father's health was very frail (he died July 6, 1886), but he accepted the invitation of his Macon friends to appear before them, and spend an evening at the Atheneum Club. After reading "The Mocking-Birds," my mother and himself were presented with a silver pitcher and goblets, which are now in my possession. The poem probably appeared in some newspaper, but I have no printed copy of it, and it would have been lost to the public if I had not made a fortunate discovery. Recently, in examining an old box containing some literary material, I was much gratified to find "The Mocking-Birds." The poem had been carefully copied by my mother, and, after reading it several times, I decided it would be a pity to allow verses of such excellence to remain in oblivion.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.

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Nowisky, Otherwise Volstead

BY A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

THERE is scandal and gloom at Pine River College. The president is under suspicion. The football coach is explaining. The registrar says he knows nothing about it. The business office refuses to disclose facts. The State Association of Colleges, after an investigation, has reproved and rejected.

The whole thing has to do with the motives and abilities of Mike Nowisky. Mike lives on a farm near the college. His people are poor. They have not "been over" long. At high school Mike had listened to representatives of various institutions of learning tell how gloriously shiny is the halo about the head of the youth who works his way through college. Mike learned English in school, and American everywhere. He wasn't sure whether the boy with the halo worked the faculty or worked with his hands. His adventurous soul was willing to try anything once. He had worked with his great hands; he had smiled his slow contagious smile at the young women fresh from the university who taught him in high school.

Mike longed for college. College seemed gorgeous. There was the glittering band at football games. He exulted in their proud marching, his feet beating time and his heart beating overtime. His music-loving soul responded to the joyous carollings of the glee club. "Swinging Down the Lane" was tantalizing enough, but when those youthful throats poured out undying loyalty to dear old Pine River, "matchless college of the West," he longed to add his high tenor to the collective vow of deathless affection. The high visibility of the red ribbons diagonally across their more or less snowy shirt-fronts suggested royalty. True he felt the "dress suit" would be awkward on his bulging form, though the young fellows who wore them seemed at home in them. (He had not heard the president tell the glee club how their appearance reminded him of the famous scripture, "and they rent their clothes.") Mike loved above all to sing.

And here began the trouble.

Mike presented himself in the president's office "to find out about this working yourself through college," at a time when the glee-club coach was lamenting that the club was all shot to pieces. The professors who had scouted for students had discovered a wealth of football material, a goodly galaxy of debating stars, plenty of valedictorians and salutatorians of high-school classes, but not a real tenor. There were basses enough and plenty for the middle parts, and two or three who could reach the high notes and accomplish barber-shop effects of a rasping sort; but a real tenor hadn't registered in Pine River. If the dress suits with the flamboyant red ribbons were again to bring renown to the old college on the spring-vacation trip, a real tenor must be discovered.

Mike spoke *con amore* of his desire and came near *tremolo* in his eagerness. The president encouraged him but was cautiously vague. The good jobs in the dining-room were all taken. The two hotels down-town had all their waiters. The janitor's assistants had already been assigned. Every known furnace not stoked by its owner or its owner's wife had been spoken for. The laundries had agents, the clothes-pressers had agents, the soda-fountains had mixers, stores had boys for Saturdays: there had been early birds after all the jobs.

Mike was appealing. It was hard to be certain whether it was his smile, or his beautiful voice or his eagerness. The glee-club coach was a man of action, however. "Say, boy," he blurted, before the president had done much but listen (and the president was a rare listener), "do you sing? Can you carry a tune? Do you know music? Oh, here, come to my studio. I want to see you."

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Uncomprehending, the tall lad obeyed. With Old World courtesy he bowed low to the president and followed this strange, sudden man who didn't say a farewell word to his chief.

Mike could sing. He knew music. He could carry a tune—anywhere, but especially in the high altitudes. Soon he was left to hold down a chair in the studio while the now excited music man hurried back into the president's sanctum with determination in both eyes.

"Say, we've got to have him. He's the tenor. He's one tenor in a thousand. He'll make the glee club. I'll board him myself and room him. He can tend the furnace or the baby or help my wife with the dishes. Holy Paderewski, he's got a voice like a seraph in a first-string angel choir. Can't you give him a scholarship? I don't care about that fool rule the faculty have about no scholarships for freshmen. He's got to stay. I'll take up a collection. I——"

But the president shook his head. "I'll not bait a new student. No scholarship until a student shows real scholarship ability. Besides they're all gone. Fund's exhausted. Overdrawn. I could use twenty-five hundred dollars that isn't in sight for proved students in the upper classes. Never were there so many."

But Mike's appealing smile was being remembered. "Wait—! I've a fund of my own, and it isn't bound by rules. Let me look. I've got it! I'll give him enough for tuition. Sign him up."

And so he was registered. Nowisky, Michael Krowatsky, became to the faculty a freshman, and to a joyous student body, instructive in its christenings, Nowisky became "Volstead," and his first name, never used, was announced to be Prohibition.

But so long as Mike knew himself to be a freshman, they could call him what they pleased. He would be Volstead or Carrie Nation or Frances Willard. He would tend the baby or the furnace or the lawnmower, if he could only be one of the joyous crowd.

The athletic coach had the best football squad of his experience—and no quarter-back. Alert as he was with the training of his perspiring giants, he longed for a quarter-back. His captain could do the head work and could call signals, his backs were promising; but for a fast quarter-back with big hands to throw passes he would sell his hardened soul.

And with his absurd little green cap on his shock of blonde hair there was Mike on the side-lines. The coach looked him over, felt him over, then bowled him over with words like the singing teacher's: "I want you!"

Mike was conscious and ill at ease in a football suit. His tough arm obeyed instructions and he threw. Could—he—pass? The coach was ecstatic. For three days underlings handled the line, the ends, and the backs. A four-year man belabored the freshman aspirants to football glory, while the coach and Mike worked behind the gymnasium alone, save for two incredulous ends of experience who caught the Volstead passes. Sworn to secrecy Volstead spent night hours with his new tyrant, the coach. He learned it as though his ancestors had all been letter men. It wasn't reasonable, it wasn't precedented, but he absorbed football like a sponge. He was ready for the first game.

Soon no secrecy existed. The quarter-back was a sensation. If there had been any doubt about the Pine River claim to the State championship it was gone. The students who nicknamed him said he was a bear, a whiz, and a wonder. The newspapers of the whole State carried his fame. The championship was settled.

And the scandal spread. Pine River had bought him. He was being given board, room, and tuition to play football. The association called the athletic conference representatives together and the damnable facts were before them. Nowisky, Michael Krowatsky, was declared ineligible. He had come to Pine River with no money. One Pine River professor was giving him board and room. The president, so long a stickler for institutional proprieties, had violated his own rules and had made an exception of Mike by granting him free tuition on account of his athletic ability, and this from the one president in the State who had been loudest in his denunciation of athletic abuses, and most prompt to protest against the subterfuges of unprincipled coaches. Volstead was disqualified. Pine River College was proved a liar, a cheat,

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and a hypocrite. The championship games were forfeit.

Again the newspapers carried columns about the Wonderful Pole. All explanations were laughed to scorn. It was too easy, too palpable a fraud. They'd helped him—listen, those Pine River folks had given him money because he could sing! Because he was a tenor! Tell it to Sweeny! Whoever heard of Pine River caring about tenors? Hadn't they had the football championship for ten years? That was how, was it: the president had a private fund. He had, had he? Well, most presidents had sense enough to let the alumni pay the football men, or let the business men pay out the large checks for the little work done in their stores. The president's fund! That's a good one. Rah for music! Three Rahs for Art! Pine River pays tenors!

So Nowisky had brought gloom—as much gloom as the original Volstead. Never again can he compete in athletics. Let him sing. Let him wear a red ribbon diagonally across his shirt front, let him wear a borrowed or rented suit of evening clothes. The State Athletic Association is free from scandal, and Pine River, instead of its annual hilarious football banquet, can this year call together a great crowd of cheering friends and—let—the—glee—club—sing.

The Last Appeal

BY ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN

THE thirty-year reunion of the class was drawing to a close. We sat around the table in the comfortable state induced by a good dinner, choice cigars, and a little illegal comfort, for, as Jack Chilton, our president, said truly, "it takes about two drinks to make a man feel like an alumnus." From the very start at the Phi Chi House, where we had amused ourselves guessing the names of the children and grandchildren, through the motor trips and the spread at Ben Goddard's palatial suburban home, and the baseball game and the alumni parade, the beaming countenance of the president had carried everything off triumphantly. The class was his hobby; it had been for years the substitute for the wife he never had and the children of whom he may have dreamed, and the classes which have the good luck to have a Jack Chilton in them will know what I mean. On the last night at the dinner which was to wind up the two days' revival of old and fragrant memories, he was surpassing himself. For the tenth time he had risen, rapped on the round table of the University Club for order, and cleared his throat.

"Fellows," he began, "it had been the hope of the committee to have every man in the class present at this reunion, and until to-night we expected that at this final dinner, at least, we'd have the whole crowd together. But something has happened to Downs and Upton. Both sent word they were coming, and I don't understand what's kept them. They had a long way to come, of course, and something's happened to them. At any rate, we're sorry they're not here, and if there were anything left to drink, we'd drink their healths, for they were good fellows. But Bill Jeffers here has drunk up all there is."

Jeffers interrupted. "You're an optimist, Jack," he said. "You wouldn't know them if you saw them, you old bluff, for they haven't been to a reunion for twenty years at least."

It was a matter of pride to Jack Chilton that he had known everybody in the class, and a retort was just forming on his lips when a deep voice from behind him sounded above the mellow din of the dinner-table.

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"Here's a test, Jack," came from the tall and sunburned man to whom the voice belonged. "Which am I, Downs or Upton?"

If there were any doubt in Jack Chilton's mind, he never showed it.

"Bill Downs, by all that's lucky!" he said, and grabbing the newcomer's hand, he led him to one of the two vacant seats. "Tell us," he continued, "what kept you, and where's Upton?"

His companion settled into the chair with a sigh of relief. "I had the dickens of a time to get here, and I haven't seen Upton. I suppose he's been caught in the same washout of the P. & Q. that kept me. I'm famished, boys, and if prohibition——"

Patton and Austin on either side of him ministered to him, and he brightened visibly.

"It's good to see you all," he broke out, as though he had been silent a long time. "You fellows in the East don't know how it is with us. You can come back every year to these things, but it seems like a dream that I'm really here. I nearly broke a leg, too, to get here. It was only the letter from that old fraud, Jack Chilton, that brought me. 'Make the sixty-eight of '94 complete,' and all that kind of stuff, you know. And now you say Upton isn't here, and we're one short. It's too bad," and he returned to his soup.

"Well, we're almighty glad to see you, anyway," chimed in a dozen or more, and then Austin began: "If somebody had to miss out, perhaps it's just as well—" and then he hesitated, for the president took the words out of his mouth. "No reflections on the absent," he warned, and Austin, a bit red, felt called on to defend himself.

"You all know what I mean," he said half apologetically. "They say Upton could have been governor of his State if he hadn't withdrawn just a week before the primaries, 'on account of his health,' he gave out, but every one knew he'd been got at. Some said it was a woman, others that his accounts were short—at any rate, he's been dead politically ever since."

"I don't believe his accounts were short," said Patton slowly, "but I have heard about the woman. I know a man who lived in that State for ten years, just about the time of the election. According to him, she was the wife of Upton's best friend, too. It must have been a pretty bad case, no sudden flare-up, but a rather sordid hole-and-corner affair. In fact, it never quite came out; his enemies just threatened him with it, and he caved in."

"Which proved it, of course," Austin added sagely.

"I think you're both wrong," broke in Goddard, who had been visibly trying to suppress his information for several minutes. "I believe that woman business was a frame-up; but I do know something about the money end of it. Upton had gotten a number of people interested in mining stock, and when the bottom fell out he sold out his own interest first, and let the rest stand the loss. I know a man who was one of the crowd that lost. That's what killed him. There were going to be big contracts for the next governor to sign, and the solid interests of the State didn't want any one in the chair who wasn't above suspicion."

Jack Chilton had been growing more and more uneasy. "Look here," he blurted out, "I don't like this, by a —— sight. Here we are gossiping like a lot of old women. You all may have the facts or you may not, but I for one would take Jeff Upton's word against the whole blame lot of stories. Wouldn't you?" and he turned suddenly to Armstrong, the class secretary, who had been strangely quiet, for him, and who seemed to be unable to take his eyes off the late comer, who had been making up for his delay by close attention to his food.

Armstrong took his pipe out of his mouth and meditatively emptied his ashes on a tray.

"They sound too much like smoking-car stories," he remarked, "to suit me."

Patton felt called upon to defend his position too. "You two fellows are for Upton, just because he belongs to the class. I think Jeff Upton, if he were here, would want us to give him no benefits, but to judge him fairly, class or no class."

"There doesn't seem to be any unusually charitable attitude here, in any case," said Armstrong, "but I say, Downs, you knew Upton pretty well. Now you've

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satisfied the worst pangs, can't you tell us what really happened?"

The bronzed and bearded countenance seemed to grow an even deeper red as its owner replied to Armstrong but looked at the president.

"If you fellows really would like to hear the inside facts about Upton," he said, "I'd better begin at the beginning. When Upton first went West he was in poor shape, and instead of practising law he had to keep in the open as much as possible. So he travelled around the State a bit and he found some land that nobody wanted, and he bought it, for it looked to him as though there might be ore in it. You remember how he used to be always fooling around the mineralogy lab at college, and he knew a bit about the game. Well, to make a long story short, he found graphite there, and he organized a company, getting a number of people in it." He looked at Goddard, who nodded wisely.

"Well, they began to develop the property. I was in for a bit myself. Those things take time, you know, and they have to be financed pretty carefully. Upton was treasurer of the concern, and he borrowed money from the banks in the State capital, for the security was good. Then Upton got into politics. He took his party seriously, and he seemed to think he had a mission to reform the State. Now, as a matter of fact, both parties were pretty much under the same control, and while the people thought they were electing candidates in the primaries, things were really fixed in a room by a few skilful gentlemen who were on the job all the time. Certain interests in the State had selected the candidates for both parties, but there were quite a lot of workers in Upton's party who had grown tired of being beaten, and they came to him and asked him to run. The chances looked good to him, and they were. The man who was sure of the nomination on the other ticket had a weak record, and Upton was getting to be known and respected. So he said he'd let his name go on the primary ticket of his party. The newspapers began to notice this, and the best of them backed him; for the interests that were supporting his opponent were growing a bit too tyrannical, and people were getting restive.

"Then a month before the primaries came off, Upton found that certain pretty large notes had to be renewed by the banks who were financing his company's properties, and he went down to the State capital to renew them. To his surprise he was told that they regretted—but funds were not available. He was puzzled, for the security was ample, but he went to other banks and secured new promises to loan him the money when the notes fell due. But a few days later, came letters from the second crop of banks, telling him they regretted, etc., but funds were low and they couldn't loan him the money. Then he began to see what he was up against. The interests that had controlled the State for years had no intention of letting him run. He called a meeting of the stockholders of his company, and put himself in their hands. I shall never forget that meeting. You could see Upton grow old right there. He told them that in his belief they could not secure the renewal of the loans while he remained a candidate for the nomination. He also told them of his desire to be of service to the State, and he sketched in brief the things he hoped to do. He was visionary, but he was right in the main, and it made my heart ache to hear him, and know it was all up with his dreams. For the stockholders fell on him and informed him plainly that his first duty was to them: he had persuaded them to invest their money in his enterprises, and he must protect them. He agreed to do so, and after they went, he told me how bitter the dose was. For there was no reasonable excuse that he could offer for withdrawing at that late date from the contest. He gave it out that his health forbade him to run, but no one believed him. And a week after the announcement of his withdrawal was made, he got from the banks all the funds he needed. Then a little later the rumors you have heard about there being a woman in the case began to start. It was cruel, for his wife was ailing, and they got to her before she died. That's the story—as I know it."

He looked around the room as though he only half saw the crowd of faces. "I'd like to take back to him when I see him again, a word from the class, that they think he did the right thing."

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Austin jumped to his feet. "I move, Mr. President," he cried, "that it is the sense of this meeting that Jeff Upton did the only thing a man could do, and that the class is with him."

The president put the motion and joined in the chorus of "ayes!" "I don't need to call for the 'noes,'" he began, and then the telephone back of his chair rang out its insistent call.

"Hello," he said. "Yes—we're still here. Why, of course, come right up—but who is that—yes, of course, I know you, but——"

He turned a puzzled look across the table where the speaker who had so eloquently pleaded Upton's cause sat, with his head between his hands.

"Fellows," Chilton began, "when Upton comes in, let's give him a class yell. Are you ready: hip?—hip!—" and the quick, sharp yell of the class rang out, with "Upton! Upton! Upton!" after it.

The last comer, another bronzed and stalwart figure, stared at the crowd for a moment, then he saw his counterpart come forward and grasp his hand.

"Bill Downs," he heard him say, "I borrowed your name, or rather Jack Chilton called me by it when I came in, and I've worn it for a few minutes—while I got my own back. You won't mind, I guess."

Then he turned to the class again.

"Do you mind my telling you what that vote of confidence means to me? And even more, that cheer! I had no intention of coming here at first," he said, "for I knew what had been said of me, and I couldn't see myself facing you all. For you would all have been pleasant, and no one would have let me feel any difference, but I should have known, and I couldn't have said anything. But when I got old Jack's letter I couldn't help coming. And then when he made his mistake it suddenly flashed on me that I had a chance to tell you. I've never cared much to explain, for it's dangerous still in my State to the people who have trusted me to speak the whole truth. But if there's one place where I can be free to speak it's surely here. I've thought and thought about it till my brain gets confused when I try to go back and work it out again."

He paused a moment and flung his hand across his forehead, brushing back his hair in a way they all remembered. They remembered, too, though they had forgotten it, how Upton had stood out against the whole class in senior year, when they had planned to exclude the one undesirable member from the Class Day exercises, and how he had shamed them to his way of thinking after a stormy debate.

"Sometimes I think I should have let them do their worst, and have sacrificed even the people who had trusted their money to me for the sake of a greater good to the State. There was so much to do, and I could have done it. What do you really think, fellows?"

Chilton raised his hand for silence. "We've already told Jeff what we think," he said, "before we knew who he was. We don't need to answer him. Except in the old way"—and his mellow voice led them in the song:

"Here's to good old Upton, drink it down, drink it down,
Here's to good old Upton, drink it down—
If he cannot pay the score,
Let him call on Ninety-four,
For his credit's good forever, drink it down, down, down!"

A Suicide

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

His fortune, honor, happiness and pride
He rashly gambled, trusting luck and wit;
But losing, losing, bitterly he cried,
"This game is played with loaded dice!" and quit.

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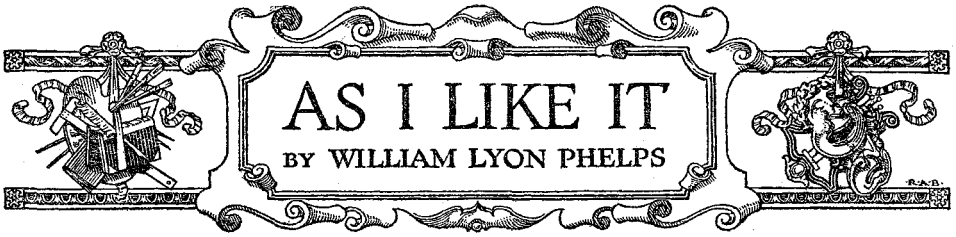

SINCLAIR LEWIS resembles Tamburlaine: he is the Scourge of God. He can point with pride to a mountain of American skulls, his unaided achievement. Of the three Sinclairs, Upton has slain his hundreds, May her thousands, and Lewis his ten thousands. The announcement of a new book by Lewis sets the storm signals flying; nothing will survive except what is well built on a sound foundation. The only difficulty is that if Lewis is all right about the world, it is not worth destroying. Joseph Conrad, comparing himself with one of the most famous of his contemporaries, told me: "He hates humanity, but thinks he can improve it; I love humanity, but think it is unimprovable." Each of these two men had therefore a good reason for writing; but if Lewis's new hero, Doctor Arrowsmith, thinks that mankind is not worth saving, Lewis ought to think it is not worth destroying.

"Arrowsmith" is Lewis's best book. It is not so encyclopædic as "Main Street," and it is not probable that Arrowsmith will become a generic name like Babbitt, but the book contains heights and depths not to be found in the two previous novels. Even if the reader does not believe a word of what is said of doctors in general or of the foundations for medical research, the whole book is worth reading for the sake of one character —Leora. I insist that "Main Street" and "Babbitt" are nearer caricature than realism; but Leora is a living, breathing, extraordinarily lovable woman, the greatest of her author's creations. It may be that Lewis meant to write a bitter satire on the medical profession; but the surest proof that he is a literary artist as well as a master of burlesque, is Leora. I shall remember her long after I have forgotten the laboratories.

And there is a good reason for this. The scientific part of the book is, as the author manfully confesses, "worked up"; he does not know much more about science than I, and he could not possibly know less. In order to set up the framework for this novel, he must have worked harder than many a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. While all these formulæ are second-hand and used by a man who has learned how to use any material necessary for the structure of a novel, Leora is as natural as an exhalation, as inevitable as a sunrise.

Which proves, if any one had doubted it—I have never doubted it since the year 1906—that Sinclair Lewis is a literary artist.

With a sure instinct for what is contemporary, he chose for hero a physician. In 1888 it was natural enough that Mrs. Humphry Ward should have selected a clergyman; but during the last fifteen years the doctor is the winning card. People so different as Mary Roberts Rinehart and Arthur Schnitzler knew what they were about when they wrote "K" and "Doctor Bernhardi." The vast majority of readers are composed of women, many of whom have turned from the priest to the doctor. The Deity universally worshipped to-day is neither God nor Mammon. He is Hygiene.

The mystery of the priest and the glamour of the soldier unite in the modern specialist; and Lewis, who knows what the world is thinking and talking about, made no mistake in choosing Arrowsmith.

I do not need to recommend "Arrowsmith" to Scribnerians; you will read it anyhow. I read it with enjoyment and with renewed and increased admiration for its author's astonishing gift of mimicry. Two things perhaps need to be said; Lewis calls attention to the commercialization of the medical profession, which, however, applies equally well to the profession of letters. Secondly, if, as is possible, our author has no philosophy of life, the "stuffed shirts" whom he de-

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lights to deflate have really more sense than the lonely scientist in pursuit of truth. For with no basis, the love of truth is as purely sentimental and not a whit more reasonable, than any other religion or indeed any other emotion.

After reading this brilliant novel, close the book and your eyes, and think how many country physicians are on their rounds healing the sick and cheering the faint-hearted. Thank God for the surgeons, the practitioners, and the specialists! And you, who delight in seeing the medicos satirized, you yourself will perhaps to-morrow . . .

A curious coincidence is the simultaneous publication of "Arrowsmith" or "Martin Arrowsmith," as it is irritatingly named in the English edition, and "The Painted Veil," by Somerset Maugham. Both novels have as hero one who is an M.D. and a bacteriologist; in both novels he goes to a town where the inhabitants are dying like flies, fights the disease, and makes valuable experiments.

This is the only similarity I have observed between Maugham and Lewis, the ultra-sophisticated Englishman and the primitive American. For at heart Lewis hates convention. You will remember that his men are always trying to escape. The Main Street doctor rebels by taking his boots off, Babbitt by going fishing and rejoicing in vulgarity, Arrowsmith by a laboratory in a forest.

Yet I believe that one can be as virile in New York as in Montana, and as masculine in evening clothes as in overalls.

I suppose not a day passes that I do not think of Goethe. This morning as I was shaving with a new and particularly bad Gillette blade, something much sharper than the razor entered my head. Why is it that Goethe's opinions and ideas are so much more interesting than his sins? The average man is more attentive to a recital of the sensual indulgences of a literary genius than to his published works; indeed, many of our younger critics had a quite new interest in Wordsworth when it was discovered that he had an illegitimate child. But it is never so with Goethe. The history of his girls is nothing like so thrilling as the history of his ideas. It is one more example of the triumph of mind over matter.

Mr. Frank Bergen, of Newark, a distinguished lawyer and publicist, writes me:

> You inquire why so many people wake up suddenly at 2:45 A. M., and are struck with the swiftness and unexpectedness of a blow by some worry, etc. I think the reason is that one's strength of mind comes and goes or is able to function *pari passu* with his vitality; and as a person's vitality is at the lowest ebb about 3 A. M. that would probably account for the fact that those who wake up at 2:45 A. M. are a yielding prey to their miseries. The body, in my opinion, is merely a tool of a spark of mind, or as Herbert Spencer prefers to say, of "that infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed"—and can only exhibit or express itself according to the condition of its tool. *Sana mens in sano corpore, et vice versa.*
>
> As the remark of Hugo—"Jesus wept: Voltaire smiled"—seems, in some way unaccountable to me, to have kept outside the range of your reading until recently, perhaps the Chicago *Tribune* didn't tell you where it may be found. It is from an address by Victor Hugo on the centenary of the death of Voltaire, May 30, 1878. The address contains other striking expressions. At the beginning, as I remember, Hugo said: "One hundred years ago today a man died. He died immortal."

By the same post I received a letter from Mr. Gunner Gillhoff, of Holyoke, protesting against my citation-with-praise of Hugo's comparison. But surely all that is meant is that life is a tragi-comedy, where the smiles are human and the tears divine.

Mr. Gillhoff proceeds to say with shrewdness, that Thomas Hardy never would have written novels like those of Anatole France, for Hardy "has a Puritan conscience." And indeed Hardy never had Hilda's robust conscience.

A number of years ago I read a book which I found so full of information and so well written that I wonder why it is so little known. This is "Vanished Arizona," by Mrs. Summerhayes. Let me advise all who can get their hands on a copy to read it. I have just received a letter from Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, of New York, asking for information about the author. My copy of this work I lent to a young man, *and he returned it.*

Some of my readers may recall my admiration for the novel, "Pierre Vinton,"

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by Edward Venable. To-day comes a letter from Doctor Frederic Hagler, of Springfield, Massachusetts.

> While searching a book shop in Athens, Greece, in 1915 for books printed in English, I found a copy of "Pierre Vinton" which I read and reread with much pleasure. When you praised the book in your column a few months ago, I urged my wife to read it. The enclosed card is in reply to her request for the book from our Library! It is interesting to speculate upon the circumstances that sent the book to Athens in 1915 and away from Springfield some years later.

It seems that the Forest Park branch of the City Library Association of Springfield once owned a copy, which has disappeared; and as "neither the main library nor the other branch libraries owns the book, we have been unable to secure it elsewhere."

As librarians are not omniscient and infallible, the same is true even of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. For Mr. Clark Alberti, of San Diego, calls my attention to the following typographical error in the February issue:

> One of the first things I glimpsed was the date "Bagnio, P. I." on page 61 of "What Do You Think About It," and I have been wondering if the proofreader still survives after letting such a "howler" go through such an eminently proper publication as SCRIBNER'S. And what will be the emotions of the fashionable set of the famous summer resort of Baguio, Island of Luzon, which of course is included within SCRIBNER'S far-reaching circulation?

I have never been in Luzon; but if the fashionable set there are what some of our novelists say they are elsewhere, I think they would believe that the proofreader simply called a spade by its name.

One of the most interesting Americans in Europe is Hudson R. Hawley, of the United Press. I renewed my acquaintance with him in Paris last October, where he is as witty in French as in his native tongue. After the "atrocities" began in 1914, he contributed to F. P. A.'s column the following conundrum, illustrating the antithesis between Great Britain and Germany: "Well, Britannia rules the waves"—of course you guess the answer. "Boz" Hawley, as he is affectionately known, must some day give us in book form his impressions of Europe.

I nominate for the Ignoble Prize the ordinary hymnal used in the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. Not for its contents, for they are no worse (and no better) than those used by other denominations; but because the notes are not printed with the words, and therefore the singing by the congregations is as bad as it ought to be. The late Horatio Parker said that congregations in Episcopal churches should refrain from singing, for the ordinary man and woman should never attempt to sing without notes; he made an earnest but vain plea for a sensible Episcopal hymnbook. I attended an Episcopal church in Augusta last Sunday, listened to an excellent sermon by the bishop, and heard during the hymns various timid rumblings around me, made by people who were experimenting with the various parts. I cannot see why Episcopal congregations should be deprived of the one essential thing in singing. It is better to hum in tune than to sing words off the pitch.

Professor A. E. Richards, of the University of New Hampshire, nominates for the Ignoble Prize the phrase "along this line."

> To my mind it is a combination of words which for sheer throttling power in respect to vocabulary growth is unbeatable. . . . The clergyman, the barber, the flapper, the college president, the drummer, the chauffeur, and the private secretary get hung up "along this line," both in their daily speech and in their recently published autobiographies.

It is indeed one of the most irritating of all hand-me-downs. Harry Thurston Peck used to declaim against it, only he put it in the plural, "along these lines." But even in the plural, it is singularly offensive.

Mrs. Joseph W. Lewis, of St. Louis (similarly pronounced by those who know) nominates for the Ignoble Prize the "newspaper habit" of headlining the proper name McMillan or McLaughlin, "M'Millan, M'Laughlin," etc.

And I nominate for the Ignoble Prize the triangular mustache. It should be

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worn exclusively by fatuous rakes, and by them only in the motion-pictures.

My remarks on toothpicks have drawn a variety of interesting information. Miss Kathryn E. Ritchie, of Chicago:

Have you ever read Giovanni Della Casa's "Galateo" written back in the middle fifteen hundreds in Italy? (I have not.) . . . It is quite evident that the toothpick "damned its manipulator" even then, as now. The author has this to say: "Neither is it gentleman like to carry a sticke in your mouth from the table when you rise, like a bird that builds her a nest: or put it behind your eare, for that is a Barbar's trick. And to weare a Tooth-picke about your neck: of all fashions, that is the worst. For besides that it is a bauld jewell for a gentleman to pull forth of his bosome, and putteth men in mind of those Tooth-drawers, that sit one their benche in the streates: it makes men also to thinke that the man loves his belly full well, and is provided for it. And I see no reason, why they should not as well carry a spoone, about their neckes, as a tooth-picke."

Miss Mary Johnston, of the Woman's College, Jacksonville, Illinois:

Please do not call Robert Ferrars a highly polished gentleman! It is in the sixth chapter of Part Two of Sense and Sensibility that he buys his toothpick-case. He stares impertinently at Elinor and Marianne, and is described as having "a person and face of strong, natural sterling insignificance, though adorned in first style of fashion." In the next sentence Jane Austen refers to the "puppyism of his manner," and he leaves the shop "with a happy air of real conceit and affected indifference." I think his is the only toothpick in her novels—and that, perhaps, goes to show what she thought of them and of those who used them.

Here is another example of the poverty of the English language, brought to my attention by Howard Austin Snyder, of Bermuda.

You will no doubt remember that at one time pupils were taught that our word "Yes" could be used either in reply to an inquiry or in response to a positive or a negative proposition, signifying assent or agreement—such as, "It is colder than yesterday"—"Yes." "It is not so cold as yesterday?" "Yes"—meaning, "I agree with you." This distinction seems to have been lost, so that to the last form we answer "No" signifying agreement as the Yes formerly did. The French very wisely use the word "oui" for assent to a positive statement, and "si" for agreement with a negative statement. If there is enough regard for exactness remaining among the people, should we not devise a word corresponding to "si"? There isn't; but we should. The difference between *si* and *oui* is useful; many years ago, when I was trying to learn to speak French, it maddened me when I instinctively said *oui*, thinking of *si* too late. But one day in St. Petersburg, while standing near the Hermitage, a Frenchman approached me and said: "I suppose the Hermitage is not yet open?" and I said: "*Si!*" I felt happy all day. It gives me a glow of self-satisfaction even now. I have heard Frenchmen very emphatic in their affirmative replies to negative remarks, "Oh, *si!*"

"Yes?" interrogatively, except over the telephone, should be used only ironically, as for example: "I won first prize at last night's bridge." "Yes?"—meaning, did you really, and if so, what of it?

The Germans have an interrogative of quotidian and prodigious usefulness, which we might well borrow. I remember how helpful I once found it. We were on a Rhine steamer, I was talking with a grizzled German, and as we passed Bonn, we saw a building with an enormous sign, indicating that it was a hospital for women. My German acquaintance remarked unemphatically, "My first wife died there." Now what to say? I could not say, "How unfortunate!" for his second wife was present. Nor could I shout, "Hurrah!" as the occasion hardly seemed to call for hilarity. Suddenly I remembered the blessed word, and with an expression of well-feigned interest, I said, "*So?*"

A Polish student once drew for me a distinction between the superficial manners of the French and of the Germans. He said: If you tell a colossal falsehood to a German he will shout brutally, "Nicht möglich!" Tell the same story to a Frenchman, and although he has no faith either in you or in your story, he will say politely, "Très intéressant, Monsieur."

Yet I found more kindness in southern Germany than anywhere in France. My experience does not lead to any generalizations, for if one behaves oneself, one can get along anywhere. Yet Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry expressed it rather well, when he said that in Paris you feel as if you were surrounded by polite foes.

I believe all national generalizations are false. I care nothing for a man's nation-

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ality; only for his individuality. For example: even before the war we were told that Prussian military officers were insufferable; no doubt this was and is true of some of them. But the only Prussian lieutenants whom I knew intimately abroad, Schiemann and Remmets, were as modest, kindly, and considerate as any of my American friends.

I had an amusing time with Lieutenant Remmets. We were in Paris together in 1903. At that time he could not talk English, I could not talk German, and we were both learning to talk French. We used to go to the theatre together, and on the street-cars that carried us thither, we conversed in such horrible French that all our fellow passengers gave us the closest attention, punctuated with roars of laughter. I suppose they wondered why on earth we did not talk our own language; but we couldn't. We drew groups of excited listeners wherever we went—his French with a German accent, and mine with an American, was a speech not to be tolerated by gods or men. Yet I always understood his French better than that spoken by Parisians, and he had the same experience with mine.

Here are some good books for summer reading, and by summer reading I mean exactly what I mean by winter, autumn, or spring reading. "Reminiscences," by the Reverend Professor A. H. Sayce, shows that the life of an archæologist may be as adventurous, variegated, and dangerous as that of a soldier. In the year 1889 I had a talk with Professor Mahaffy, of Dublin, who by the way is frequently mentioned in this book, and after expressing his affection for Sayce, he said: "But the poor fellow is dying; his lungs are gone." Had the jovial and robust Mahaffy been told that Sayce would outlive him, he would not have believed it; but Mahaffy departed some years ago, and Sayce is yet alive. His book of reminiscences is to me a joy and delight, for he has spent his eighty years doing just two things; recovering from fatal illnesses (including snake bite) and making new discoveries. His eyes gave out entirely in his early youth, so he has been reading cuneiform inscriptions and Greek manuscripts all his days and nights. Mortally and chronically ill with tuberculosis, he has eaten, drunk, and slept on land and sea, where the normal athlete would have died of exposure or indigestion or heart failure. I have no doubt that his intellectual curiosity has kept his frail body alive, for he has not yet had time to die. Life is too interesting.

Another book of reminiscences, extremely animated, is "A Soldier's Memories," by Major-General Sir George Younghusband; this is a revised version of a work that appeared originally about ten years ago. Here is the typical British soldier, fearless, delighting in battle, never questioning either the justice of God or that of the British Empire, fully persuaded that it is better for brown men to be slain by British bullets than to survive without British supervision, doing the day's work in exactly the manner prescribed as perfect by Rudyard Kipling. He loves fighting, food, and conversation; has no nerves and no doubts. A man of action.

An even more diverting book of memories is "Adventures in Peru," by C. H. Prodgers. Prodgers must have been one of the best fellows in the world, and I hope to meet him in heaven, where he will be easily recognizable by his size—on earth he weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. His vast bulk was driven by so powerful a motor of curiosity and vitality, that, in the language of the Irishman, he was always visiting places where the hand of man had never set foot. Perhaps you will buy his book when I tell you that he was a combination of Hotspur and Falstaff. He had a passionate love of danger, and his enormous frame was shaken every day by Gargantuan mirth. Furthermore, if you have any hopeless disease, read this book, and then visit the bath in South America which he recommends; you will be cured in two weeks. Good old Prodgers!

Among the new novels, "The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy, is especially notable. The jaded reader will get a new sensation. What an extraordinary menagerie was Sanger's circus! Great musical composers are so abnormal that compared with ordinary citizens they are downright mad. Sanger and his

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pupil, like some other musicians, cared only for music; they cared nothing whatever for the effect of music on civilization, society, humanity, or individuals, *but only for music*. This is why, I suppose, neither England nor America has ever produced a composer of the first rank. Alas, we have too much common sense.

Yet it is pleasant to record (see *Time*) the success of an American opera in Europe. "For the first time in the history of music a full-length opera composed by an American, on a libretto written by an American, was produced in Europe. *Fay-Yen-Fah* was the work, Monte Carlo the scene, composer Joseph Redding, poet Templeton Crocker (both of California) the Americans. . . . They listened to a score which is modern without eccentricity, melodious without stickiness, followed the poetic story of a Chinese beauty damned for loving too well." It was received with enthusiasm, and in the audience sat the greatest tenor of modern times, Jean de Reszké.

A novel that has been fulsomely praised during the last year, I find dull—E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India." It must interest those who have been in India and those who are interested in the colonial policies of the British Empire; but its enormous sale in the United States rather surprises me. I made one brave attempt to read it, and got stuck in the underbrush. I like much better his imaginative and charming book, "The Celestial Omnibus"; but I like best of all "A Room with a View."

An admirable and thrilling mystery novel is "The House of the Arrow," by A. E. W. Mason. You can't let it alone if you read the first chapter. Furthermore it takes me back to Dijon, where as I entered my name on the hotel register in 1890, I found above it that of Phillips Brooks. "What, is he here?" I asked idiotically. "Yes," said the clerk, "and he is accompanied by his two daughters."

I did not suppose, although Arnold Bennett can be occasionally both platitudinous and commonplace, that he could be actually dull. But if "The Bright Island" is not a dull play, I never read one. And it is clear that the success of John Galsworthy's "Old English" is owing chiefly to the acting. I found it unreadable.

A brilliant novel is Laurence Meynell's "Mockbeggar." During the opening chapters, I thought he was what Owen Wister's cowboy called Browning, a "smarty"; but I revised this hasty and false estimate. It is an exceedingly fine book, where the froth and foam on the surface of the style rise from depths of thought.

Two young men who deserve encouragement and applause are George Shively, whose first novel, "Initiation," is full of promise, and Robert McClure, author of "The Dominant Blood," a good story with living characters. Both books should be read as a counterweight to "The Plastic Age." Students know one another better than any member of the faculty can possibly know them.

Although to many of his readers the late John Morley seemed somewhat cold, I read with avidity everything by and about him. Therefore to those of similar mind, I vigorously recommend "John Viscount Morley," by John H. Morgan. The intimate biography of a pacifist by a soldier is in itself somewhat noteworthy; in this case it affords one more proof of the immense esteem and affection felt for Honest John by those who knew him well. And no one, in late years, knew him better than Mr. Morgan. It is a tantalizing as well as a fascinating book; for the author tells us of all sorts of material about Morley "which will never be printed."

I saw Morley from afar off, and how I wish I could have heard him speak! But on that July day of 1900 when I sat in the gallery of the House of Commons and heard a red-hot debate on the South African War, Morley, sitting on the front bench of the Opposition, contented himself by listening to Balfour and Chamberlain with an ironical smile.

Seventy-five years ago this month (March) the greatest speech ever heard in the United States Senate was delivered by Daniel Webster. So far as I know, it is the only famous address called after its date. Every single sentence in it is im-

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portant to-day, and every idea applicable to present emergencies. Abraham Lincoln, the political heir of Webster, must have known that speech by heart.

"Twice Thirty" is selling like sixty. And the reason is not to be found in the vast and well-deserved success of the former book, "The Americanization of Edward Bok." The author, a born *raconteur*, had his wits sharpened by journalism, and knows exactly how to tell a story. He purposely omitted some of the best from his earlier work, and here we may enjoy them. The conversations with Wilson and Roosevelt are thrilling; the story of Vladimir de Pachmann is the best anecdote of that bizarre genius that I have seen.

The resignation of Dean L. B. R. Briggs from Harvard is a matter of national importance, for his friends—and I never saw any one who knew him who was not his friend—are in every section of the United States. Professor Briggs is one of the greatest productive scholars in America—he has produced so much goodness and usefulness and honesty in the minds of thousands of young men. His acts of kindness are innumerable, of which I will mention one. After I had been a graduate student at Harvard for a few months, Professor Briggs asked me if I wanted a fellowship, to which question he received a natural answer. It was a bitter winter day, the sidewalks covered with snow and slush, and Professor Briggs in his chronically bad health; he spent the entire afternoon visiting various professors—there were no telephones—urging them to support me for a fellowship. After I came to know him better, I found that kindness and unselfishness had become with him his only besetting sins. As he looks back over fifty years of service, he ought to be both proud and happy; but while he may be happy, he could not be proud, for he is quite unaware of his sainthood. Yet in the hearts of thousands he is already canonized.

The sensationally sudden death of Walter Camp was a terrible shock not only to his friends, but to the American public. No one has had a better influence on sport, because while he loved to have his teams win, he always put honor and health above victory. In his later years he became not merely an authority on sport, but a kind of household physician, with several million patients. He devoted his energies not to making athletes, but to keeping the middle-aged and the venerable in working health. There was another side to him, which the public was not altogether aware of; Walter Camp was exceedingly well-read in good literature, and his conversation was not only delightful but intellectually stimulating.

The eternal quarrel between the older and the younger generation is once more illustrated in a new book by W. B. Trites, called "Ask the Young." It deals with Gibraltar, marriage, and birth control, and is provocatively original in manner and style. About twenty-five years ago there appeared in Germany (I saw it) a play called *Jugend von Heute*—"Young People of To-day"—in which the youths were ridiculed for their contempt of classics like Schiller, for their general irreverence, for their ignorance and conceit. The comedy had an enormous vogue. Some three hundred years ago, George Chapman wrote a play in which occurs the phrase, "Young men think old men are fools, but old men *know* young men are fools." Yesterday I received a contribution to this immortal theme from Thomas Sergeant Perry: "The old know a little about the past but nothing about the future; the young know nothing about the past, but everything about the future."

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE annual art season in Paris or London is a strenuous business, and, of course, there are in both places, at the Salon and at the Royal Academy, prodigious quantities of paintings to be seen. We have no such extensive "picture fairs" in our period of exhibitions, say from October to May. On the other hand, I have never known in either of the cities mentioned a more portentous flood of works of art than that which pours into the galleries of New York, nor is the average of interesting things any higher abroad than it is here. I realize this very vividly as I make a retrospective survey of the season of 1924–25. The exigencies of magazine publication render it impossible to take note in this place of the exhibitions as they occur. But it is worth while to look back over them, they have been so good. They have covered all phases of the subject—painting, sculpture, prints, and, even as I write, architecture, and they have been drawn from every imaginable source. We have seen some of the greatest of the old masters. The work of modern foreigners has been abundantly illustrated. And the American school has been constantly and effectively to the fore. Indeed, this last-mentioned circumstance is perhaps the most significant which I have to record.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE key for a demonstration of the qualities of native art was auspiciously set by the Metropolitan Museum when its American Wing was opened last fall. One conviction beyond all others emerges from study of that remarkable assemblage of the things fashioned by our forefathers—interiors, furniture, and decorations. It is that we were launched upon a practice of good craftsmanship, and that we went on cultivating it under the influence of good taste. We have steadily adhered to that path ever since. It is the outstanding lesson of the exhibitions organized by the National Academy of Design, one in the winter and one in the spring. It is the fashion in some quarters and especially among the artists of the younger generation, who are inordinately proud of their "liberalism," to disparage those exhibitions. In fact, they are often dismissed out of hand as merely negligible. This is unjust, and I think the injustice proceeds from a disposition to look at the matter in a false perspective. It is assumed that if the exhibitions are not brilliant it is the fault of the Academy and of the academic idea. The truth is, of course, that the academic idea has never hurt a genuine talent and that the Academy has been persistently hospitable to men of gifts. It has an opportunity to prove this next fall, when it will open at the Corcoran Gallery, in Washington, an exhibition later to be seen in New York, in commemoration of its hundredth anniversary. It ought to prove its case then by the simple process of showing the works of most of the best men who have made American art for a century. They have been allied with the Academy, some of them very closely, and I believe biographical data would show that many of them were encouraged to enter academic exhibitions very early in their careers. No, the Academy has not been inimical to youth, to budding genius, and it is merely stupid to say it has been so because, in maintenance of a decent standard, it has turned the cold shoulder to freakishness and incompetence masquerading as originality and independence. The trouble with its exhibitions is easily to be diagnosed on other grounds. They are, to begin with, enormously weakened by the competition of the one-man show. That is prevalent to an extent that may be inferred from the fact that I have sometimes had to reckon with fifteen or twenty exhibitions of this kind in a single week. I remember a long talk that I once had with the late Kenyon Cox on this subject. We had been strolling together through an Academy show, and I couldn't conceal my disappointment with it from that Academician. He asked me what I con-

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sidered the cause and I named it as "absenteeism." He couldn't deny it, though he could at least point to a picture of his own on the walls. Cox, I may note in passing, was always splendidly faithful, moving heaven and earth to have something ready for both exhibitions. He agreed with me that the successful Academician owed something in his prime to the institution that had backed him when he was young, giving him, perhaps, medals and money prizes and letting him tack "N. A." onto his name. I have had that thought hundreds of times since. But I had in my turn to agree with Cox.

Venice.

From the painting by John Singer Sargent shown at the Grand Central Galleries.

We talked of the conditions, some of them economic, that in the nature of things could not but exert a paramount influence. They count as heavily now as they counted then. An artist must do the best that he can for himself, and when he reaches a certain point in his life there can be no question of the value to him of the one-man show. It does much to make and to sustain his market. The dealer who exposes his work does everything he can to "push" it, and it is obvious, too, that in hanging a collection of his pictures by itself he obtains a salience and a prestige not so readily gained in other ways. It is idle for us to deplore its effect upon the Academy. The loss simply can't be helped. Nor is the second available explanation one on which it is possible to argue. This is the crushing circumstance—well to put bluntly, like all crushing things—that the body of really resplendent painters is always slim, anywhere and at any time, in our modern world. After all, can the malcontent say, hand on heart, that the Royal Academy or the Salon ever immeasurably enriches his artistic experience? There are never enough great men to go around. Our National Academy, at any rate, fulfils a valuable function in keeping alive the tradition of good taste and honest craftsmanship. I felt this at the winter and spring exhibitions in the season just closed, and was regretful but not exactly scandalized because once more I found nothing brilliant about them. Moreover, on both

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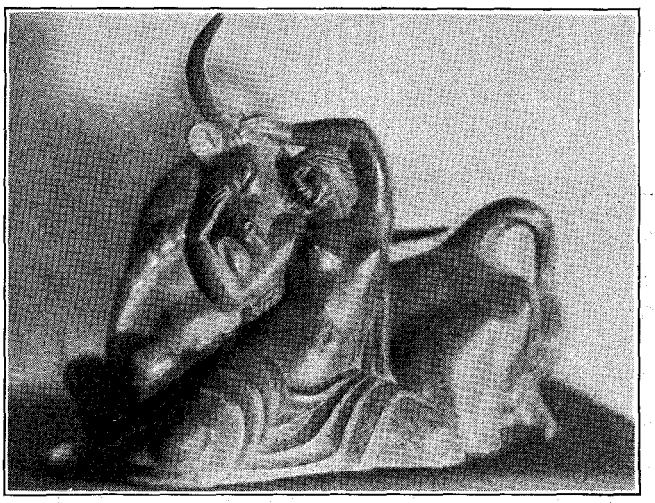
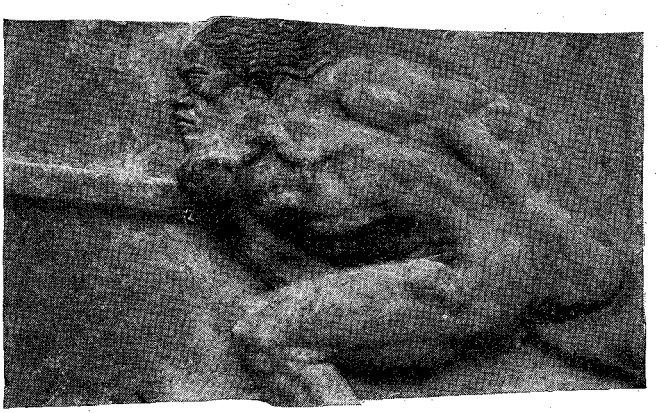


Europa.
From the bronze by Paul Manship shown at the Scott & Fowles Gallery.

occasions you were bound to find first-rate things in them if you only took the pains to search. It is an interesting point to me that my liveliest memories of work at the Academy in the winter and the spring are of work done by women. In the first show it was Lilian Westcott Hale's "Nancy" that forged to the front, a portrait that shared the honors only with one other piece, a decorative composition by Eugene Savage. Again, at the spring Academy I saw nothing with quite the distinction and charm of Cecil Clark Davis's "Miss d'H," a portrait of Holbeinesque gravity. Both Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Davis succeed because, in addition to seeing their subjects beautifully, they are good technicians and know especially how to draw. I note the fact that they are women, yet as I do so I realize how completely they demonstrate the truth that art has no sex, that a good artist is simply a good artist. I was reminded of that when in March I saw the excellent exhibition made by the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors. It contained fully as large a proportion of meritorious works as could be found in a collection brought together by the same number of men.

There were in the season, of course, several other exhibitions like these, miscellaneous and organized on a fairly generous scale. The water-colorists made their usual display with a little more than their usual effectiveness. They always make me sigh a little for the old days of the American Water-Color Society, when Edwin Abbey and others of his mood used to paint more or less diverting pictures. Nowadays the artist in either oil or in water-color is generally disposed to neglect the lure of design; he does not take thought, he looks, and the things he sees are not invariably thrilling. I yield to no one in appreciation of the American scene, but there are times when I feel that the fishing-boats in Gloucester harbor, the tawny rocks on the Maine coast, and the white houses in our villages have somehow lost the freshness of their charm. There are times when I would give them all for a painting embodying a new idea. Well, the water-colorists disclosed, to tell the truth, never the ghost of an idea.



The Fighter.
From the relief by Ivan Mestrovic shown at the Brooklyn Museum.

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But they functioned, as I have said, to exceptionally good purpose in that they manifested remarkable control of a medium as treacherous as it is enchanting. The dazzling virtuosity of a man like Robert Blum, for example, may be in abeyance, but the number of artists who work with sincerity and skill in water-color is nothing less than amazing. Turning to other organizations, I recall the sixth annual exhibition of the New Society, a body supposed to be more progressive than the Academy, as of only middling interest. It contained some good things, especially by Van Deering Perrine, and in general illustrated a wholesome concern for problems of technique. But it didn't as a whole quite justify the critical expectations formed when it was founded. At the big show arranged by the Society of Independent Artists for their ninth annual appearance on the roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, the vagaries of modernism were not quite so much in evidence as on previous occasions. It was the best exhibition the Society had given. But that is not saying much. The trail of the amateur was over it all.

"Miss d'H."
From the painting by Cecil Clark Davis in the Spring Academy.

* * *

IF any confirmation were needed of the point I have suggested as to the one-man show and the way in which it deprives the Academy of a good deal that would benefit the latter, it is to be had in the merest list of certain incidents of the past season. They revealed over and over again the personal force which means so much in works of art. Eugene Savage began the tale as far back as last November with about a dozen compositions at the Ferargil Gallery. He has romantically poetic things to say, a vein of authentic invention, and a fine technical equipment. He is the only man we have who belongs in the same category with Arthur B. Davies. Like Davies, he deals with ideas, and, like Davies again, he deals with them imaginatively. Technically they are quite unlike one another, but they are akin inasmuch as they both have creative power. Later in the winter, at the same place, Davies himself had an important exhibition, one of water-colors drawn from architectural subjects in

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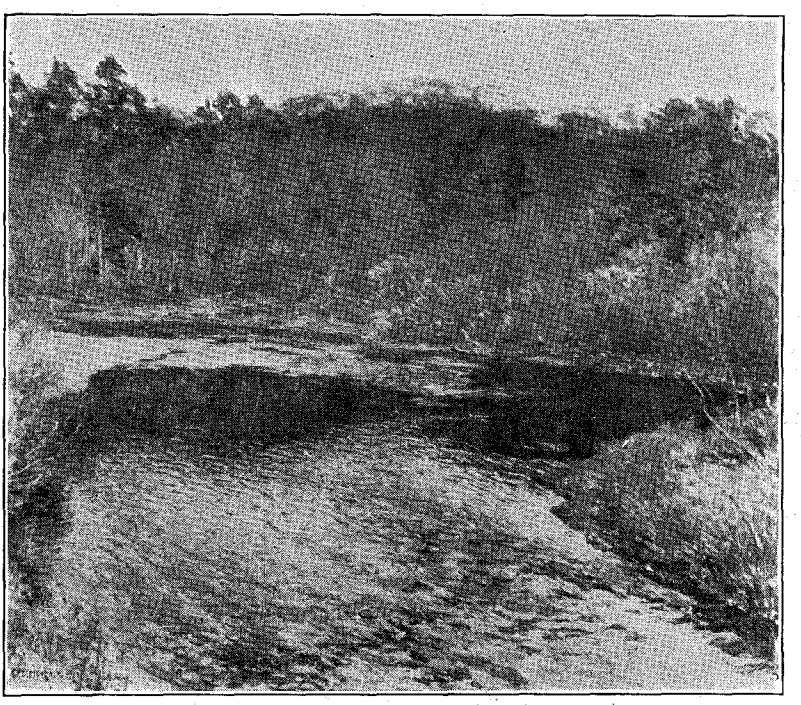
France. This was very beautiful. He showed that he could endue the walls and romantic roof-lines of the historic châteaux with a new and more entrancing life. A type sympathetic to Davies appeared in Mr. Walter Beck, who made an exhibition at the Grand Central Galleries, filled with designs in tempera, recalling in their moody and sensuous character the myth, setting Diana or Ariadne against a Long Island background. He drew upon Scriptural story, too, causing Adam and Eve to walk across the horizon at Montauk. As a poetic designer, after years of simple naturalism, he did some of the most delightful work of his life. At this point I must cite also the exhibition at the Grand Central Galleries of Mr. Van Deer-



The Pool, November.
From the painting by Willard L. Metcalf shown at the Milch Gallery.

paintings and lithographs of Odilon Redon. He showed improvisations rather than lucid compositions, but his symbolical drawings were charmingly suggestive. There were still other exhibitions in which the idea counted no less than the portrayal of pure form. Mr. Caro-Delvaille had at the Art Center a number of fine philosophical decorations, grave and impressive pictures with a tincture of Orientalism. Mr. Childe Hassam, at the Macbeth Gallery, came forward, as he has so often done before, in the rôle of the brilliant painter of landscape and the figure, and at the same time he developed a new motive. He painted not only nature but ing Perrine. Nominally he adds little that is strictly poetic to his landscape schemes, only dancing and leaping children. But their fairylike quality pervades his pictures, and though these are remarkable chiefly for their golden luminosity, their essential rank is that of imaginative works.

There was much imaginative force in the productions of the two sculptors who at different times filled the Scott & Fowles Gallery, Paul Manship and Elie Nadelman. The former brought back from Europe the fruits of three years of study and work. They showed that he had made serious progress, particularly

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in the interpretation of poetic themes. The best of his statuettes, a beautiful Europa, most conspicuously marked his advance. Mr. Nadelman surprised those who had been amused by his plastic caricatures. Though some of these figured piquantly in his show, greater emphasis was placed upon a number of serious nudes in the classical style and upon a group of very subtle portraits of children. These more ambitious pieces, modelled with great adroitness and much feeling for line, gave him at once a higher status as sculptor. Otherwise the one-man exhibitions were less significant of imagination and design than of observation and technique. The landscape contingent was very strong, embracing as it did George Inness—whose memorial exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery I have already traversed in this department—the late Willard Metcalf, Charles H. Davis, Walter Griffin, Bruce Crane, Daniel Garber, and others. It is in landscape that American art is at its best, and in the paintings of these men its sterling tradition was more than well maintained. There were good figure-paintings on view this winter, notably the group shown at the Rehn Gallery by Eugene Speicher, but there can be no question, I think, that the deepest impression made was that made by the landscape painters.

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.
From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds shown at the Duveen Gallery.

Metcalf's death was a peculiarly serious loss. He was a man of very great gifts. They promised earlier in his career to make him a figure-painter. I can still see in the mind's eye some old compositions of his. But as a youth he learned to draw landscape in the studio of G. L. Brown, and when he took to painting out of doors the discipline of his pupilage presently flowered in work tempered more and more by ardent love of nature. He was at the top of his powers when he died, one of the pillars of our landscape school. George Bellows left us with his work but half done. He was a type of extraordinary vitality and ability. An exhibition of his paintings was held in his memory at the Durand-Ruel Gallery, and this was followed soon after at the Keppel Gallery by one given to his drawings and lithographs. The two episodes decisively ratified the striking position which he held at his death and foreshadowed great things

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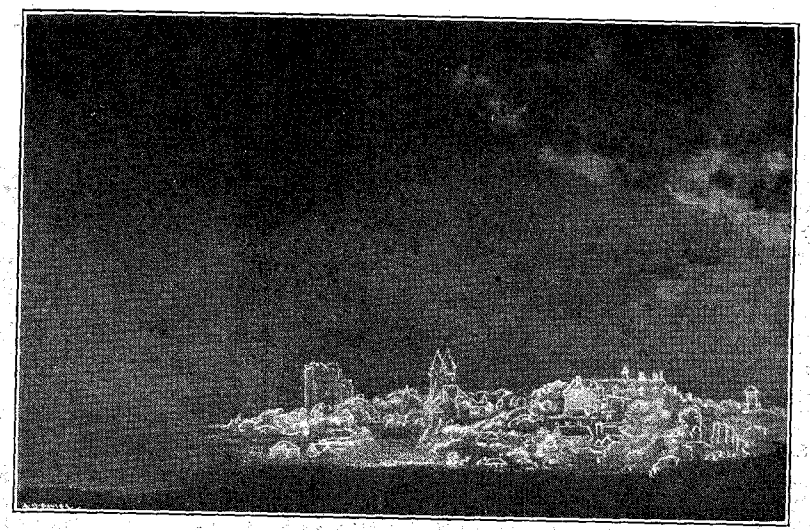
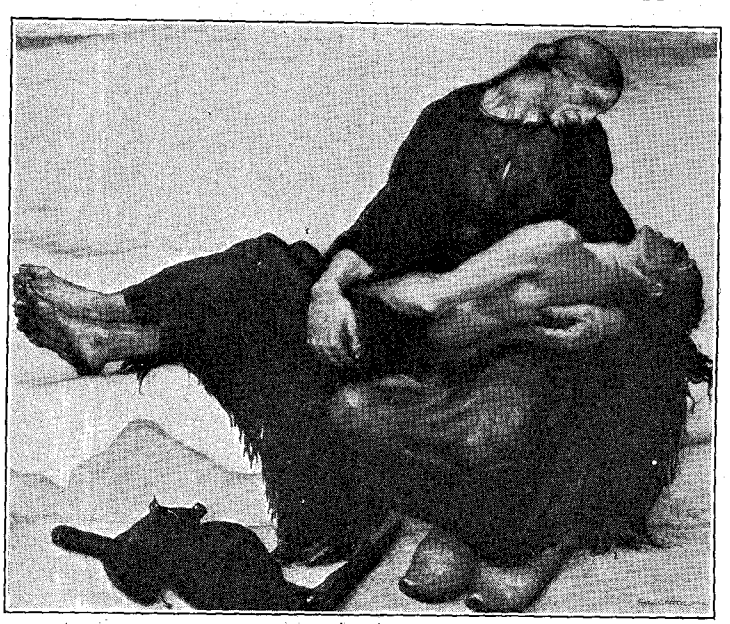


Loches from the Fields.
From the water-color by Arthur B. Davies shown at the Ferargil Gallery.

for the exhibition of his art which is expected by and by at the Metropolitan Museum. There has been more than one commemorative exhibition of late. Max Bohm's handsome compositions, powerful, decorative, and painted with an admirable largeness of style, were collected at the Grand Central Galleries. At the Kraushaar Gallery similar honor was paid Maurice Prendergast. Both tributes were deeply deserved, for both painters had individuality and were able men.



Pieta.
From the painting by Anto Carte shown at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh.

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THE foreign visitors made a fairly interesting company. The first and one of the cleverest of them was Emma Ciardi, at the Young Gallery. She is an accomplished young Venetian, who paints villa scenes enlivened by figures in the spirit of Longhi and Watteau. Another good Venetian artist, at the Ehrich Gallery, was Fabio Mauroner, a polished etcher of architecture and landscape. From Spain we had a too theatrical portrait-painter in Beltran-Masses, and a rather mixed type in Zuloaga. The latter was somewhat disappoint-

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ing in his portraits, but recovered himself in his studies of homespun Spanish character, and was altogether at his best in landscape. One of the most provocative collection brought to the Grand Central Galleries, largely from Wembley, was good enough, so far as it went, but not really representative of the subject. It had a

Arrangement in Blue and Grey.
From the painting by Whistler at the Lewis & Simmons Gallery.

things that came out of France were certain exhibits made by Matisse. Some agreeable flower-subjects at the Fearon Gallery were in disarming contrast to the outré figure-pieces he presented. Later a group of his drawings, at the Weyhe Gallery, attracted sympathetic attention through their almost complete freedom from modernistic nonsense. The British few acceptable things from Augustus John, Charles Shannon, and one or two others, but, curiously, the best things in it were by an American, John Singer Sargent. Ivan Mestrovic, the Jugo-Slav sculptor, was the one conspicuous ambassador from central Europe. He had a big exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum, and the MacDowell Club gave him a smaller one in New York.

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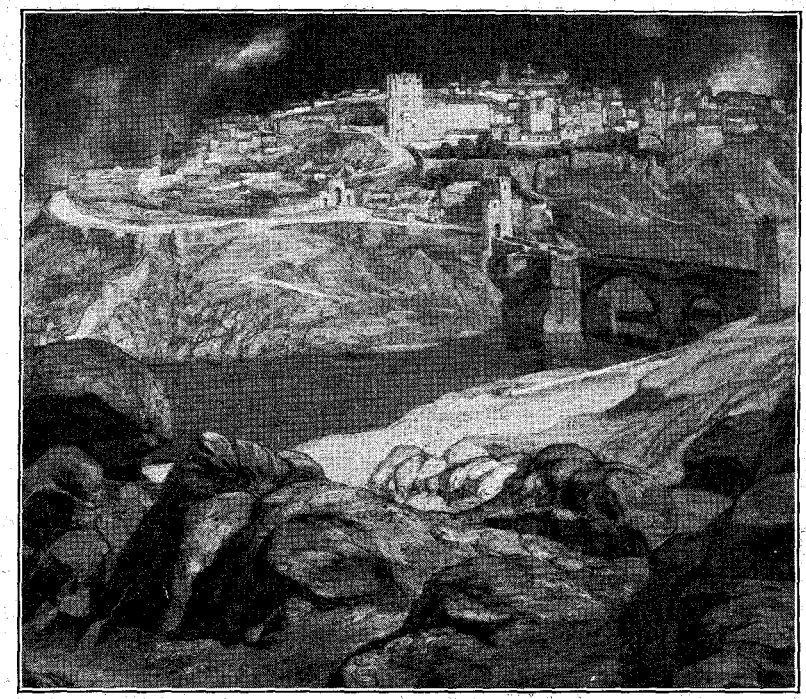

Toledo.
From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga shown at the Reinhardt Gallery.

He proved to be a consummate craftsman, of eclectic tendencies, too eclectic always to do justice to the simple, even primitive, ideas which he has at moments the ability to express. He struck me as an interesting sculptor but not a great one. One foreigner whom I have observed this season, at Pittsburgh and again at Cleveland, has not been seen in New York, but I mention him here as a painter of really strong traits. He is Anto Carte, a Belgian, who revives in bigger, bolder terms the picturesque realism of the Breughels. He is a serious artist and a fine one.

I have left myself but a line or two in which to allude to the old masters, but they have included some of the high lights in the long procession. At the Ehrich Gallery there was a wonderful early Velasquez, a "Dying Seneca." The Knoedler Gallery showed a glittering group of eighteenth century British portraits from the Glenconner collection, evenly interesting and positively superb in Hoppner's famous double portrait, "The Frankland Sisters." The Duveen Gallery brought over half-a-dozen of Earl Spencer's masterpieces, among them that full-length of the Duchess of Devonshire which is one of Sir Joshua's blazing triumphs, and an equally important example of Van Dyck, his "Dædalus and Icarus." In conclusion I must signalize two artists who, if not precisely old masters, have at any rate taken high rank. At the Wildenstein Gallery there was the best exhibition of Toulouse-Lautrec I have ever seen in New York or Paris, and at the Lewis & Simmons Gallery there appeared a big unfinished Whistler, an "Arrangement in Blue and Grey," previously unknown. It was characteristic of the season I have rapidly sketched. Sooner or later everything comes to New York.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 19.

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